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THE

PROSE WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT BART.

VOL. 20.

The Peel Tower in the Village of Darnick.

near Abbotsford

EDINBURGH PUBLISHED [illegible]

THE

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

VOL. XX.

PERIODICAL CRITICISM.

VOL. IV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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PERIODICAL CRITICISM.

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

VOL. IV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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MISCELLANEOUS CRITICISM.

ARTICLE IX.

THE CULLODEN PAPERS.

[*From the Quarterly Review, for January,* 1816:—*On "Culloden Papers; comprising an extensive and interesting Correspondence from the Year* 1625 *to* 1748. *To which is prefixed, an Introduction, containing Memoirs of the Right Honourable* Duncan Forbes," *&c.* 4to. 1815.]

Every thing belonging to the Highlands of Scotland has of late become peculiarly interesting. It is not much above half a century since it was otherwise. The inhabitants of the Lowlands of Scotland were, indeed, aware that there existed, in the extremity of the island, amid wilder mountains and broader lakes than their own, tribes of men called clans, living each under the rule of their own chief, wearing a peculiar dress, speaking an unknown language, and going armed even in the

most ordinary and peaceable vocations. The more southern counties saw specimens of these men, following the droves of cattle which were the sole exportable commodity of their country, plaided, bonneted, belted and brogued, and driving their bullocks, as Virgil is said to have spread his manure, with an air of great dignity and consequence. To their nearer Lowland neighbours, they were known by more fierce and frequent causes of acquaintance; by the forays which they made upon the inhabitants of the plains, and the tribute, or protection-money, which they exacted from those whose possessions they spared. But in England, the knowledge of the very existence of the Highlanders was, prior to 1745, faint and forgotten; and not even the recollection of those civil wars which they had maintained in the years 1689, 1715, and 1719, had made much impression on the British public. The more intelligent, when they thought of them by any chance, considered them as complete barbarians; and the mass of the people cared no more about them than the merchants of New York about the Indians who dwell beyond the Alleghany mountains. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, mentions having dined in company with two gentlemen from the Highlands of Scotland, and expresses his surprise at finding them persons of ordinary decorum and civility.

Such was the universal ignorance of the rest of the island respecting the inhabitants of this remote corner of Britain, when the events of the remarkable years 1745-6 roused them, "like a rattling

peal of thunder." On the 25th of July, 1745, the eldest son of the Chevalier Saint George, usually called from that circumstance the young Chevalier, landed in Moidart, in the West Highlands, with seven attendants only; and his presence was sufficient to summon about eighteen hundred men to his standard, even before the news of his arrival could reach London. This little army was composed of a few country gentlemen, acting as commanders of battalions raised from the peasants or *commoners* of their estates, and officered by the principal farmers, or *tacksmen*. None of them pretended to knowledge of military affairs, and very few had ever seen an action. With such inadequate forces, the adventurer marched forward, like the hero of a romance, to prove his fortune. The most considerable part of the regular army moved to meet him at the pass of Corry-arrack; and here, as we learn from these papers, the Chevalier called for his Highland dress, and, tying the latchet of a pair of Highland brogues, swore he would fight the army of the government before he unloosed them.[1] But Sir John Cope, avoiding an action, marched to Inverness, leaving the low countries open to the Chevalier, who instantly rushed down on them; and while one part of the government army retreated northward to avoid him, he chased before him the remainder, which fled to the south. He crossed the Forth on the 13th September, and in two days afterwards was

[1] Culloden Papers, p. 216.

master of the metropolis of Scotland. The King's forces having again united at Dunbar, and being about to advance upon Edinburgh, sustained at Prestonpans one of the most complete defeats recorded in history, their cavalry flying in irretrievable confusion, and all their infantry being killed or made prisoners. Under these auspices, the Highland army, now about five or six thousand strong, advanced into England, although Marshal Wade lay at Newcastle with one army, and the Duke of Cumberland was at the head of another in the centre of the kingdom. They took Carlisle, a walled town, with a castle of considerable strength, and struck a degree of confusion and terror into the public mind, at which those who witnessed and shared it were afterwards surprised and ashamed. London, says a contemporary, writing on the spur of the moment, lies open as a prize to the first comers, whether Scotch or Dutch; and a letter from Gray to Horace Walpole, paints an indifference yet more ominous to the public cause than the general panic:—"The common people in town at least know how to be afraid; but we are such uncommon people here (at Cambridge) as to have no more sense of danger than if the battle had been fought where and when the battle of Cannæ was.—I heard three sensible middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place in the high-road) to see the Pretender and Highlanders as they passed." A further evidence of the feelings un-

der which the public laboured during this crisis, is to be found in these papers, in a letter from the well-known Sir Andrew Mitchell to the Lord President.

"If I had not lived long enough in England to know the natural bravery of the people, particularly of the better sort, I should, from their behaviour of late, have had a very false opinion of them; for the least scrap of good news exalts them most absurdly; and the smallest reverse of fortune depresses them meanly."—P. 255.

In fact the alarm was not groundless;—not that the number of the Chevalier's individual followers ought to have been an object of serious, at least of permanent alarm to so great a kingdom,—but because, in many counties, a great proportion of the landed interest were Jacobitically disposed, although, with the prudence which distinguished the opposite party in 1688, they declined joining the invaders until it should appear whether they could maintain their ground without them. If it had rested with the unfortunate but daring leader of this strange adventure, his courage, though far less supported either by actual strength of numbers or by military experience, was as much "screwed to the sticking-place" as that of the Prince of Orange. The history of the council of war, at Derby, in which Charles Edward's retreat was determined, has never yet been fully explained; it will, however, be one day made known;—in the mean time, it is proved that no cowardice on his part, no wish to retreat from the desperate adventure in which he was engaged, and to shelter himself from its con-

sequences, dictated the movement which was then adopted. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* had been his motto from the beginning. When retreat was determined upon, contrary to his arguments, entreaties, and tears, he evidently considered his cause as desperate: he seemed, in many respects, an altered man; and from being the leader of his little host, became in appearance, as he was in reality, their reluctant follower. While the Highland army advanced, Charles was always in the van by break of day;—in retreat, his alacrity was gone, and often they were compelled to wait for him;—he lost his spirit, his gaiety, his hardihood, and he never regained them but when battle was spoken of. In later life, when all hopes of his re-establishment were ended, Charles Edward sunk into frailties by which he was debased and dishonoured. But let us be just to the memory of the unfortunate. Without courage, he had never made the attempt—without address and military talent, he had never kept together his own desultory bands, or discomfited the more experienced soldiers of his enemy;—and finally, without patience, resolution, and fortitude, he could never have supported his cause so long, under successive disappointments, or fallen at last with honour, by an accumulated and overwhelming pressure.

When the resolution of retreat was adopted, it was accomplished with a dexterous celerity, as remarkable as the audacity of the advance. With Ligonier's army on one flank, and Cumberland's in the rear—surrounded by hostile forces,—and

without one hope remaining of countenance or assistance from the Jacobites of England, the Highlanders made their retrograde movement without either fear or loss, and had the advantage at Clifton, near Penrith, in the only skirmish which took place between them and their numerous pursuers. The same good fortune seemed for a time to attend the continuation of the war, when removed once more to Scotland. The Chevalier, at the head of his little army, returned to the north more like a victor than a retreating adventurer. He laid Glasgow under ample contribution, refreshed and collected his scattered troops, and laid siege to Stirling, whose castle guards the principal passage between the Highlands and Lowlands. In the mean while, General Hawley was sent against him; an officer so confident of success, that he declared he would trample the Highland insurgents into dust with only two regiments of dragoons; and whose first order, on entering Edinburgh, was to set up a gibbet in the Grass Market, and another between Leith and Edinburgh. But this commander received from his despised opponents so sharp a defeat, at Falkirk, that, notwithstanding all the colours which could be put upon it, the affair appeared not much more creditable than that of Prestonpans. How Hawley looked upon this occasion, we learn by a letter from General Wightman.

"General H——y is in much the same situation as General C—e; he was never seen in the field during the battle; and every thing would have gone to wreck, in a worse manner than at

Preston, if General Huske had not acted with judgment and courage, and appeared every where. H——y seems to be sensible of his misconduct; for when I was with him on Saturday morning at Linlithgow, he looked most wretchedly; even worse than C—e did a few hours after his scuffle, when I saw him at Fala."—P. 267.

Even when the approach of the Duke of Cumberland, with a predominant force, compelled these adventurers to retreat towards their northern recesses, they were so far from being disheartened that they generally had the advantage in the sort of skirmishing warfare which preceded their final defeat at Culloden. On this occasion, they seem, for the first time, to have laboured under a kind of judicial infatuation. They did not defend the passage of Spey, though broad, deep, rapid, and dangerous; they did not retreat before the duke into the defiles of their own mountains, where regular troops pursuing them could not long have subsisted; they did not even withdraw two leagues, which would have placed them in a position inaccessible to horse and favourable to their own mode of fighting; they did not await their own reinforcements, although three thousand men, a number equal to one half of their army, were within a day's march;—but, on the contrary, they wasted the spirits of their people, already exhausted by hunger and dispirited by retreat, in a forced march, with the purpose of a night attack, which was hastily and rashly adopted, and as inconsiderately abandoned; and at length drew up in an open plain, exposed to the fire of artillery, and protected from the charge of cavalry only by a park wall,

which was soon pulled down. This they did, though they themselves had no efficient force of either description; and in such a hopeless position they awaited the encounter of an enemy more than double their numbers, fully equipped, and in a complete state for battle. The result was what might have been expected—the loss, namely, of all but their honour, which was well maintained, since they left nearly the half of their army upon the field.

What causes, at this critical period, distracted those councils which had hitherto exhibited sagacity and military talent, it would be difficult now to ascertain. An officer, deep in their counsels, offers no better reason than that they must have expected a continuation of the same miraculous success which had hitherto befriended them against all probable calculation and chance of war—a sort of crowning mercy, as Cromwell might have called it, granted to the supposed goodness of their cause, and their acknowledged courage, in defiance of all the odds against them. But we believe the truth to be, that the French advisers who were around the Chevalier had, by this time, the majority in his councils. They were alarmed at the prospect of a mountain war, which presented a long perspective of severe hardship and privation; and being, at the worst, confident of their own safety as prisoners of war, they urged the adventurer to stand this fearful hazard, which, as we all know, terminated in utter and irremediable defeat.

It was not till after these events, which we have

hastily retraced, that the Highlanders, with the peculiarity of their government and habits, became a general object of attention and investigation. And evidently it must have been matter of astonishment to the subjects of the complicated and combined constitution of Great Britain, to find they were living at the next door to tribes whose government and manners were simply and purely patriarchal, and who, in the structure of their social system, much more resembled the inhabitants of the mountains of India than those of the plains of England. Indeed, when we took up the account of Caubul, lately published by the Honourable Mr Elphinstone, we were forcibly struck with the curious points of parallelism between the manners of the Afghaun tribes and those of the ancient Highland clans. They resembled these Oriental mountaineers in their feuds, in their adoption of auxiliary tribes, in their laws, in their modes of conducting war, in their arms, and, in some respects, even in their dress. A Highlander who made the *amende honorable* to an enemy, came to his dwelling, laid his head upon the block, or offered him his sword held by the point; an Afghaun does the same. It was deemed unworthy, in either case, to refuse the clemency implored, but it might be legally done. We recollect an instance in Highland history:—William Macintosh, a leader, if not the chief, of that ancient clan, upon some quarrel with the Gordons, burnt the castle of Auchindown, belonging to this powerful family; and was, in the feud which followed, reduced to

such extremities by the persevering vengeance of the Earl of Huntley, that he was at length compelled to surrender himself at discretion. He came to the castle of Strathbogie, choosing his time when the earl was absent, and yielded himself up to the countess. She informed him that Huntley had sworn never to forgive him the offence he had committed, until he should see his head upon the block. The humbled chieftain kneeled down, and laid his head upon the kitchen dresser, where the oxen were cut up for the baron's feast. No sooner had he made this humiliation, than the cook, who stood behind him with his cleaver uplifted, at a sign from the inexorable countess, severed Macintosh's head from his body at a stroke. So deep was this thirst of vengeance impressed on the minds of the Highlanders, that when a clergyman informed a dying chief of the unlawfulness of the sentiment, urged the necessity of his forgiving an inveterate enemy, and quoted the scriptural expression, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," the acquiescing penitent said, with a deep sigh,—"To be sure, it is too sweet a morsel for a mortal." Then added, "Well, I forgive him; but the deil take you, Donald" (turning to his son), "if *you* forgive him."

Another extraordinary instance occurred in Aberdeenshire. In the sixteenth century, Muat of Abergeldie, then a powerful baron, made an agreement to meet with Cameron of Brux, with whom he was at feud, each being attended with twelve *horse* only. But Muat, treacherously taking ad-

vantage of the literal meaning of the words, came with two riders on each horse. They met at Drumgaudrum, a hill near the river Don; and in the unequal conflict which ensued, Brux fell, with most of his friends. The estate descended to an only daughter, Katherine; whose hand the widowed Lady Brux, with a spirit well suited to the times, offered as a reward to any one who would avenge her husband's death. Robert Forbes, a younger son of the chief of that family, undertook the adventure; and having challenged Muat to single combat, fought with and slew him at a place called Badenyon, near the head of Glenbucket. A stone called Clachmuat (*i. e.* Muat's stone) still marks the place of combat. When the victor presented himself to claim the reward of his valour, and to deprecate any delay of his happiness, Lady Brux at once cut short all ceremonial, by declaring that "Kate Cameron should go to Robert Forbes's bed while Muat's blood was yet reeking upon his gully" (*i. e.* knife). The victor expressed no disapprobation of this arrangement, nor did the maiden scruples of the bride impede her filial obedience.[1]

One more example (and we could add an hundred) of that insatiable thirst for revenge, which attended northern feuds. One of the Leslies, a strong and active young man, chanced to be in company with a number of the clan of Leith, the feudal enemies of his own. The place where they

[1] Vide note to "Don," a poem, reprinted by Moir, Edinburgh, 1816, from an edition in 1742.

met being the hall of a powerful and neutral neighbour, Leslie was, like Shakspeare's Tybalt in a similar situation, compelled to endure their presence. Still he held the opinion of the angry Capulet, even in the midst of the entertainment,

> "Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
> To strike him dead I hold it not a sin."

Accordingly, when they stood up to dance, and he found himself compelled to touch the hands and approach the persons of his detested enemies, the deadly feud broke forth. He unsheathed his dagger as he went down the dance—struck on the right and left—laid some dead and many wounded on the floor—threw up the window, leaped into the castle-court, and escaped in the general confusion. Such were the unsettled principles of the time, that the perfidy of the action was lost in its boldness; it was applauded by his kinsmen, who united themselves to defend what he had done; and the fact is commemorated in the well-known tune of triumph called *Lesley among the Leiths.*

The genealogies of the Afghaun tribes may be paralleled with those of the clans; the nature of their favourite sports, their love of their native land, their hospitality, their address, their simplicity of manners exactly correspond. Their superstitions are the same, or nearly so. The *Gholée Beabaun* (demons of the desert) resemble the *Boddach* of the Highlanders, who "walked the heath at midnight and at noon." The Afghaun's most ordinary mode of divination is by examining

the marks in the blade-bone of a sheep, held up to the light; and even so the Rev. Mr Robert Kirk assures us, that in his time, the end of the sixteenth century, "the seers prognosticate many future events (only for a month's space) from the shoulder-bone of a sheep on which a knife never came. By looking into the bone, they will tell if whoredom be committed in the owner's house; what money the master of the sheep had; if any will die out of that house for a month, and if any cattle there will take a *trake* (*i. e.* a disease), as if planet-struck.[1]

The Afghaun, who, in his weary travels, had seen no vale equal to his own native valley of Speiger, may find a parallel in many an exile from the braes of Lochaber; and whoever had remonstrated with an ancient Highland chief, on the superior advantages of a civilized life regulated by the authority of equal laws, would have received an answer something similar to the indignant reply of the old Afghaun; "We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content with blood, but we will never be content with a master."[2] The Highland chiefs, otherwise very frequently men of sense and education, and only distinguished in Lowland society by an affectation of rank and stateliness, somewhat above their means, were, in their own country, from the abso-

[1] Essay on the Nature and Actions of the subterranean invisible people, going under the names of Elves, Fairies, and the like. London, 1815.

[2] Account of Caubul, p. 174, Note.

lute submission paid to them by their clans, and the want of frequent intercourse with persons of the same rank with themselves, nursed in a high and daring spirit of independent sovereignty which would not brook or receive protection or control from the public law or government; and disdained to owe their possessions and the preservation of their rights to any thing but their own broadswords.

Similar examples may be derived from the history of Persia by Sir John Malcolm. But our limits do not permit us further to pursue a parallel which serves strikingly to show how the same state of society and civilisation produces similar manners, laws, and customs, even at the most remote periods of time, and in the most distant quarters of the world. In two respects the manners of the Caubul tribes differ materially from those of the Highlanders; first, in the influence of their Jeergas, or patriarchal senates, which diminishes the power of their chiefs, and gives a democratic turn to each separate tribe. This appears to have been a perpetual and radical difference; for at no time do the Highland chiefs appear to have taken counsel with their elders, as an authorized and independent body, although, no doubt, they availed themselves of their advice and experience, upon the principle of a general who summons a council of war.[1] The second point of distinction re-

[1] This is to be understood generally; for there were circumstances in which the subordinate chieftains of the clan took upon them to control the chief, as when the Mackenzies forcibly com-

spects the consolidation of these detached tribes under one head, or king, who, with a degree of authority greater or less according to his talents, popularity, and other circumstances, is the acknowledged head of the associated communities. In this point, however, the Highlanders anciently resembled the Afghauns, as will appear when we give a brief sketch of their general history. But this, to be intelligible, must be preceded by some account of their social system, of which the original and primitive basis differed very little from the first time that we hear of them in history until the destruction of clanship in 1748.

The Scottish Highlanders were, like the Welsh, the unmixed aboriginal natives of the island, speaking a dialect of the ancient Celtic, once the language of all Britain, and being the descendants of those tribes which had been driven by the successive invasions of nations more politic than themselves, and better skilled in the regular arts of war, into the extensive mountainous tract which, divided by an imaginary line, drawn from Dunbarton, includes both sides of Loch Lomond, and the higher and more mountainous parts of Stirling and Perthshires, Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeenshire. Beyond this line all the people speak Gaelic, and wear, or did wear, the Highland dress. The Western Islands are comprehended within this wild and extensive territory, which includes upwards of two

pelled the Earl of Seaforth to desist from his purpose of pulling down his family-seat of castle Brahan.

hundred parishes, and a population of about two hundred thousand souls.

The country, though in many places so wild and savage as to be almost uninhabitable, contains on the sea-coasts, on the sides of the lakes, in the vales of the small streams, and in the more extensive *straths* through which larger rivers discharge themselves, much arable ground; and the mountains which surround these favoured spots afford ample pasture walks, and great abundance of game. Natural forests of oak, fir, and birch, are found in most places of the country, and were anciently yet more extensive. These glens, or valleys, were each the domain of a separate tribe, who lived for each other, laboured in common, married usually within the clan, and, the passages from one vale to another being dangerous in most seasons, and toilsome in all, had very little communication with the world beyond their own range of mountains. This circumstance doubtless tended to prolong among these separate tribes a species of government, the first that is known in the infancy of society, and which, in most instances, is altered or modified during an early period of its progress. The chief himself had a separate appellative, formed on the same principle: thus the chief of the Campbells was called MacCallam-more (*i. e.* the son of the great Colin); Glengarry is called MacAllister-more, and so forth. Their language has no higher expression of rank; and when the family of Slate were ennobled, their clansmen could only distinguish *Lord* MacDonald as Mac-

Dhonuil-more (*i. e.* the great MacDonald). To this was often added some special epithet distinguishing the individual or reigning chief. Thus, John Duke of Argyle was called *Jan Roy nan Cath*, as the celebrated Viscount of Dundee was termed *Jan Dhu nan Cath*, namely, *Red* or Black John of the Battles. Such epithets distinguished one chief from another, but the patronymic of the dynasty was common to all.

The obedience of the Highlander was paid to the chief of his clan, as representing some remote ancestor from whom it was supposed the whole tribe was originally descended, and whose name, compounded into a patronymic, as we have already mentioned, was the distinguishing appellation of the sept. Each clan, acting upon this principle, bore to its chief all the zeal, all the affectionate deference, all the blind devotion, of children to a father. Their obedience was grounded on the same law of nature, and a breach of it was regarded as equally heinous. The clansman who scrupled to save his chief's life at the expense of his own, was regarded as a coward who fled from his father's side in the hour of peril. Upon this simple principle rests the whole doctrine of clanship; and although the authority of the chief sometimes assumed a more legal aspect, as the general law of the country then stood, by his being possessed of fendal influence, or territorial jurisdiction,—yet, with his clan, no feudal rights, or magisterial authority, could enhance or render more ample that power which he possessed, *jure san-*

guinis, by the right of primogeniture. The duty of the clansman was indelible; and no feudal grant which he might acquire, or other engagement whatever, was to be preferred to his service to the chief. In the following letter MacIntoshe summons, as his rightful followers, those of his people who were resident on the estate of Culloden, who, according to low country law, ought to have followed their landlord.

"MADAM,

"You can'nt be a Stranger to the Circumstances I have put myself in at the tyme, and the great need I have of my own Men & followers wherever they may be found. Wherfor I thought fitt, seeing Cullodin is not at home, by this line to intreat you to put no stopp in the way of these Men that are & have been my followers upon your Ground.

"Madam, your compliance in this will very much Oblige,

"Your most humble Servant,

"L. MACINTOSHE.

"14th Sept. 1715.

"Madam,

"P. S. If what I demand will not be granted, I hope I'll be excused to be in my duty."—Pp. 38–9.

Such was the very simple theory of clan-government. In practice, it extended farther. Each clan was divided into three orders. The head of all was the CHIEF, who was usually, though not uniformly, the proprietor of all, or the greater part of the territories of the clan; not, it must be supposed, in absolute property, but as the head and grand steward of the community. He administered them, however, in all respects, at his own will and pleasure. A certain portion of the best of the land he retained as his own appanage, and

it was cultivated for his sole profit. The rest was divided by grants, of a nature more or less temporary, among the second class of the clan, who are called TENANTS, TACKSMEN, or GOODMEN. These were the near relations of the chief, or were descended from those who bore such near relation to some of his ancestors. To each of these, brothers, nephews, cousins, and so forth, the chief assigned a portion of land, either during pleasure, or upon short lease, or frequently in the form of a *wadset* (mortgage), redeemable for a certain sum of money. These small portions of land, assisted by the liberality of their relations, the tacksmen contrived to stock, and on these they subsisted, until in a generation or two the lands were resumed for portioning out some nearer relative, and the descendants of the original tacksman sunk into the situation of commoners. This was such an ordinary transition, that the third class, consisting of the common people, was strengthened in the principle on which their clannish obedience depended, namely, their belief in their original connexion of the genealogy of the chief, since each generation saw a certain number of families merge among the commoners whom their fathers had ranked among the tacksmen or nobility of the clan.

This change, though frequent, did not uniformly take place. In the case of a very powerful chief, or of one who had an especial affection for a son or brother, a portion of land was assigned to a cadet in perpetuity, or he was perhaps settled in an

appanage conquered from some other clan, or the tacksman acquired wealth and property by marriage, or by some exertion of his own. In all these cases, he kept his rank in society, and usually had under his government a branch or subdivision of the tribe, who looked up to him as their immediate leader, and whom he governed with the same authority, and in the same manner, in all respects, as the chief, who was patriarchal head of the whole sept. Such head of a subordinate branch of a clan was called a *chieftain* (a word of distinct and limited meaning), but remained dependent and usually tributary to the *chief*, and bound to support, follow, and obey him in all lawful and unlawful service. The larger clans often comprehended several of these subdivisions, each of which had its own chieftain; and it sometimes happened when the original family became extinct, that it was difficult to determine the right of succession. This was a calamitous event, for it usually occasioned a civil war; and it was accounted a dishonourable one, since a clan without an acknowledged head was considered as an anomaly among them. To use to any member of a clan which chanced to be in this situation the expression, "*Name your chief*," was an insult which nothing but blood could avenge.[1]

[1] See *Letters from the North of Scotland*, a work containing much curious information on the former state of the Highlands. The author was Mr Burt, an engineer, and the work was first published in 1754, thirty years after most of the letters were written. The book has been lately reprinted; and as it contains the observations of an impartial, and, on the whole, an unprejudiced stranger, it is a good record of Highland manners at the commencement of the 18th century.

This peculiarity, which, in the course of ages, often took place, was one great source of war among the Highland clans. When the direct lineage of a chief of an extended lineage became extinct, there arose disputes among the subordinate branches concerning the right of succession to this high dignity. Of these rival chieftains (we use the word in its limited signification), each had his separate band of devoted followers, and, like princes in the same situation, none lacked his *seannachies*, or genealogists to vouch for his title. It is a complete proof of the uncertainty of Highland succession that when a clan regiment was raised, there was a great diversity of opinion who was entitled to the post of honour after the chief, whether the representative of the eldest or of the youngest branch; and as this was a point undecided in the year 1745,[1] it cannot be doubted that so important a difference must repeatedly have drawn blood during the frequent quarrels of ambitious chieftains.

To return to the more simple state of the Highland clan, in which we suppose the chief to have had no subordinate leaders approaching to him in degree: his immediate dependents were the tacksmen, a race of men upon whose peculiar manners, much rather than on those of the chief who usually had the advantage either of an English or French education, or upon the commons, whose manners, as in all other countries, reflected imperfectly, like a coarse mirror, the habits of their superiors, the distinct character of the Highlanders rested. These

[1] See Home's History of the Rebellion, p. 9.

tacksmen were, by profession, gentlemen, or, as they termed it in their language, *Duinhé Wassal.* Of this distinction, usually marked by a feather in the bonnet, for in all other particulars their dress and that of the chief himself differed little from that of the commoners, they were especially tenacious; and the danger of contesting it was the greater, the nearer the duinhé wassal approached to the state of the commoner, which was the grave of all the Capulets. Wo betide the Lowlander who scrupled to pay the homage due to the genealogy of a Highland gentleman, even when he condescended to drive his own cows to market! When the low country drovers and graziers met their Highland customers at the trysts of Donne, and elsewhere on the borders, affronts were sometimes offered on the one hand, and on the other the claymore made its instant appearance. The Lowlanders (we have been assured from those concerned in such affrays) were less abashed at the display of steel than might be supposed; for at the first signal of quarrel they were wont to dip their bonnets in the next rivulet, which, twisted round a stout cudgel, made a tough guard for the hand; and with this precaution both parties were ready to engage—

> "One arm'd with metal, t'other with wood,
> This fit for bruise, and that for blood;
> With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
> Hard crab-tree and old iron rang."

The Highlanders had, indeed, the advantage of fire-arms, but rarely used them on such occasions, where a few slashes and broken heads usually de-

cided the combat. Sterner consequences, however, sometimes ensued—these Highland gentlemen were proud in proportion to their poverty, and the quarrels between them and the similar dependents of other families, when they met at the *aqua-vitæ* houses, which were common in this country gave rise to frequent bloodshed, and often to deadly feuds, between the clans to which the contending parties belonged.

In their intercourse with their respective chiefs, and with the commons, or bulk of the clan, the tacksmen had a double part to play, which demanded all the capacity of skilful courtiers. It was their business to get from both sides as much as they could—from the chief they gained their ends, by means of acting the part of counsellors, assistants, flatterers,—in short, by going through the whole routine of court-intrigue. The exercise of their talents in this, as well as in the exterior relations of the clan, and its public business, as it might be called, arising from alliances, jealousies, feuds, predatory aggressions, and retaliations, was accompanied by the usual effect of sharpening the intellect. The tacksmen accordingly were remarkable for a ready and versatile politeness in common conversation, and for a somewhat ostentatious display of the virtue of hospitality, which was balanced by their art and address in making bargains, by audacity to demand, eloquence to support their request, and address to take advantage even of the slightest appearance of concession. As they had on the one hand to act as a kind of ministry

to the chief, so, on the other, it was their business to make as much as they could of the commoners subjected to their immediate jurisdiction; whom they repaid for their own exactions, by protecting them against those which were offered from any other quarter.

The commons, from hard and scanty fare probably, were usually inferior in stature to the chiefs, chieftains, and tacksmen, but extremely hardy and active. They were supported thus: each tacksman, individually, leased out his part of the clan territory, in small portions and for moderate rents, to the commoners of the clan; or by a mode of cultivation often practised on the continent, and known in Scottish law by the name of *Steel-bow*, he furnished such a portion of the ground with stock and seed-corn, on condition of receiving from the tenant or actual labourer a moiety of the profits. In either case, the dependence of the cottager or commoner on the tacksman was as absolute as that of the tacksman upon the chief, and the general opinion inculcated upon all was implicit duty to their patriarchal head and his constituted authorities.

This system, in an early state of society, and in a fertile and uninhabited country, as it is the most obvious, is also the best which could be adopted. In such a case, when the flocks and herds of two tribes, like those of Abraham and Lot, become too numerous for the land in which they dwell, one kinsman can say to another, "Why should there be strife between us? Is not the whole land before

thee—separate thyself." But the most remarkable part of the Highland system, was the rapid increase of population, which, pent up within narrow and unfertile valleys, could neither extend itself towards the mountains, on account of hostile clans, nor towards the Lowlands, because the civilized country, though unable to prevent occasional depredations, was always too powerful to admit of any permanent settlement being gained upon the plains by the mountaineers. Thus, limited to its own valley, each clan increased in numbers in a degree far beyond proportion to the means of supporting them. Each little farm was, by the tenant who cultivated it, divided and subdivided among his children and grand-children until the number of human beings to be maintained far exceeded that for whom, by any mode of culture, the space of ground could supply nourishment. We have evidence before us, that in the rugged district between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, in the neighbourhood of Inversnaid, there were one hundred and fifty families living upon ground which did not pay ninety pounds a-year of rent, or, in other words, *each family, at a medium, rented lands at twelve shillings a-year*, as their sole mode of livelihood. The consequence of this over-population, in any case, must have been laziness, because, where there were so many hands for such light work, none would work hard; and those who could set up the slightest claim of exemption, would not work at all. This was particularly the case with the tacksmen's younger sons,—a race destined to sink into the in-

significance of commoners, unless they could keep themselves afloat by some deed of gallant distinction. These, therefore, were most afraid of being confounded with the class to which they were provisionally liable to be reduced; and as a serjeant is prouder of his cheveron than an officer of his epaulet, they were eager to maintain their dignity by evincing a contempt of all the duties of peaceful industry, and manifesting their adroitness in the chase and in military exercises. They naturally associated to themselves the stoutest and most active of the youthful commoners, all of whom reckoned their pedigree up to that of the chief, and therefore were entitled to "disdain the shepherd's slothful life." Under such leaders, they often committed creaghs, or depredations, on the Lowlands, or on hostile clans, and sometimes constituted themselves into regular bands of robbers, whom the chief connived at, though he dared not openly avow their depredations. They usually found shelter in some remote glen, from which he could, as occasion demanded, let them slip against his enemies. If they were made prisoners, they seldom betrayed the countenance which they had from their protector. On the other hand he was conscientious in affording them his protection against the law, as far as could be done, without absolutely committing himself.

There yet remained for the younger sons, both of chiefs and tacksmen, another resource, and that was foreign service. From an early period, many of these adventurers sought employment in the con-

tinental wars, and after the exile of the House of Stuart, the practice became general. They used also to carry with them some of the most courageous and active of the commoners; thus their acquaintance with actual war, its dangers and its duties, was familiarly maintained, and the report of their adventures and success served to keep up the love of warfare which characterised the Highland clans.

The same military spirit and contempt of labour distinguished even the very lowest of the commoners, upon whom necessarily devolved the operations of agriculture, which were summed up in the arts of ploughing or digging their ground for crops of oats or barley, making hay, rearing cattle, and manufacturing cheese and butter. The labour of the spade and plough was thrown as much as possible on the aged, or the females of the clan, while those who were in full vigour of body abandoned themselves alternately to the indulgence of indolence, and to the excitation of violent exercise. And as the tacksmen endeavoured to secure to themselves as large a portion as possible of the produce of the commoner's labour, the latter, to secure his attachment, was indulged and protected in occasional acts of military depredation and license; for which the eternal feuds among the Highlanders themselves, as well as the grand subsisting distinction between them and the Lowlanders, never failed to afford sufficient pretexts. The last were indeed, on all hands, regarded as the common enemy and general prey, as appears from a letter of

apology written by Allan Cameron of Lochiel, to Sir James Grant, chieftain of that name, dated 18th October, 1645. It would seem that a party of Camerons had plundered, or attempted to plunder, the lands of Grant of Moynes, lying on the border of the lowland county of Murray. The Grants had overpowered and worsted the invaders, which did not prevent their chief from remonstrating with Lochiel. Lochiel's answer is in the note, in which it will be observed that the intended robbery of the Murray-man is treated as a matter of course. The only thing requiring apology was the aggression on an allied and friendly clan.[1]

The artisans in a Highland tribe were few, but rose in rank above the mere labourers of the

[1] "RIGHT LOVING COUSIN,—My hearty recommendations being remembered to your honour, I have received your honour's letter concerning this misfortunate accident that never fell out, betwixt our houses, the like before, in no man's days; but, praised be God, I am innocent of the same, and my friends both in respcct that they gi't (went) not within your honour's bounds, but (only) to Murray-land, *where all men take their prey;* nor knew not that Moynes was a Grant, but thought that he was a Murray-man; and if they knew him, they would not stir his land more than the rest of your honour's bounds in Strathspey.—Sir, I have gotten such a loss of my friends, which I hope your honour shall consider, for I have eight dead already, and I have twelve or thirteen under cure, whilk I know not who shall live, or who shall die, of the same. So, sir, whosoever has gotten the greatest loss, I am content that the same be repaired, to (at) the sight of friends that loveth us both alike—and there is such a trouble here among us, that we cannot look to the same, for the present time, while (until) I wit who shall live of my men that is under cure. So not further troubling your honour at this time, for your honour shall not be offended at my friend's innocence,—Sir, I rest yours,

"ALLAN CAMERON of Locheil."

ground—the women were the principal weavers; but the tailor's was a masculine employment, and as much skill was supposed to be necessary to his craft, he held some importance in society. Every man made his own brogues out of raw hides, and was therefore his own shoemaker. Every Highlander also understood the use of the hatchet, and for all ordinary purposes was his own joiner and mason; but the smith held a distinct profession, and as he could make and repair arms, was a personage of first-rate importance. Like the piper, he was an officer of the household in the Highland establishment, and generally a favourite with the chief. The arms used in the Highlands were, however, usually forged in the low country. Doune, particularly, was long remarkable for its manufacture of steel-pistols, which perhaps yet subsists. Latterly most of their fire-arms were sent from Spain or France.

The commoners, whether occasional artisans or mere peasants, had all the same character of agility and hardihood. Exposed continually to a rough climate, by the imperfect shelter afforded by their dwellings, they became indifferent to its vicissitudes; and being in the constant use of hunting and fowling, and following their cattle through morasses and over mountains, they could endure, without inconvenience, extremities of hunger and fatigue, which would destroy any other people; and hence, even in their most peaceable state, they were enured to those hardships, which, in regular armies, often destroy more than the sword. They were

enthusiastic in their religion, as well as in their political principles, but were often content to take both upon trust at the recommendation, and upon the peril, of the chief. Their manners approached nearly to those of the tacksmen, being influenced by the same causes. From the self respect, arising out of a consciousness of high descent, they displayed unusual refinement and even elegance in their ordinary address, and on important occasions possessed and exhibited a command of eloquent and figurative expressions. They were civil, brave, and hospitable; but indolent, interested, and rapacious. The arts and pretexts under which they were deprived of the produce of their labour, they combated by other arts and pretexts, by means of which they extorted from their superiors enough to support them, according to their frugal wants. So much was the country over-peopled by the system of clanship, that in the islands, whole tribes were occasionally destroyed by famine; and even upon the continent, it was usual to bleed the cattle once a-year, that the blood thickened by oatmeal, and fried into a sort of cake, might nourish the people. But this was the last evil which the chief thought of curing. The number and military qualities of his followers were his pride and ornament, his wealth and his protection. MacDonald of Keppoch, having been called upon by an English gentleman to admire two massive silver chandeliers of uncommon beauty and workmanship, undertook a bet that when the owner should visit him in the

Highlands he would show him a pair of superior value. When summoned to keep his word, he exhibited two tall Highlanders, completely equipped and armed, each holding in his right hand a blazing torch made of bog-fir. The same chief, being asked by some strangers, before whom he had placed a very handsome entertainment, what might be the rent of the estate which furnished such expenditure, answered the blunt question with equal bluntness, "I can raise five hundred men." Such was the ancient mode of computing the value of a Highland estate. "I have lived to woful days," said an Argyleshire chieftain to us in 1788: "When I was young, the only question asked concerning a man's rank, was how many men lived on his estate —then it came to be how many black cattle it could keep—but now they only ask how many sheep the lands will carry."

Such is the general view of a Highland tribe, living and governed according to the patriarchal system. But many principles, accounted fixed in theory, were occasionally departed from in practice. It might, for example, have been supposed that hereditary right was inviolably observed in a system which appeared entirely to hinge upon it. Nevertheless, in pressing circumstances, this rule was sometimes overlooked. Usurpations and revolutions also occasionally took place, as in larger principalities; and sometimes the will of the clan, excited by circumstances which displeased them in the character of the heir, set him aside upon slender

grounds from the high office to which he was destined by birth. The following is an example in a clan of great note:

When the chief of Clanronald died, his eldest son was residing, according to the Highland custom, as a foster-son in the family of Lord Lovat, chief of the Frasers. When the young man arrived at Castle Tyrim, to take possession of his estate, his attention was caught by a very profuse quantity of slaughtered cattle. He asked the meaning of this preparation, and was informed that these provisions had been made to solemnize a festival on his being first produced to his people in the character of their chief. "I think," answered the youth, who had apparently contracted some economical ideas by residing so near the Lowlands, "I think a few hens would have made an adequate entertainment for the occasion." This unhappy expression flew through the clan like wildfire, and excited a general sentiment of indignation. "We will have nothing to do," they said, "with a *hen-chief*," and, dismissing the rightful heir with scorn, they called one of his brother's sons to the office and estate of the departed chief. The Frasers, according to custom, took arms to compel the MacDonalds to do justice to their foster-child. A battle ensued—the Frasers were defeated with much slaughter, and the unlucky *hen-chief* being killed, as a miserable warning to all untimely economists, his nephew was established in the rights and power of the family. But a veil was thrown over these deviations as soon as possible; and the existing

chief was always held up and maintained to be the lineal representative of the founder of the family and common father of the clan.

In like manner it was a leading principle that the clan, from the highest to the lowest, were all members of one family, bearing the same name, and connected in blood with the chief. He was expected, therefore, even in the height of his authority, to acknowledge the meanest of them as his relation, and to shake hands with him wherever they might happen to meet. There were, nevertheless, exceptions also to this rule. Small clans were sometimes totally broken up, their chiefs slain, and their independence destroyed. In this situation they became a sort of clients to some clan of greater importance, and bore to those under whom they lived very nearly the same relation which the Humsauyas, described by Mr Elphinstone, bear to the Ooloss, or Afghaun tribe, with whom they reside. Several of the most ancient of the Highland names and tribes are to be found in this state of depression. Sometimes whole clans, without renouncing their dependence upon their own chief, subjected themselves to a tribe of predominating influence, whose name they assumed. In this case they continued to subsist as a dependent but distinct branch of the general community; and their chief, now sunk to the rank of a chieftain, exercised his authority in subordination to that of the chief whose name he had adopted. The Campbells are said to have received numerous additions in this manner. Besides these accessions, each clan, especially when

headed by a chief who stood high in the public estimation, was strengthened by individuals who came to associate themselves with the community, and who never scrupled to assume the name of the tribe. Even to this day a Highlander sometimes considers, that, upon changing his residence, a change of his name to that of his new landlord is at once a point of civility, and a means of obtaining favour. A friend of ours was shooting in the North, and as the face of the Highlander, who acted as his guide, was familiar to him, he asked if his name was not MacPherson—"No; Gordon is my name," replied the guide. "I was shooting a few years ago at some distance from this place; you then guided me, and I remember you called yourself MacPherson"—"Yes," answered the Highlander, composedly; "but that was when I lived on the *other* side of the hill." There yet remained another source of accession. In ancient times, the Highlanders, like the Indians, adopted prisoners of war into their tribes. Thus when the Marquis of Huntley and the Laird of Grant made a tremendous foray along Dee side, laying waste the whole dale, they carried off a great number of children whose parents they had put to death. About a year afterwards the Laird of Grant, being on a visit to Castle Huntley, saw these children receive their food:—a kitchen trough was filled with the relics of the provisions on which the servants had dined, and at the summons of a whistle from the master cook, this mob of half naked orphans rushed in to scramble for the fragments. Shocked at the sight, Grant

obtained permission to carry them into his country, where he adopted them into his own tribe, and gave them his name, which they still bear; but their descendants are distinguished from other Grants, being called "Children of the trough."

The most powerful of the Highland chiefs became in latter times frequenters of the Scottish court, and often obtained from the monarchs grants of lands and jurisdictions, which, at convenient times, they failed not to use in aid of their patriarchal authority over their own sept, and as a pretext for subjugating others. They did not, indeed, need the excuse of such authority towards the oppressed party, who lived in a state of society in which superior force necessarily constituted right.

> "For why?—because the good old rule
> Sufficed them; the simple plan
> That they should take who had the power,
> And they should keep who can."[1]

But the more prudent chiefs had now learned that there was a world beyond the mountains, and that there were laws of the kingdom which Scottish kings sometimes strove to make effectual, even among their fastnesses. And although these efforts, owing to the weakness of the government, were but transient and desultory; yet the great houses of Argyle, Huntley, Athole, and others, whose rank placed them often at court, and within the grasp of authority, found advantage in keeping *o' the windy side of the law*, and in qualifying their aggressions on their Highland neighbours by such

[1] [Wordsworth.]

plausible forms as might pass current in case of enquiry at the seat of government. Nothing was more hateful to their ruder neighbours than claims of this kind, which they neither understood nor acknowledged. The mode in which the rights of jurisdiction obtained by the higher families were exercised, had little tendency to reconcile the less powerful chiefs to what they considered as legalized modes of oppression. "Take care of yourselves in Sutherland," said an old Highlander as he communicated the alarming news which he had just learned, "the *law* is come as far as Tain." Accordingly, the execution of the laws, to the last, was resisted in the Highlands; nor was the authority of the magistrates respected, nor durst any inferior officer of the law execute his duty. The traces of this state of manners were long visible: and so late as thirty years since, and within twenty miles of Stirling Castle, it was found necessary to obtain a military escort, to protect the officer who was to serve a civil process giving a Highland tenant warning to remove.

This state of disorder cannot be imputed to the neglect of the Scottish parliament, who frequently exercised their sagacity in framing laws for the regulations of the Highlands and Borders; the high grounds of which last were, until the union of the crowns, in the same, or in a more lawless condition than the Highlands themselves. But previously to any notice of these laws, it will be necessary to give a brief retrospect of the state of the Highlands before they were so united with the rest of

the kingdom as to be proper subjects of its legislature. We have already observed that, in former times, the Highland chiefs paid allegiance to princes of their own, altogether distinct from the King of Scotland, with whom they were sometimes at war, sometimes at peace, or, at the utmost, acknowledged only a slight and nominal dependence upon him;—this was that powerful dynasty of the Lords of the Isles, who flourished, from a dark and remote period, down to the reign of James V. Their authority extended over all the western islands, from Ilay northward, over Kintyre, Knapdale, and the western parts of Inverness-shire; and they exercised the influence of powerful allies, if not of lords paramount, over the M'Dougals, Lords of Lorn. Their claim to the earldom of Ross often laid that northern county at their disposal; and their supremacy was disputed in that district by the Earls of Sutherland alone. These districts make up the bulk of the Highlands. The rest was swayed by the Strathbogies, Earls of Athol, who had under their authority, Athole, Strathbogie, and Lochaber; by the Cumings, in Badenoch; by the Earls of Mar, in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire; the Earl of Lennox, in Dumbartonshire; and the Knight of Lochowe, in Argyleshire. Many of the Highland lords, having taken part against Bruce in his struggles for the crown, were involved in ruin by his success: among those were the families of Cuming of Strathbogie, and of MacDougal, whose power passed over to the Stuarts, Campbells, Gor-

dons, Murrays, and other favourers of the Bruce interest, to whom were granted their forfeited domains. It was said of the English who settled in Ireland, that they became *ipsis Hibernis Hibernioores;* and therefore we cannot be surprised that the new Highland lords conformed themselves to the fashion of their new subjects, and assumed the part and character of chiefs, which had so much to flatter ambition and the love of power. But though these changes of possession contributed greatly to limit the power of the Lords of the Isles, it remained sufficiently exorbitant to alarm and disturb the rest of Scotland; and it was not until the battle of the Harlaw, fought in 1410, in which the power of that insular kingdom received a severe check, that it could be considered as an actual dependence of the Scottish crown.

Upon the accession of James I. the power of the northern chiefs was somewhat restricted, and many royal castles, particularly that of Inverness, were rebuilt and garrisoned. The King himself took a journey to the Highlands; and, having had his education in England, was not a little surprised at the state of anarchy which pervaded this part of his dominions. He learned that, within a few miles of his present residence, were heads of a banditti, who had each from one to two thousand men at their call; who lived entirely by plunder, and acknowledged no limit of their actions but their own will. James I. was an active and intelligent monarch, and so far exerted himself as to compel the Lord of the Isles to submission, and utterly to

destroy a large force of Highlanders and Islesmen who rose in his favour, under the leading of his cousin, Donald Balloch. Balloch himself was put to death by an Irish chief, to whom he had fled for protection, and three hundred of his followers were condemned to the gibbet. During the troubles occasioned by the rebellion of the Douglasses, the Lords of the Isles once more gained ground. But about the year 1476, the King was able to reduce them again to nominal subjection, and what was more material, to diminish their actual power, by the resumption of the earldom of Ross, with the large districts of Knapdale and Kintyre, which, in a great measure, excluded the Lords of the Isles from interference with the continent. The uncertainty of Highland succession had already raised up rivals to the Lords of the Isles, in the pretensions of their kinsmen; and about the reign of James V., the last MacDonald who assumed that title died without male heirs; and a family whose power had so long rivalled and excelled that of the Kings of Scotland, in the northern part of their dominions, became extinct as a dynasty.

The main stock of the Lords of the Isles being thus decayed, there arose many shoots from the trunk. But these branches of *Clan Colla*, for such is the general name of that powerful sept, prevented each other's growth by mutual rivalry; and though strong and powerful, neither approached in consequence nor strength, to the parent tree. These were the families of Slate, Clanronald, Glengarry, Keppoch, Ardnamurchan, Glencoe, and

Largo, all, especially those first named, independent tribes of great importance and consequence. But debates amongst themselves prevented the name of MacDonald from ever attaining its original pitch of power. Their feuds were rendered more bitter by their propinquity, and, even in the last days of chieftainship, tended to weaken the cause which most of them had espoused. After the battle of Falkirk, in 1746, the musket of a MacDonald, of the tribe of Clanronald, chanced unhappily to go off while he was cleaning it, and killed a hopeful young gentleman, a son of Glengarry, who commanded the men of his father's clan. So sacred was the claim of blood for blood, that the execution of the poor fellow through whose negligence this mischance had happened was judged indispensable by the council of chiefs. The accident was of the worst consequence to the Chevalier's cause both ways; for most of the Glengarry men went home, disheartened by the fate of their leader, and released from the restraint of his authority: and many of Clanronald's people did the same, from a natural disgust at the severity exercised on their clansman for an involuntary fault.

Besides these leading branches, there were many tribes distinguished by other patronymics, who claimed their descent from the same stock; but who remained separate and independent. Among these, if we mistake not (for heaven forbid we should speak with unbecoming confidence!) are the

MacAlisters, MacKeans, MacNabs,[1] MacIntyres, MacKeachans, MacKechnies, and MacAphies—a list which involuntarily reminds us of the sonorous names of the Brazilian tribes, Tupinikins, Tupigais, Tupinayes, and Tupinambas. But exclusive of these descendants of MacDonald, and, indeed, in a degree of public importance far superior to many of them, were the clans whose chiefs had held offices of trust under the Lords of the Isles, and who now attained a formidable independence, augmented by the shares which they had been able to secure in the wreck of the principal family. Such were the MacLeans, long lieutenants of the Lords of the Isles; the MacKenzies, who had already obtained many grants from regal favour; the Camerons, the MacNeils, the MacIntoshes, and many other clans which had hitherto been subjected to the regal tribe of Clan Colla. The Kings of Scotland favoured this division of power, upon the grand political maxim of dividing in order to command; but although the separation of the tribes was very complete, it by no means appears that the authority of the sovereign was increased in proportion. It was true, indeed, that, being no longer under one common head, the Highland clans were not so capable of disturbing the general peace of the kingdom: but when political circumstances concurred to unite any number of chiefs in a common cause,

[1] In some genealogies the MacNabs are claimed by the MacAlpines and MacGregors as descended from the same root with them.

the mountain eruption broke out with as much violence as under the Lords of the Isles. Mean while the internal feuds of the tribes became, if possible, more deadly than before; and though those who were of Lowland origin, and connected with the crown, gradually gained ground upon the others, it was not without the most desperate struggles. In the preamble of an act of James IV. it is declared that for want of justice-airs, justices and sheriffs, the Islesmen and the Highlanders had almost become savage; and some steps are taken for establishing legal jurisdictions among them. But the evil was too powerful for the remedy. In the vigorous reign of James V. further measures were adopted—the King in person undertook a voyage around the northern part of Britain, and impressed the inhabitants of these wild isles and mountains with some sense of the existence of a power paramount to that of their chiefs. But this also soon passed away, and the civil wars of Queen Mary's time set every independent chief at liberty to work his own pleasure, under pretext of espousing one or other of the contending factions.

A statute, in the year 1581, declares "that one great cause of the oppressions and cruelties daily practised in the realm is, that clans of thieves were associated together by a common surname, not subject to any landlord (that is, feudal superior), nor amenable to the common laws of justice; and holding inveterate and deadly feud against all true men who had been concerned in repressing, by violence, any of their enormities;" it therefore enacts, that

all men sustaining injury by them should be at liberty to make reprisals, not only on the individual perpetrators, but also to slay or arrest any person whatever, being of the same clan with those from whom they had received the injury. This tended only to give a legal and colourable pretext for private wars and deadly feuds, already too prevalent; another regulation, therefore, was adopted in the year 1587. This remarkable statute, after setting forth that "the inhabitants of the Borders, Highlands, and Isles, delighted in all mischiefs, taking advantage of each intestine state-commotion which relaxed the hands of ordinary justice, most unnaturally and cruelly to waste, harry, slay, and destroy their own neighbours and native country-people," proceeds to promulgate a roll of their captains, chiefs, and chieftains, as well of the principal branches of each tribe as of the tribe in general; and to declare that these leaders should be obliged to find security, rendering themselves personally responsible for whatever damage should be committed by their clansmen or dependents. This, while it seemed to legalize the authority of the chiefs, hitherto unacknowledged by any positive statute, had, after the union of the crowns, very great influence upon the Borders, and might also have produced some good consequences on the Highlands, had it been as strictly administered. One effect, however, was, that several clans which, by the encroachment of their neighbours, or the miscarriage of their own schemes of ambition, had been driven out of their lands, were in no condition

to find the security required by law, and were, therefore, denounced as outlaws and broken men. The most remarkable of these was the clan Gregor, or MacGregors, of which most of our readers must have heard.

This family, or sept, is of genuine Celtic origin, great antiquity, and in Churchill's phrase,

> ——————" doubtless springs
> From great and glorious, but forgotten kings."

They were once possessed of Glenurchy, of the castle at the head of Lochowe, of Glendochart, Glenlyon, Finlarig, Balloch, now called Taymouth, and of the greater part of Breadalbane. From these territories they were gradually expelled by the increasing strength of the Campbells, who, taking advantage of a bloody feud between the MacGregors and MacNabs, obtained letters of fire and sword against the former, and about the reign of James III. and IV. dispossessed them of much of their property. The celebrated MacGregor a Rua Rua, the heir-male of the chief, and a very gallant young man, was surprised and slain by Colin Campbell, the knight of Lochowe, and with him fell the fortunes of his family. From this time, the few lands which remained in their possession being utterly inadequate to maintain so numerous a clan, the MacGregors became desperate, wild and lawless, supporting themselves either by actual depredation, or by the money which they levied as the price of their forbearance, and retaliating upon the more powerful clans, as well as upon the Lowlands, the severity with which they were fre-

quently pursued and slaughtered. A single trait of their history will show what was the ferocity of feud among the Scottish clans.

The remaining settlements of the MacGregor tribe were chiefly in Balquhidder, around Loch Katrine, and as far as the borders of Loch Lomond. Even these lands they did not possess in property, but by some transaction with the family of Buchanan, who were the real landholders; but the terrors of the MacGregors extended far and wide, for they were at feud with almost all their neighbours. In the year 1589, a party of MacGregors, belonging to a tribe called *Clan Dŭil a Cheach*, i. e. the Children of Dugald of the Mist (an appropriate term for such a character), met with John Drummond of Drummondernoch, a ranger of the royal forest of Glenartney, as he was seeking venison for the King's use. It chanced that Drummondernoch had, in his capacity of steward-depute, or provincial magistrate, of Strathearn, tried and executed two or three of these MacGregors for depredations committed on his chief Lord Drummond's lands. The Children of the Mist seized the opportunity of vengeance, slew the unfortunate huntsman, and cut off his head: they then went to the house of Stuart of Ardvoirlich, whose wife was a sister of the murdered Drummondernoch. The laird was absent, but the lady received the unbidden, and probably unwelcome guests with hospitality, and, according to the Highland custom and phrase, placed before them bread and cheese till better food could be

made ready. She left the room to superintend the preparations, and when she returned, beheld, displayed upon the table, the ghastly head of her brother, with a morsel of bread and cheese in its mouth. The terrified lady rushed out of the house with a fearful shriek, and could not be found, though her distracted husband caused all the woods and wildernesses around to be diligently searched. To augment the misery of Ardvoirlich, his unfortunate wife was with child when she disappeared. She did not, however, perish. It was the harvest season, and in the woods and moors the maniac wanderer probably found berries, and other substances capable of sustaining life; though the vulgar, fond of the marvellous, suppose that the wild-deer had pity on her misery and submitted to be milked by her. At length some train of former ideas and habits began to revive in her mind. She had formerly been very attentive to her domestic duties, and used commonly to oversee the milking of the cows—and now the women employed in that office, in the remote upland grazings, observed with terror, that they were regularly watched, during the milking, by an emaciated miserable-looking female figure, who appeared from among the bushes, but retired with great swiftness when any one approached her. The story was told to Ardvoirlich, who, conjecturing the truth, took measures for intercepting and recovering the unfortunate fugitive. She regained her senses after the birth of her child; but it was remarkable that the son whom she bore seemed affected by the

consequence of her terror. He was of great strength, but of violent passions, under the influence of which he killed his friend and commander, Lord Kilpont, in a manner which the reader will find detailed in Wishart's *Memoirs of Montrose.*

The tragedy of Drummondernoch did not conclude with the effects of the murder on the Lady Ardvoirlich. The clan of the MacGregors being convoked in the church of Balquhidder, upon the Sunday after the act, the bloody head was produced on the altar, when each clansman avowed the murder to have been perpetrated by his own consent, and laying successively his hands on the scalp, swore to protect and defend the authors of the deed;—"in ethnic and barbarous manner," says an order of the lords of the privy council, dated 4th February 1589, "in most proud contempt of our sovereign lord and his authority and in evil example to other wicked *limmers* to do the like, if this shall be suffered to remain unpunished." Then follows a commission—"to seek for and pursue Alaster MacGregor, of Glenstrae, and all others of his name, with fire and sword." We have seen a letter upon this subject, from Patrick Lord Drummond, who was naturally most anxious to revenge his kinsman's death, to the Earl of Montrose, appointing a day in which the one shall be "at the bottom of the valley of Balquhidder with his forces, and advance upward, and the other with his powers shall occupy the higher outlet, and move downwards for the express pur-

pose of taking *sweet revenge* for the death of their cousin." Ardvoirlich assisted them with a party, and it is said they killed thirty-seven of the clan of Dugald of the Mist upon the single farm of Invernenty. The death of Drummondernoch is the subject of a beautiful poem by Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, entitled "Clan-Alpine's Vow." The King himself entered keenly into the success of the feud, as appears from a letter to the Laird of M'Intosh still preserved in Sir Æneas M'Intosh's charter-chest at Moyhall. We have thrown it into the note; and it will show that the taste for heads was not confined to the Children of the Mist, since the King requests one to be sent to him.[1]

[1] Right traist Freynd, We greet you hairtlie well. Having heard be report of the laite preeife given be you, of your willing disposition to our service, in prosequiteing of that wicked race of M'Gregor, we haife thought meit hereby to signifie unto you, that we accompt the same as maist acceptable pleasure and service done unto us, and will not omitt to regard the same as it deserves; and because we ar to give you out of our aein mouthe sum furder directionn thair anent,—it is our will, that upon the sight hereof ye repaire hither in all haist, and at yr arriving we sall impairt or full mynde, and heir wt all we haif thought expedient, that ye, befoir yor arriving hither, sall caus execut to the death Duncane M'Can Caim, latelie tane be you in yor last (*expedition*) agains the clan Gregor, and caus his heid to be transportit hither, to the effect the same may be affixt in sum public place, to the terror of other malefactors, and so comitt you to God. From Haly rud hous, the penult day of *
in the year 1596. (Signed) JAMES R.

On the back—Lre be King James to M'Intosh about the year 1596.

* The month was interlined and illegible.

The "revenge" was doubtless ample; but Alaster MacGregor's power was so little impaired, that, in 1602, he was able to sustain the desperate battle of Glenfruin, in which he defeated the Laird of Luss, and almost extirpated the name of Colquhoun. For this battle and the outrages which preceded and followed it, the clan were formally outlawed by act of Parliament, and it was made an offence equal to felony, to take or bear that proscribed surname: thus held up as a prey to destruction, they were attacked on all sides, pursued with blood-hounds, and when seized, put to death without even the formalities of a trial. The chief himself, Alaster of Glenstrae, surrendered with eighteen of his most faithful followers to the Earl of Argyle, on condition that he should conduct him safe out of Scotland. But, says old Birrel, the Earl kept a Highlander's promise, for he sent him under a guard as far as Berwick, but with instructions not to set him at liberty. So after this airing upon English ground for the acquittal of Argyle's word, the unfortunate chief was brought back to Edinburgh, and hanged at the cross of that city, a man's height higher than his companions, who were executed at the same time. Yet such was the vivifying principle inherent in clanship, that the MacGregors, though proscribed and persecuted, under the authority of repeated statutes, continued to exist as a numerous and separate clan, until their name was restored to them in our own days.

The Earl of Argyle had now acquired very

great authority in the West Highlands and Isles, which he augmented by suppressing some troubles which arose among the MacDonalds; in consideration of which, his family got a grant of the district of Kintyre. But excepting that this great family in the west, and those of Huntley and Athole in the north, had succeeded both to direct authority over many clans, and to great influence over others, the state of the Highlands remained the same in Charles First's as in his father's time.

With the civil wars the Highlanders assumed a new and more distinguished character; and for the first time in our history showed a marked and distinguished superiority in the use of arms over their Lowland fellow-subjects. The cause of this is abundantly obvious. In former times, when the Highlanders descended from their mountains, they encountered in the Lowlands, a race of men as hardy, brave, and skilful in the use of weapons as themselves, and far superior to them in arms and military discipline. In the battle of Harlaw, Donald of the Isles, with the largest army that ever left the Highlands, was checked by an inferior number of Lowlanders; and in the fields of Corichie, Glenlivat, and others, the Highlanders were routed with great loss, by fewer but better appointed numbers of their Lowland countrymen. But the lapse of more than half a century had placed the Lowlanders in a different situation. During the reign of Charles I. they had remained quiet under the protection of the laws; neither doing nor suffering violence; and the martial

spirit had much decayed among them. The success, therefore, of the Highlanders in Montrose's wars is not wonderful. They were not only bred to arms and active exercises from their infancies, but were in a manner regimented under their several chiefs and tacksmen; so that, being always in order for war, they wanted but a general and a cause. Their advantage in encountering the tumultuary forces of the covenanting Lowlanders, who had detached to England all their regular troops, and brought to the field only a disorderly militia, had all the success which could have been anticipated. It will be best accounted for by the expressions of a contemporary, the Reverend Robert Baillie, who writes to his correspondent Mr William Spang, minister of Campvere, in Zealand, 25th April, 1645. "The country forces of Fife and Stratherne were three to one—well armed—had horse and cannon;—but the treachery of Kilpont, and especially Sir John Drummond, together with Elcho's rashness, delivered all that tumultuous people and their arms into the enemy's hands without a stroke. A great number of burgesses were killed;—twenty-five householders in St Andrew's only;—*many were bursten in the flight, and died without stroke.*" It is obvious that men who died of the exertion of running away, could be no match, either in onset or retreat, for the hardy, agile, and long-breathed Highlanders. After gaining many battles, however, and overrunning all Scotland, Montrose was finally defeated by a body of regular forces commanded by David Les-

ley. But from the time of his wars the Highlanders asserted and maintained, in all the civil dissensions of Scotland, a marked and decided superiority over their Lowland fellow-subjects, which tended not a little to exalt their opinion of their own importance, and to render them tenacious of the customs and usages of their country. The same period, however, which witnessed their first brilliant display of victories obtained beyond the bounds of their own mountains, also saw the Highland clans receive, even within their strongest fastnesses, a chastisement which the hands of their own monarchs had never been powerful enough to inflict. The stern policy of Cromwell established garrisons at Inverness, Inverlochy, and other places in the Highlands, —he set on foot movable columns, who constantly patroled the country, and became acquainted with its most hidden recesses ;—the castles of the chiefs were destroyed, the woods that sheltered them were cut down, and, finally, in spite of the valour of the clans, and the enthusiasm of their chiefs, he compelled them to surrender their arms, and to give pledges for their peaceable conduct. And it is generally allowed that, as the Highlands had never been in such quiet subjection until this period, so their neighbours never enjoyed such an interval of rest from their incursions until after the year 1745. The rigorous discipline of Cromwell was equally successful in crushing the spirit of chivalry among the rude mountain-chiefs as among the cavaliers of England ; and so strong was the impression which his arms made on their imagination,

that, in 1726, an aged Highland laird told Mr Burt, that Oliver's colours were so strongly fixed in his memory, that he still thought he saw them spread out by the wind, and bearing the word EMANUEL upon them, in very large golden characters.[1]

Upon the Restoration, the Stuarts, who owed so much to the Highland clans, for what they had done and suffered in the royal cause, under Montrose, Glencairn and Middleton, rewarded the chiefs by relaxing the discipline under which Cromwell had placed them. The forts established at Inverness, and elsewhere, for bridling the mountaineers, were dismantled, or abandoned. The Marquis of Argyle (in Highland phrase Gillespie Gruomach) had acquired a prodigious ascendency in the Western Highlands and Isles during the civil wars, and received from Parliament many large grants both of lands and jurisdiction. It is well known by what means and for what causes Charles II. and his brother prosecuted the ruin of this nobleman and his son, in consequence of which, the MacDonalds, MacLeans, and other clans, who had been overpowered by the weight of the marquis's authority, were restored to independence. The Duke of York, during his residence at Edinburgh, had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with the principal northern chieftains, whose stately *fierté* well suited his own reserved and haughty temper: they were, besides, either Catholics, or bigoted to the prelatic establishment;

[1] Letters from the North of Scotland.—Letter XI.

and, in either case, were deemed fit persons to countenance, in opposition to the Presbyterian interest, so odious to the reigning family. The laws against their excesses were therefore greatly relaxed; and it was even thought politic to employ the clans in overawing the western shires, where the prohibited conventicles of the Presbyterians were most numerous. Six thousand Highlanders were invited from their mountains to pillage these devoted counties; a task which they performed with the rapacity of an indigent people attracted by objects of luxury to which they were strangers, but with less cruelty than had perhaps been expected from them. In the mean while, encouraged by these marks of favour and indulgence, they had again established their own exemptions from the general law of Scotland, both in civil and criminal concerns, as will appear from the curious case of MacDonald of Keppoch.

This chief and the laird of MacIntosh had long disputed a territory called Glenroy, in the central Highlands. MacIntosh had obtained a crown charter, comprehending a grant of these lands. Keppoch, disdaining, as he said, to *hold his lands in a sheepskin*, took forcible possession of Glenroy, and there maintained himself. MacIntosh, in 1687, with the assistance of a body of regular forces, commanded by MacKenzie of Suddy, summoned his clan, and marched against Keppoch, but received a severe defeat at Milroy, where Suddy was slain, he himself made prisoner, and compelled to renounce his right to the lands in dispute. A

strong body of military was next marched into the Highlands to revenge this insult, and under the authority of letters of fire and sword, Keppoch's lands were laid waste with great severity.[1] Yet this did not break the strength, or diminish the spirit of Keppoch, for in 1689 he was able to lay siege to Inverness; and, what is still more extraordinary, the severe usage which he had received did not diminish his zeal for the Stuart family, for he was the first to join the standard which the Viscount of Dundee raised against King William. Dundee, a man at once of genius and of military experience, knew how to avail himself of the enthusiastic energy of a Highland army, and to conciliate and direct the discordant councils of their independent chiefs. He fell in the battle of Killiecrankie, one of the greatest victories ever gained by an Highland army; and those who succeeded in the command, being men of routine, and of limited views, the war dwindled away into a succession of inroads and skirmishes, in the course of which the bordering Highlanders plundered the low country so severely, that in many districts the year of the *hership* (plunder) was long afterwards mentioned as an era. King William, just arrived at the possession of a crown which seemed still precarious, and having his attention engaged by the continental war, and that of Ireland, thought it best to purchase peace in this remote corner of his new kingdom, and the Earl of Breadalbane

[1] See Crichton's *Memoirs* in Swift's works: Captain Crichton was himself employed on this occasion.

was intrusted with L.20,000 sterling, to be distributed among the Highland chiefs. Breadalbane was artful, daring, and rapacious. Some chiefs he gratified with a share of the money; others with good words; others he kept quiet by threats; and it has always been supposed that the atrocity well known by the name of the massacre of Glencoe, was devised and executed to gratify at once an ancient quarrel, to silence an intractable chief, who had become clamorous about the division of the peace-offering, and to serve as a measure of intimidation to all others. It is said that when Breadalbane was required by the English minister to account for the sum of money put into his hands for the above purpose, he returned this laconic answer—"My Lord, the money is spent—the Highlands are quiet—and this is the only way of accounting among friends." This termination of a war, by a subsidy granted to the insurgents, was by no means calculated to lower that idea of their own consequence, which the Highland chiefs most readily entertained at all times. Each set about augmenting his followers by every means in his power, regarding military strength as the road to wealth and importance in the national convulsions which seemed approaching.

Contrary, however, to what might have been expected, the crisis of the accession of the Hanover family did not at first make a strong impression on the Highland chiefs. After much consultation among themselves, an address was drawn up to congratulate George I. on his accession to the

throne, and to implore his favour. We have given this curious document in a note.[1] It is said to have been delivered to Archibald, Duke of Argyle, to be presented by him to the new sovereign: but

[1] We are ignorant whether it has ever appeared in any collection of state papers. Ours is given to us as copied from a manuscript of the period; and though this remarkable paper is unnoticed in history, we believe it to be genuine. It is entitled—

"*Address of one hundred and two Chief Heritors and Heads of Clans in the Highlands of Scotland, to King George the First, on his Accession to the Throne, which by Court Intrigue was prevented from being delivered to his Majesty: the consequence was, their joining in the Rebellion in the year* 1715.

"May it please your Majesty,

"We of the chief heritors and others, in the Highlands of Scotland, under subscribing, beg leave to express the joy of our hearts at your Majesty's happy accession to the crown of Great Britain. Your Majesty has the blood of our ancient monarchs in your veins and in your family; may that royal race ever continue to reign over us! Your Majesty's princely virtues, and the happy prospect we have in your royal family of an uninterrupted succession of kings to sway the British sceptre, must extinguish those divisions and contests which in former times too much prevailed, and unite all who have the happiness to live under your Majesty into a firm obedience and loyalty to your Majesty's person, family, and government; and as our predecessors have for many ages had the honour to distinguish themselves by their loyalty, so we do most humbly assure your Majesty, that we will reckon it our honour stedfastly to adhere to you, and with our lives and furtunes to support your crown and dignity against all oppressors. Pardon us, great Sir, to implore your royal protection against any who labour to misrepresent us, and who rather use their endeavours to create misunderstandings than to engage the hearts of subjects to that loyalty and cheerful obedience which we owe, and are happy to testify towards your Majesty. Under so excellent a king, we are persuaded that we, and all your other peaceable and faithful subjects, shall enjoy their just rights and liberties, and that our enemies shall not be able to hurt us with your Majesty, for whose royal favour we presume humbly to hope, as our forefathers were honoured with that of your Majestv's ancestors. Our

that nobleman, being a politician as well as a soldier, is alleged to have seen more prospect of personal aggrandisement in an insurrection, which would render his services indispensable, than in a peaceful submission of the Highlands to the House of Hanover. Accordingly, the Earl of Marr came over to Scotland; the standard of the Chevalier St George was raised; and almost all the Highland chiefs of name and eminence assembled their forces at Perth. But Marr, by whom they were commanded, was better fitted for the intrigues of a court, than for leading an army and directing a campaign; and a force of Highlanders, the greatest ever assembled, and which, under Montrose, Dundee, or even Charles Edward, would have made itself master of all Scotland, was (with the exception of the forlorn hope under Mackintosh of Borlum, which shared the fate of the Northumbrian insurgents) completely neutralized, and pent up

mountains, though undervalued by some, are nevertheless acknowledged to have at all times been fruitful in providing hardy and gallant men, and such, we hope, shall never be wanting amongst us, who shall be ready to undergo all dangers in defence of your Majesty, and your royal posterity's only rightful title to the crown of Great Britain. Our behaviour shall always witness for us, that with unalterable firmness and zeal we are,

"May it please your Majesty,
"Your Majesty's most loyal, most obedient
"And most dutiful subjects and servants,
"ALEX. MACDONALD, of Glengarry,
"MACINTOSH, of that Ilk,
"J. CAMERON, of Lochiele,
"J. STEWART, of Ardsheall,
"NORMAN MACLEOD, of Drynach,"
&c. &c.

within the friths of Clyde and Forth, by the Duke of Argyle, at the head of a force not exceeding two or three thousand men. The indecisive battle of Sheriffmoor only served to show the incapacity of the Jacobite general, and the valour of the troops he commanded. It was upon this memorable day that young Clanronald fell, leading on the Highlanders of the right wing. His death dispirited the assailants, who began to waver. But Glengarry, chief of a rival branch of the Clan Colla, started from the ranks, and waving his bonnet round his head, cried out, "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!" The Highlanders received a new impulse from his words, and, charging with redoubled fury, bore down all before them. But their left wing was less fortunate, being completely routed, and pushed as far as the river Allan, two miles from the field of battle. Both parties retreated after this doubtful action, the Highlanders to Perth, the Duke of Argyle to Stirling: but the ultimate advantage rested with the former.

At this period of Highland history, Duncan Forbes, afterwards President of the Court of Session, and whose original papers and correspondence are here given to the world, made a considerable figure in public affairs. He was a younger son of the family of Culloden, which had a considerable estate in the neighbourhood of Inverness, and was thus connected by blood and friendship with almost all the respectable families in that district, and with many of the Highland chiefs. Mr Forbes was

educated to the law, in which he was early distinguished, not more by eloquence than by sound sense and depth of knowledge. At the time of the insurrection in 1715, his elder brother, John Forbes, of Culloden, as well as himself, engaged with heart and hand in the service of the government, to which they were enabled to render important services, partly through their own influence and exertions, partly by means of a chief, whose history forms a strange illustration of the effect of power and ambition upon a mind naturally shrewd, crafty, and resolute, but wild, tameless, and unprincipled: this was the celebrated Simon Fraser, of Lovat, of whose previous history we must give the outlines.

Simon was the son of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, next male heir to the house of Lovat after the death of Hugh Lord Lovat, without issue male. Being regarded as the heir apparent of the chieftainship as well as of the estate of Lovat, he attempted to unite by marriage his own claim with that of the eldest daughter of the deceased Lord Hugh. The dowager Lady Lovat was a daughter of the Marquis of Athole; and that powerful family was therefore induced to take great interest in disposing of the young lady in marriage. Various quarrels, during the time that Simon of Beaufort held a commission in his regiment, had made him particularly unacceptable to the Marquis of Athole and his family, who viewed his assuming the title of Master of Lovat, and proposing himself as a husband for their kinswoman,

with a very evil eye: they therefore removed the young lady to Dunkeld, and set on foot a match between her and Lord Saltoun, a Lowland family bearing the name of Fraser. When Lord Saltoun, accompanied by Athole's brother, Lord Mungo Murray, and other connexions of the family, entered upon the territories of the Frasers, with the purpose of paying his respects to the mother of his intended bride, they were surprised, seized, and disarmed, by Simon, to whom the greater part of the clan adhered, as representing his father, their true chief. Having gained this advantage, he attempted to improve it by an act of depravity, which can hardly be accounted for, except by irregularity of intellect, and an eager desire to put a deep dishonour and mortal displeasure upon the family of Athole. As the heiress, the original object of his suit, made no part of his prisoners, but remained secure in the castle of Dunkeld, he abandoned all thoughts of that alliance, and formed the strange and apparently sudden resolution of marrying her mother, the Dowager Lady Lovat. Having raised a gallows on the green before Castle-Downie, where she then resided, to intimidate all who might protect the object of his violence,—a lady advanced in life, and whose person is said to have been as little inviting as her character was respectable,—he went through the mock ceremony of a wedding, had her dress cut from her person with a dirk, and subjected her to the last extremity of brutal violence, while the pipes played in the next apartment to drown her screams. This out-

rage Lovat has positively denied, in the Memoirs of his own Life, where he terms the accusation a chimera raised up to blacken his character: but we shall soon see reason to believe that his assertions were not always squared by matter of fact. Besides, he denies the marriage as well as the force with which it was perpetrated, and declares that he never even approached her person; assigning many reasons why she could neither be an object to him of desire nor of ambition.[1] Now, in a letter from his father to the Earl of Argyle, subscribed by himself and other gentlemen of his clan, he says, "Also they'll have my son and his complices guilty of a rape, though *his wife was married to him by a minister*, and they have always lived since as man and wife."[2] It may be more difficult to conceive how Lovat, blackened with such an unmanly crime, was at any time afterwards considered as fit society for men of honour, and particularly how he could become the friend of such a man as Duncan Forbes. This might partly arise from the practice in the Highlands. Even in ordinary cases, the bride was expected to affect some reluctance; and the greater or less degree of violence did not, in these wild times, appear a matter of much consequence. The Scottish law-books are crowded with instances of this sort of *raptus*, or, as it is called in their law, "*forcible abduction*

[1] Memoirs of the Life of Simon Lord Lovat. London. 1797. 8vo. P. 60.

[2] Carstairs's State Papers, p. 434.

of women." The inference seems to be, that, in some circumstances, no absolute infamy was attached even to those acts of violence, from which it seems impossible to divide it: and we remember a woman on the banks of Loch Lomond, herself the daughter of such a marriage, who repelled, with great contempt, the idea of its being a real grievance on the bride, and said that, in her time, the happiest matches were always so made. These particulars are only quoted to mark public opinion; but it may be a better answer that, as Duncan Forbes was not so squeamish as to quarrel with the society of Colonel Charteris, there is the less wonder that he endured that of Lovat.[1]

In 1698, Simon Fraser was summoned to answer before the Privy Council, for the crimes of unlawfully assembling the lieges in arms, and for the violence offered to the Lady Dowager Lovat. Against the first (which was no great crime in a Highland chief), he offered no defence; but the Earl of Argyle stated, that he was willing to refer the circumstances of the marriage to his wife's oath. He did not, however, appear; and a variety of witnesses being examined, tending to establish the crime in its fullest extent, sentence of outlaw-

[1] He had defended Charteris in a trial for a rape, and obtained from his gratitude the gratuitous use of a little villa near Musselburgh, called Stoney-hill. We ought to add that, in spite of poets and satirists, or whatever might be Charteris's general character, the charge of rape was an atrocious attempt to levy money from him by terror. Still there is something ludicrous in the coincidence, that two special friends of so respectable a man should have both been *in trouble* on so infamous an accusation.

ry went forth against the delinquent. He skulked for some time in the Highlands, and displayed both address and courage in defeating many attempts made by the Athole men to seize his person; but at length he was compelled to fly to the continent. Mean while the young heiress, at whose hand he had originally aimed, was wedded to Alexander Mackenzie, son of one of the Judges of Session, called Lord Prestonhall, who assumed, upon this marriage, the title of Fraserdale.

The earnest solicitations of the Duke of Argyle (hereditary enemy to the family of Athole) had, through the medium of Mr Carstairs, obtained from King William a remission of the crime of high treason, of which Simon Fraser had been declared guilty; but the rape being one of a more private and atrocious complexion, his pardon did not extend to it; and thus he still remained an exile from Scotland. His daring and intriguing spirit carried him now to the court of Saint Germain's, where he proposed a plan of invasion, if men and money could be furnished by the French king, and pledged himself that the invading forces should be joined by the principal chiefs of the Highlands, with ten thousand men. Louis did not approve of the personal security on which he was required to hazard his subjects and treasures, although Fraser, to give more weight to it, had publicly adopted the Catholic religion. He was sent over, however, to intrigue in Scotland, with the friends of the exiled family, accompanied by Captain James Murray, who was to act as a spy, or

check, upon him. But finding a slackness in the Tory party, to whom he applied himself, for most of them were contented with the government of Queen Anne, now upon the throne, Fraser began to try what could be gained on the other side. He opened, accordingly, an intercourse with Queensberry and Leven, heads of the opposite party, who instantly saw the advantage they might derive from involving the Dukes of Hamilton, Athole, and other rivals of their power, in a Jacobitical plot; and that it might ripen into something more decisive, they granted a passport for Fraser to return to France, under a feigned name. But this emissary's purposes of hatching up a conspiracy, which he might forward or betray, as best suited his interest, proved too weighty for his means of executing them. The Tory party got scent of his intrigues with Queensberry and Leven; and as there was every prospect of his hand-grenade exploding while it was yet in his grasp, he fled, in great haste, to France, where he was immediately committed to the state prison of Angoulême. He regained his liberty, but, distrusted as he now was on all sides, he had no opportunity to engage in any new intrigues, until the memorable year 1715.

At the time when all the Jacobite clans were in arms, and drawn towards the midland counties, it appeared to the Duke of Argyle and to Mr Forbes of Culloden, of great consequence to excite such opposition in their rear as might check them in their plan of moving southward. Inverness was occupied by a party of the insurgent forces, under

Sir John Mackenzie; and Alexander Mackenzie, of Fraserdale, who assumed the authority of chief of the Frasers, in right of his lady, had marched with about four hundred of that clan to join the Earl of Marr, at Perth. But the Frasers of Struy, Foyers, Culduthel, and other gentlemen of the name, refused to follow him, and maintained a sort of neutrality until the pleasure of Simon, whom they regarded as their proper chief, should be known. As this clan was powerful, both from numbers and situation,—occupying both sides of Loch Ness, and being thus masters of the communication between the north and central Highlands,—it became of the utmost consequence to detach, from the Stuarts' standard, those Frasers who had already joined Marr, and to determine the others who remained doubtful. Fraser of Castle-Lader was therefore despatched to invite Simon to return to Scotland, for the purpose of heading his clan in behalf of King George and the government. The summons was joyfully obeyed, and, indeed, had been already solicited; for, on the 24th November, 1714, Simon had written to Culloden, to intercede with Argyle and Isla in his favour, adding, "that it was the interest of all *between Spey and Nesse, who loved the government*, to see him at the head of the clan ready to join them:"—so that the reluctance which he has affected in his Memoirs to quitting the Jacobite interest, is only a piece of double-dyed hypocrisy (p. 32). He returned, however, to Britain; and here the reader may remark the strength of the clannish principle

This chief had not been formally acknowledged as such—he had never been master of his inheritance, and his rival had enjoyed for years all the means of acquiring and securing attachment which possession could give;—there was nothing in his personal character to admire; it was stained, on the contrary, with much guilt and with dark suspicion; —and lastly, the cause which he now espoused was not that to which his followers would have inclined had they consulted their own feelings and partialities. But he was their rightful CHIEF; and such was the strength of authority which that word implied, that those Frasers who had stood neuter, at once declared for Simon and his cause; and those who had marched with Fraserdale, deserted him to a man, and returned northward to join his standard. The body of the clan thus assembled, amounted to five or six hundred. They blockaded Inverness on one side, while the men of Culloden and of Ross of Kilrarock, who were also in arms for the government, assailed it upon the other; so that Sir John Mackenzie was compelled to evacuate the place under favour of a spring-tide.

Lovat lost no time in improving the advantage which circumstances now afforded him. He had his eye upon his rival Fraserdale's plate; but it appears that he was anticipated by General Wightman, who got possession of the treasure from the person with whom it was deposited, and who, certainly, says Mr Forbes's correspondent, "did not make the prize for Lovat" (p. 46, 50). Simon,

however, obtained, as a reward for his opportune services, a gift of the liferent right of Fraserdale, in right of his wife to the Barony of Lovat, forfeited for his share in the rebellion, and vested in the crown. To finish the history of his law-matters, we will here add that, having obtained this temporary right to the estate of his ancestors, and being recognised as Lord Lovat, he entered into a law-suit with the Mackenzies, about the right of reversion to that estate, which lingered on till the year 1736, when it was agreed that, in consideration of a sum of money paid by Lord Lovat, the Mackenzies should convey to him their reversionary interest in the barony of Lovat; and thus he had it, thanedome and all, however foully he had played for it.

Duncan Forbes, in the mean while, was labouring in a more honourable but far less advantageous course. Attached, by religion, by principle, by love of liberty, to the government of George I., he refused to justify the faults even of the administration which he supported. When, in 1715, the jails of England were crowded with Scottish prisoners, despoiled, and unable to procure the means of defending themselves, Forbes, to his immortal honour, set on foot a subscription to supply the unfortunate Jacobites, against whom he and his brother had borne arms so lately, with the means of making a defence. He remonstrated boldly against the arbitrary measure by which it was proposed to remove the criminals from their native country, and from the protection of their native laws, to try them

in England, to them a foreign realm; and it was owing to his sturdy interference, and to that of many Scotchmen who, like him, preferred their country's rights to any party in the state, that this abuse of the constitution was prevented. The upright and patriotic conduct of Forbes was, in the first place, followed by suspicion and obloquy, but finally, by those honours and that respect which truth and fortitude seldom fail to acquire.

He was promoted to the office of Advocate-Depute, and in 1725 to that of Lord Advocate; always a situation of high power and importance, but particularly so in times of a disputed title and repeated insurrections. We find nothing in his papers to throw light upon the brief invasion of 1719, by a few Spanish troops landing in the country of the Earl of Seaforth, and joined by his clan. They were defeated at Glensheil, with little loss on either side, and in a great measure by the Munros, Rosses, and other Whig clans, whom the influence of Duncan Forbes put into motion. Placed, as it were, on the very verge of the discontented districts, he had a difficult and even dangerous game to play. It was, says the Editor of these papers most truly, "more congenial to his nature to reclaim than to punish;" and his life was spent in keeping quiet, by means of influence, persuasion, and the interposition of friends, those warlike and independent chiefs whom presumption and political prejudice were perpetually urging to take up arms.

Lord Advocate Forbes suppressed, by his per-

sonal exertions, the desperate and alarming riots concerning the Malt tax, in 1725, and was among the patriots who saved the city of Edinburgh from the vindictive measures meditated against the metropolis, on account of the singular insurrection, called the Porteous mob. It was, indeed, one of the brightest points of this great man's character, that though the steady friend of government and good order, he was the boldest, and most active mediator for his misguided fellow subjects, when it was proposed to urge punishment beyond the bounds of correction into those of vengeance. Many other patriotic labours occupied his attention, concerning which information will be found in these papers. He was the first to give the example (since so well followed) of those effects which careful agriculture can produce, even when contending with the disadvantages of soil and climate. It was he who first proposed encouragement to the linen trade and other manufactures in Scotland. It was he also, who first took measures for preserving and arranging the records of the kingdom of Scotland (p. 199), a work which has been so actively forwarded in our own time by Lord Frederick Campbell, the Clerk Register, seconded by the deep historical and legal knowledge of the Deputy Register, Mr Thomson. The promotion of Forbes to the high office of President of the Court of Session took place in 1737: when called, as Lord Hardwicke expressed it, by the voice of the country, to fill the vacant chair, his appointment was hailed by all ranks as a guarantee for the impartial administra-

tion of justice, and the gradual and sound elucidation of law. It is, however, less of this great man's character, than of the Highlands of Scotland, which our review proposes to treat.

The dangers of the year 1715 occasioned several steps towards breaking the spirit of clanship, and crushing the power of the Highland chiefs. The first of these was called the clan-act, which, if a vassal took arms in any rebellion, bestowed the property of his lands upon his superior or liege-lord, supposing him to have remained loyal, and, *vice versa*, gave the loyal vassal the superiority or freehold right of his own lands, if he remained quiet, when his liege-lord (to use the established phrase) *went out*. Another act discharged the personal attendances of vassals upon the summons of the chief for sharing his sports, fighting his battles, and garrisoning his mansion, or, in the phrase of law, for the purposes of hunting, hosting, watching and warding. These badges of dependence were ordered to be commuted for a money rent: but as the idea of the duty remained imprinted in the minds of the clans, it continued to be rendered regularly upon demand. Another act was passed for disarming the Highlanders. But this measure, which would have been otherwise effectual, was carried into execution so imperfectly, that while the Whig clans surrendered all their arms, to show obedience to government, the Jacobites contrived to conceal great part of theirs, to secure, when an opportunity should offer, the means of resisting it. —(*See a letter from President Forbes*, p. 363.)—

So that in 1745, the friends of government were found disarmed, while their enemies were in a state of preparation. The last, and by far the most effectual precaution, taken between 1715 and 1745, was the establishment of military roads through the Highlands, a work of great time and labour; but of all others the most certainly tending to civilisation. The effect of these measures was considerable upon the Highlands; and there can be little doubt, that their gradual operation would, in the course of years, or ages, perhaps, have tended to unite their inhabitants with those of the Lowlands of Scotland, as the tribes of Wales, of Ireland, and of the Borders, have gradually been blended with the rest of society. But the system of clanship was destined to a more sudden and violent dissolution.

The steps taken by government, and the exhortations from France and Rome, kept the Highland chiefs on the alert to support the patriarchial power, which they saw was aimed at by those who governed at home, while they received encouragement from abroad to assist and defend it. Money and arms were occasionally supplied to them, and every chief and chieftain exerted himself to maintain his influence, to discourage innovation, and to banish all strangers who attempted to settle amongst them. A singular instance occurred in the case of Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope, who, encouraged by a very favourable prospect of lead-mines which might be wrought to advantage, purchased a large district in the West Highlands,

called Ardnamurchan. He laid open rich mines at Strontian, and attempted agricultural improvements, which could not have failed at once to improve the country, and to reward the undertaker. But such was the hatred of the natives to a Lowland landlord, that his cattle and effects were stolen, his houses burned, his servants wounded and killed, his own life, and that of his family threatened, while, either from want of evidence, or want of inclination on the part of the constituted jurisdictions, justice was in every case delayed or refused, until, broken in spirit and fortune, he was compelled to relinquish this hopeful undertaking, and to carry his unavailing complaints to the British Parliament. In milder times and with better auspices, the present proprietor of that extensive tract has carried into effect many of the proposed improvements; yet, to his honour be it spoken, he has made the comfort and happiness of his numerous tenantry keep pace with the rise of his property in value.

In other places of the Highlands similar scenes were acted; and in general, either from the facility of finding prey, or encouraged by the policy of the Highland chiefs, the fiercest and most lawless of the clans and associated freebooters inhabited the mountains nearer to the Lowlands. Such was the information given to Dr Johnson by the Reverend Dr MacQueen; which, ignorant of the circumstances, the English moralist seems to have considered as an ebullition of Highland vanity. Nothing, however, is more certain. The famous

Rob Roy, for example, haunted the head of Loch Lomond, from which he carried on a war of plunder against the estate of the Duke of Montrose, retreating when hard pressed into the mountains to the north west, where the Duke of Argyle, out of ancient hatred to the Montrose family, connived at his finding refuge. He blended in his own character the capacity of a police officer and of a freebooter—that is to say, he ensured against depredation the cattle of those Lowlanders who paid him black-mail, and recovered them if stolen; and, on the other hand, he laid waste and pillaged the property of those who refused their tribute. In virtue of his assumed character of protector, he summoned the people of Lennox to pay the black-mail with as much gravity as if it had been a legal demand; and he that demurred, generally had good cause, before a week went by, to wish that he had complied.

To repress these disturbances, government adopted a remedy of a doubtful and dangerous character. This was the raising of a number of independent companies among the Highlanders themselves, officered by the sons of chieftains, tacksmen, and such *duihné wassals* as we formerly described, and commanded by chiefs, or chieftains, to whom the pay, small as it may now seem, of a company of foot, was in those days no inconsiderable object. This *black-watch*, as it was called, traversed the country in arms day and night, became acquainted with all its recesses, and with the most desperate characters whom it contained. It must

be supposed that they had the same vague opinions with other Highlanders as to the morality of the practices which they were employed to suppress; and as they often took upon them to treat with the thieves about the restoration of their booty, they were much belied if, in some instances, they did not share it with them. At any rate, these companies were the means of fostering in the Highlanders the restless military spirit which the Clan and Disarming Acts had been intented to subdue; and as such they were used by the chiefs, who, either from attachment to the exiled family, or to their own clannish authority, did all they could to support what it was most the interest of a peaceful government to eradicate. Still, with all the dangers attending them, the independent companies were essential to the peace of the country; and when they were embodied into one regiment (the celebrated 42d, still called the Black-Watch), and sent to Flanders without the substitution of any force of the same active description in their stead, the disaffected chiefs, rendered still more so by the loss of their companies thus withdrawn from them, had full scope for their machinations.

No man played this game more deeply than Lord Lovat, to whom one of these independent companies had been given. He made it a main argument, to prevent the Frasers from relapsing into any habits of industry unbecoming their military character and high descent, that it was their duty to enter into his company by rotation; and as he thus procured the means, without suspicion,

of training to military discipline his whole clan by turns, it soon became plain that government could not have put a more dangerous weapon into the hands of a more dangerous man.

He was, indeed, a most singular person; such as could only have arisen in a time and situation where there was a mixture of savage and civilized habits. The wild and desperate passions of his youth were now matured into a character at once bold, cautious, and crafty; loving command, yet full of flattery and dissimulation, and accomplished in all points of policy excepting that which is proverbially considered the *best*. He was at all times profuse of oaths and protestations, but chiefly, as was observed of Charles IX. of France, when he had determined in his own mind to infringe them. Like many cunning people, he often seems to have overshot his mark; while the indulgence of a temper so fierce and capricious as to infer some slight irregularity of intellect, frequently occasioned the shipwreck of his fairest schemes of self-interest. To maintain and extend his authority over a Highland clan, he showed, in miniature, alternately the arts of a Machiavel, and the tyranny of a Cæsar Borgia. He spared no means of enhancing the rents of his Lowland estate, which he bestowed liberally in maintaining the hospitality of a chief towards his Highland tenants. Those who withstood his designs, or resisted his authority, were either worried by long and vexatious law-suits, or experienced nocturnal inroads from the banditti supposed to act under his secret

direction, who houghed their cattle, burned their barn-yards, and often injured them personally. When the freebooters concerned in such outrages were arrested, the jail of Inverness was never found strong enough to hold them. And though all men well knew how this happened, none dared to mention Lovat as the cause.[1] On the other hand, persons of the inferior order, belonging to hostile clans, who had incurred his displeasure, never found any such facilities of escape, but were indentured for the plantations, or sent to Holland as soldiers. Mr Burt tells a very extraordinary story, which the reader may take in his own words.

"As this chief (Lovat) was walking alone, in his garden, with his dirk and pistol by his side, and a gun in his hand (as if he feared to be assassinated), and, as I was reading in his parlour, there came to me by stealth (as I soon perceived), a young fellow, who accosted me with such an accent, as made me conclude he was a native of Middlesex; and every now and then he turned about, as if he feared to be observed by any of the family.

"He told me, that when his master was in London, he had made him promises of great advantage, if he would serve him as his gentleman; but though he had been there two years, he could not obtain either his wages or discharge.

"'And,' says he, 'when I ask for either of them, he tells me I know I have robbed him, and nothing is more easy for him than to find, among these Highlanders, abundant evidence against me (innocent as I am); and then my fate must be a perpetual jail, or transportation: and there is no means for me to make my escape, being here in the midst of his clan, and never suffered to go far from home.'

[1] See *Letters from the North of Scotland*, vol i. Letter III. and vol. ii. Letter XXIV. Burt gives many anecdotes of Lord Lovat, though without naming him. The gentleman whose cattle were houghed for giving sentence as an arbiter against Lord Lovat, was Cuthbert of Castlehill, and he whose house was broken into with the purpose of assassination, was Fraser of Phopachy

"You will believe I was much affected with the melancholy circumstance of the poor young man; but told him, that my speaking for him would discover his complaint to me, which might enrage his master; and, in that case, I did not know what might be the consequence to him.

"Then, with a sorrowful look, he left me, and (as it happened) in very good time."—Letter x.

In his family, Lord Lovat exercised similar tyranny. The eldest son, a hopeful and excellent young man, was the constant object of his jealousy; and his last wife, though nearly related to the family of Argyle, was treated by him with so much cruelty, that the interference of her relations became necessary. We have heard that a lady, the intimate friend of her youth, was instructed to visit Lady Lovat, as if by accident, to ascertain the truth of those rumours concerning her husband's conduct, which had reached her family. She was received by Lord Lovat with an extravagant affectation of welcome, and with many assurances of the happiness which his lady would receive from seeing her. The chief then went to the lonely tower in which Lady Lovat was secluded without decent clothes, and even without sufficient nourishment. He laid a dress before her becoming her rank, commanded her to put it on, to appear, and to receive her friend as if she were the mistress of the house, in which she was, in fact, a naked and half-starved prisoner. And such was the strict watch he maintained, and the terror his character inspired, that the visiter durst not ask, nor Lady Lovat communicate, any thing respecting her real

situation. It was, however, ascertained by other means, and a separation took place.

We have seen the versatility of Lord Lovat in earlier life; the services which he rendered George I. during the year 1715; the advantages of his independent company; his rank as Lord-lieutenant of Inverness-shire, besides the gratuity of a pension, were boons granted to secure his allegiance to the house of Brunswick: but it was quickly found that with ambitious turbulence, which was even too great for his sense of self-interest, he was still engaged in obscure and secret negotiations with the exiled family. In 1737, he received a visit from Colonel Roy Stuart, an emissary of the Chevalier, and gave great cause of suspicion, both by that circumstance and by the quantity of swords, targets, and other arms, which he was observed to import from abroad. Yet it seems inconsistent with his character to have joined irretrievably in a cause so desperate, had he not fallen into a sort of open disgrace with the government. About 1739, his independent company and pension were both withdrawn, contrary to the advice of President Forbes, who foresaw the effects of the pecuniary loss and public disgrace upon a spirit so interested, so haughty, and so dangerous. The crisis of civil contention accordingly approached; and the tempting offer of a dukedom and the lieutenancy of all the counties north of the Spey, overcame Lovat's worldly wisdom, although few men had more. He paused, indeed, upon finding

that Charles had landed with such a slender force; and his letters to President Forbes, prior to the battle of Prestonpans, indicate an intention of supporting the established government. (See pages 210–214.) The victory obtained by the Chevalier determined his sentiments; and in presence of many of his vassals, being urged by an emissary of the Prince to "throw off the mask," he flung down his hat and drank success to the young adventurer by the title which he claimed, and confusion to the White Horse and all his adherents. But with the Machiavelism inherent in his nature, he resolved that his own personal interest in the insurrection should be as little evident as possible, and determined that his son, whose safety he was bound, by the laws of God and man, to prefer to his own, should be his stalking-horse, and, in case of need, his scape-goat.

Mean while, his friend and neighbour, President Forbes, was labouring to dissuade the Highland chiefs from joining in this rash expedition. With many of the most powerful he found means to prevail, particularly with the laird of Macleod, and Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, whose numerous tribes would have made a formidable addition to the Chevalier's army. With Lovat he used his utmost influence; and the letters between them are among the most entertaining in this volume. Lovat is, at first, vehement in his demand for arms to protect his vassals and put his country into a state of defence. By-and-by he is compelled to admit that many of his followers were eager to enter

into the rebellion; and lastly, that his eldest son had been seduced to put himself at their head, and had actually mustered four hundred Frasers, and marched off with them to join the Chevalier. It appears, from the evidence of Fraser of Dunballoch and others, upon Lord Lovat's trial, that all this while the threats and arguments of the father were urging the son (afterwards the highly esteemed General Fraser) to a step of which he disapproved, and that he was still more disgusted by the duplicity and versatility with which his father qualified it.

Mean while, between this wily and unprincipled chief, and others of a more violent and open character, the President was placed in a condition of difficulty and danger, which shall be described in his own words.

"The prospect (of dissuading the chiefs) was at first very flattering, and the errand I came on had no appearance of difficulty; but the rebell's successes at Edr. and Preston-pans soon changed the scene. All Jacobites, how prudent soever, became mad; all doubtfull people became Jacobites: and all bankrupts became heroes, and talk'd nothing but hereditary rights and victory; and, what was more grievous to men of gallantry, and if you will believe me much more mischievous to the publick, all the fine ladys, if you will except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most intemperate manner. Under these circumstances, I found myself almost alone, without troops, without arms, without money or credite; provided with no means to prevent extream folly, except pen and ink, a tongue, and some reputation; and if you will except MacLeod, whom I sent for from the isle of Sky, supported by nobody of common sense or courage."—P. 250.

Yet, in these circumstances, by indefatigable

exertion, and by liberally contributing both money and credit to the cause, he was enabled to assemble such a force at Inverness, as served to distract the councils, and interrupt the supplies of the Chevalier, and to pave the way for the downfall of his cause. Lovat, in the mean while, after exhausting every subterfuge, fled from Inverness, where he had surrendered himself on a kind of parole, and did not return to his house until, by the northward march of the Chevalier's army, and other events, the friends of government were for a time forced to abandon Inverness.

It was not till after the battle of Culloden, that Lovat beheld the unfortunate prince in whose cause he had sacrificed himself. A lady, who, then a girl, was residing in Lord Lovat's family, described to us the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and his flying attendants, at Castle Dounie. The wild and desolate vale, on which she was gazing with indolent composure, was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the castle, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of the eye-lid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration, which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies, or even demons. The tower on which he had depended had fallen to crush him, and he only met the Chevalier to exchange mutual

condolences. Yet Lovat lost neither heart nor judgment. Obliged to fly, though now so old and infirm that he was transported on the shoulders of his followers, he still advised the chiefs to keep together their men, and either to prosecute a mountain war, or show so bold a countenance as might obtain honourable terms of peace. But this design miscarried; and after skulking from isle to isle, he was at length discovered within the trunk of a hollow tree, and carried on board the Furnace ship of war.

Lord Lovat maintained, to the last, his character of versatility and hardihood. In a letter to the Duke of Cumberland, he endeavoured to excite his compassion, by telling him how often he had carried him in his arms when a child, offered to make such discoveries as would be of an hundred times more advantage to government than the sacrifice of an old grey-head, but concluded—he was

> ———————" in utrumque paratus,
> Seu versare dolos, seu certæ incumbere morti."

During his previous confinement, during the course of his trial, and even till the last hour of his life, his bold and firm demeanour, the satirical causticity of his vein of humour, and the respect commanded by energy of character, even when abused, secured him a degree of interest, of a very different nature, but not much inferior to that which Balmerino gained by his undaunted steadiness, and Kilmarnock by his affecting penitence. At his execution, two expressions marked that he was Lovat still—when the scaffold fell and killed several

persons, "Ay, ay" (exclaimed he, just about to die), "the mair mischief the better sport." And he chose for his last words the "Dulce et decorum" of Horace. Such sentiments in the mouth of such a character, and at such a moment, seem preposterous almost to incredibility; but Lovat is not the only criminal whose conduct was guided by self-interest during life, and who has yet assumed, at his death, the manners and language of a patriot.

The reader will naturally expect to hear of the rewards and honours which were showered on President Forbes for his admirable conduct during a period so difficult and dangerous. Of these we learn nothing. But we suspect that the memory of his services was cancelled by the zeal with which, after the victory, he pressed the cause of clemency. We have heard that when this venerable judge, as well became his station, mentioned the laws of the country, he was answered, not, as the editor supposes, by the Duke of Albemarle, but by a personage greater still, "What laws?—I'll make a brigade give laws!"—that his repeated intercessions in favour of those who, from prejudice of education, or a false sense of honour, had joined the Chevalier, were taken in bad part; and his desire to preserve to the Highlanders a dress fitted to their occupations (pp. 289–297), was almost construed into disaffection;—in fine, that he died broken in spirit by witnessing the calamities of his country, and impoverished in estate, by the want of that very money which he had, in the hour of need, frankly advanced to levy troops for the service of govern-

ment. But he left behind him a name endeared, even in these days of strife and bitterness, to enemies as to friends, and doubly to be honoured by posterity, for that impartiality which uniformly distinguished between the cause of the country and political party.[1]

[1] By a sort of posthumous ingratitude, the privilege of distilling, without payment of duty, upon his barony of Ferrintosb, an immunity conferred to compensate bis fatber's losses and reward his services at the revolution, and hence termed by Burns, "Loyal Forbes's chartered boast," was wrenched from tbe family by government, in 1785, for a most inadequate recompense.—(Introduction, p. xliv).

[An eminent antiquary, to whom the publisher applied for a copy of tbe view of Old Culloden House as it stood in 1746, and for the purpose of illustrating this volume, bas kindly supplied tbe following particulars:—"The original proprietors of Culloden, were *Strachans*, a family from Aberdeenshire: the last of whom was succeeded by his three daugbters, as heiresses portioners, who divided his estate among them; so that the barony split into three thirds, and thus it is described to this day. The era of tbis event must have been *circiter* A. D. 1520. Fifty years subsequently thereto, Mackintosh of Dunachtoun (now of Mackintosh) purchased the entire barony from these ladies and their husbands. In 1630, or thereabouts, Mackintosh sold tbe barony to Duncan Forbes, merchant in Inverness, a younger son of a respectable family in Aberdeensbire; I incline to think, of Brux, or Craigievar. Duncan became member of Parliament for the burgh of Inverness, and acquired much property in its neighbourhood. He continued to reside in the old *chateau* of tbe Strachans, and he also built a handsome residence in tbe Castle wynd of the town, over the lintel of which his own and his wife's initials may yet be seen. It adjoined the 'great *slated* house,' originally sold by Henry Duvar, prior of the monastery of Inverness, in 1517, to Laurence Robertson of Incbes, and subsequently the property of the Lovat family; perhaps the first *slated* house in the capital of tbe Higblands, for even till 1571 the churches were *thatched*. To Duncan Forbes succeeded John of Culloden, who likewise represented the burgh for

If we touch upon the severities exercised with a most unsparing hand, after the insurrection of 1745, during the course of which the Highlanders had conducted themselves with humanity and moderation, it is but to repel an expression of the editor, who, after admitting the existence of these "acts of atrocity," strangely subjoins, that "*no blame can attach to the Duke of Cumberland for them.*"—(Introduct. p. xxxvi).

We, on the contrary, maintain that to the general of the victorious army, and to no other, is imputable every consequence of the orders which he issues; and if a veil is drawn over the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland, it is out of no respect or tenderness to the memory of that prince, but in

many years in Parliament, and, like his father, was its provost. Duncan his son again succeeded him, and obtained the privilege of distilling whisky in his barony of Ferrintosh from William and Mary. 'Bumper John,' as his *soubriquet* went, from his excessive hospitality, was his heir; to him followed the justly esteemed patriot, Duncan Forbes, his younger brother, afterwards Lord President of the Court of Session. Burt, in his Letters from the North, commemorates the joyous hilarity of the 'castle' of Culloden when tenanted by the elder brother. 'It is the custom of that house, at the first visit, or introduction, to take up your freedom by cracking his nut (as he terms it)—that is, a cocoa shell, which holds a pint, filled with champaigne, or such other sort of wine as you shall choose. You may guess from the *introduction*, at the contents of the *volume*. Few go away sober at any time; and for the greatest part of his guests, in the conclusion, they cannot go at all.' Though less hilariously disposed than his merry kinsman, the good President also could relax from the sterner cares of life, and in the classic shades of his beloved 'Bunchrew'—(a small property on the opposite line of the Murray Frith, which he acquired before his accession to the parternal domain)—many a happy hour fled with those he esteemed."]

justice to the far different sentiments of many members of his illustrious family, who knew how to prize faith and honour even in the enemies of their house, and who have often testified respect for the memory of those who risked their all because their mistaken loyalty demanded the sacrifice, and who, in prosecuting their enterprise, did nothing in hate, but all in honour.

When the Princess of Wales, mother of his present Majesty, mentioned, with some appearance of censure, the conduct of Lady Margaret Macdonald of Sleat, who harboured and concealed the Prince when, in the extremity of peril, he threw himself on her protection—"And would not you, madam," answered Prince Frederick, "have done the same in the like circumstances?—I hope—I am sure you would." Besides the great measure of restoring the forfeited estates of the chiefs, our venerable sovereign[1] showed, on many occasions, how little his heart was capable of nourishing dislike against those who had acted upon principle against the authority of his family. The support which he afforded to the exiled branch of the Stuarts will form a bright trait in his history; and secluded as he now is from his government and people, we may, as of a deceased monarch, relate one of those trifling *traits* which marked the generous kindness of his disposition. His Majesty was told of a gentleman of family and fortune, in ———shire, that, far from taking the oath of allegiance to him, he had never

[1] [King George III.]

been known to name or permit him to be named as king in his presence. "Carry my compliments to him," said the King, "and say that I respect his steadiness of principle; or, as he may not receive my compliments as King of England, present them as those of the Elector of Hanover."—And he never afterwards saw the gentleman from whom the anecdote is derived, without enquiring after the health of the venerable recusant, and reiterating his wish to be remembered to him. The same kindness to the memory of those who hazarded themselves for the Stuart cause has been inherited by the present administrator of royal authority, and to him, as to his father, their descendants have been and are prompt to repay it.

We have little more to say upon the labours of the editor, excepting that he has given a good life of the Lord President, and that his duties as a commentator are carefully and respectably performed. We observe that, in a note, p. 289, he has ascribed to Mr Rawlinson, an Englishman, the invention of the filea-beg: in this he is quite correct; but this was only a slight and obvious improvement on the ancient *belted plaid.* That dress was formed in a very primitive manner, by wrapping one end of a web of tartan round the loins, so as to form a petticoat, and disposing of the rest around one shoulder, to be drawn over both in case of a storm. This dress, though well-fitted for the hunter or herdsmen, was inconvenient to labourers. Mr Rawlinson observed that, in the belted plaid, the most necessary part of a man's

dress was indivisibly united to that which is most occasional, as if a Lowlander's great coat was sewed to his breeches. He recommended to the Highlanders whom he employed, to wear a short petticoat, secured with a buckle, and separated from the plaid, which could be then laid aside at pleasure. This innovation is called the *filea-beg*, or *kilt;* and it is an improvement which by no means affects President Forbes's remarks on the antiquity of the Highland dress.

We now—and it is more than time—draw to a conclusion. We have shown the power of clanship in its most unamiable form, as devolving on a man whom neither faith nor gratitude could bind, —a tyrant to his family, a terror to his vassals;—selfish enough to shelter his own safety by imputing to his son the crime to which he compelled him, and a traitor to the political interests which he embraced and abandoned alternately. Such a character ranks with the Ras Michael and Fasil of Bruce, and rather belongs to the Galla, or the Agows, than to the Scottish Highlands. It might have been our lot to present patriarchal authority in a very different light, as exercised by Allan Cameron of Lochiel, who, to the high spirit, courage, and loyalty of a Highland chief, added the manners of an accomplished gentleman and the morals of a good Christian. Beloved by his neighbours, he was the terror of the oppressor and the refuge of the oppressed; he suppressed in his clan every license which could disturb the public, while his bounty and encouragement rendered peaceful indus-

try more profitable to them than the hostile and predatory habits of their ancestors. And when he took his last and fatal step it was with no view of self-interest—no desire of individual fame or honour—but in the pure spirit of one who devoted himself to a cause which he well knew to be desperate, because he deemed himself called upon, by his honour and allegiance, to obey the summons of the prince who threw himself upon so rash a hazard.

Clanship, therefore, like other modes of government, differed in complexion, according to the character by whom the authority was exercised; but it may be observed in general, that though despotic in principle, its duties were reciprocal; and that the chief who neglected to protect and maintain his people, was in danger of being disowned and deserted by them. Clanship, however, with its good, and evil, is now no more. Its harsher features disappeared, after the promulgation of the laws in 1748, which struck at the root of the chiefs' authority, both patriarchal and feudal. The execution of young Robert Roy, Serjeant More Cameron, and other leaders of predatory bands of Highlanders, with the banishment of the yet more distinguished Barrisdale, checked their habits of violence. A milder race arose;—the Highlanders with whom our youth was conversant, cultivating sedulously the means of subsistence which their country afforded, and converting the broadsword into the ploughshare, and the spear into the herdsman's crook, yet preserving an aptitude to military habits, and an enthusiastic energy of character derived from the

recollections of former days, and fostered by the tales of the grey-headed veterans, who looked back with regret to the days when each man's arms clattered round him when he walked the hills. Among these men, the spirit of clanship subsisted no longer indeed as a law of violence, but still as a law of love. They maintained, in many instances, their chiefs at their own expense; and they embodied themselves in regiments, that the head of the family might obtain military preferment. Whether and how these marks of affection have been rewarded, is a matter of deep and painful enquiry. But while it subsisted, this voluntary attachment to the chief was, like the ruins of his feudal castle, more interesting than when clanship subsisted in its entire vigour, and reminded us of the expression of the poet:—

> ——————————" Time
> Has mouldered into beauty many a tower,
> Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
> Was only terrible."——————

Some such distinction between Highlanders and Lowlanders in this respect, would long have subsisted, had it been fostered by those who, we think, were most interested in maintaining it. The dawn of civilisation would have risen slowly on the system of Highland Society; and as the darker and harsher shades were already dispelled, the romantic contrast and variety reflected upon ancient and patriarchal usages, by the general diffusion of knowledge, would, like the brilliant colours of the morning clouds, have survived for some time, ere blend-

ed with the general mass of ordinary manners. In many instances, Highland proprietors have laboured with laudable and humane precaution to render the change introduced by a new mode of cultivation gentle and gradual, and to provide, as far as possible, employment and protection for those families who were thereby dispossessed of their ancient habitations. But in other, and in but too many instances, the glens of the Highlands have been drained, not of their superfluity of population, but of the whole mass of the inhabitants, dispossessed by an unrelenting avarice, which will be one day found to have been as shortsighted as it is unjust and selfish. Mean while, the Highlands may become the fairy ground for romance and poetry, or subject of experiment for the professors of speculation, political and economical.—But if the hour of need should come—and it may not, perhaps, be far distant—the pibroch may sound through the deserted region, but the summons will remain unanswered. The children who have left her will re-echo from a distant shore the sounds with which they took leave of their own—*Ha til, ha til, ha til, mi tulidh!* —"We return—we return—we return—no more!"

ARTICLE X.

PEPYS' MEMOIRS.

[*From the Quarterly Review, for January,* 1826:—*On* "MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ., F.R.S. *Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II.; comprising his Diary from* 1659 *to* 1669, *deciphered by the Rev.* JOHN SMITH, A. B. *of St John's College, Cambridge, from the original short-hand MS. in the Pepysian Library, and a Selection from his Private Correspondence. Edited by* RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE. *In Two Volumes.* London. 1825.]

THERE is a curiosity implanted in our nature which receives much gratification from prying into the actions, feelings, and sentiments of our fellow-creatures. The same spirit, though very differently modified and directed, which renders a female gossip eager to know what is doing among her neighbours over the way, induces the reader for information, as well as him who makes his studies his amusement, to turn willingly to those volumes which promise to lay bare the motives of the writer's actions, and the secret opinions of his heart. We are not satisfied with what we see and hear of

the conqueror on the field of battle, or the great statesman in the senate; we desire to have the privilege of the valet-de-chambre to follow the politician into his dressing-closet, and to see the hero in those private relations where he is a hero no longer.

Many have thought that this curiosity is most amply gratified by the correspondence of eminent individuals, which, therefore, is often published to throw light upon their history and character. Unquestionably much information is thus obtained, especially in the more rare cases where the Scipio has found a Lœlius—some friend in whom he can fear no rival, and to whose unalterable attachment he can commit even his foibles without risking loss of esteem or diminution of affection. But in general letters are written upon a different principle, and exhibit the writers less as they really are, than as they desire their friends should believe them to be. Thus it may be observed that the man who wishes for profit or advancement usually writes in a style of bullying independence—a flag which he quickly strikes to the prospect of advantage; the selfish individual, on the other hand, fortifies his predominant frailty by an affectation of sensibility; the angry and irritable man attends with peculiar strictness to the formal and ceremonial style of well-bred society; the dissolute assume on paper an air of morality; and the letters of the prodigal are found to abound with maxims of prudence not a whit the worse for the author's own wear.

These discrepancies between epistolary senti-

ments and the real character of the writer, become of course more marked when the letters, like those of Pope, are written with a secret consciousness that they may one day or other come before the public. It is then that each sentence is polished, each sentiment corrected; and that a letter, ostensibly addressed to one private friend, is compiled with the same sedulous assiduity as if it were to come one day flying abroad on all the wings of the press.

The conclusion is that there can be little reliance placed on the sincerity of letter-writers in general, and that in estimating the mass of strange matter which is preserved in contemporary correspondence, the reader ought curiously to investigate the character, situation, and temper of the principal correspondent, ere he can presume to guess how many of his sentiments are real; how much is designed as a gentle *placebo* to propitiate the feelings of the party whom he addresses; how much intended to mislead future readers into a favourable estimate of the writer's capacity and disposition. We have found ourselves guilty a hundred times of returning thanks to ingenious individuals, who have sent for our acceptance very handsome hot-pressed volumes of poetry and of prose, with a warmth which might to the ordinary acceptation have included much applause; whereas, on our part, the civil words were merely intended to extinguish the debt imposed on us, and to give some value for the certain number of shillings which we must have been out of pocket had we

been rash enough to purchase the works on our own account. But in our professional capacity, however the man may have been softened, the critic, like he of Tilbury fort, stands resolved.

Thus much for the faith of familiar letters, which, from the days of Howell downwards we believe, will be found to contain as regular and rateable a proportion of falsehood as the same given quantity of conversation. In private diaries, like that now upon our table, we come several steps nearer to the reality of a man's sentiments. The journalist approaches to the situation of the soliloquist in the nursery rhyme.

> "As I walked by myself,
> I talked to myself,
> And thus myself said to me."

It is no doubt certain that in this species of self-intercourse we put many tricks upon our actual and our moral self, and often endeavour to dress deeds, enacted by the former on very egotistical principles, in such a garb as may in some degree place them favourably before the other's contemplation. Still there must be more fair dealing betwixt ourself and our conscience, than ourself and any one else;—*here* there is much which can neither be denied or extenuated; *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.* Indeed such seems the force of the principle of sincerity in this sort of self-communing as renders it wonderful how much such records contain of what is actually discreditable to the writers. These confessions may have been made either because the trick was cleverly done

(as many a Newgate knave indites a narrative of his rogueries that at the same time he may preserve some remembrance of his talents), or because the moral sense of the party in the confessional has become dull and blunted, and insensible of the manner in which his tale is likely to be regarded by men whose sense of right and wrong is undepraved; or, finally (that case perhaps occurs seldomest of any), because the narrator feels his secret mind oppressed beneath the same weighty burden of solitary consciousness which sometimes drives malefactors of a different class to speak out more than had even been laid to their charge. Owing to these and other motives, we have ourselves listened to unsolicited avowals made in general society of such a character as served to strike with dismay, and eventually to disperse, a gay and unscrupulous company, who shrunk away in disgust, and left the too candid narrator to spend the rest of the evening in reflecting on the consequences of untimely confidence. Those who make such admissions in society are still more ready to record them in their diaries. Nothing indeed can be more natural than the conduct of the barber of King Midas, who relieved his mind of a burdensome secret by communicating to a bundle of reeds the fact that the worthy prince whom he served had the ears of an ass. In modern times a memorandum and a goose-quill would have naturally been the barber's resource; nor are we at all certain that the committing his mystery to the treacherous reeds meant any thing more, than that the

court-barber of King Midas kept a diary, which fell into the hands of some reviewer of the times.

If there is any one to whom we can ascribe perfect good faith in the composition of his diary, it is certainly the author of that which lies before us. Mr Pepys was in the fortunate situation that he had no crimes to conceal, and no very important vices to apologize for. We think we can determine to what class the latter belonged; and yet they are so very well glossed over, that we can easily believe the frank gentleman was prevented by the blinding influence of that witch, Vanity, from accurately considering the feelings likely to be excited in the minds of others by certain matters which he has faithfully recorded.

There was an additional ground of security in Mr Pepys' case; he had, to keep up the parallel of King Midas' barber, dug his pit extremely deep, and secured his record against easy consultation or rapid transcription. His diary was written in a peculiar shorthand or cipher, which he had practised from an early period of life. Undoubtedly he laid considerable stress on this circumstance in considering the possibility of his journal falling into unfriendly hands during his life, or being too rashly communicated to the public after his death. At least it is certain that when he gave up, with much regret, the keeping this daily register of his private thoughts and remarks, it was in consequence of his eyesight being for a time in such a state that he no longer retained the power of writing his cipher.

"And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my journall, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and therefore resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be any thing, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add here and there a note in short-hand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!"—Vol. ii. p. 347.

From this touching passage, as indeed from the whole tenor of the diary, it is evident that Mr Pepys wrote under a feeling of security, and therefore with a frankness not often to be found amongst diarists, who have not the same resources against the risk of inconvenience from malicious or impertinent scrutiny into their private lucubrations. Why, when his eyes recovered (as they must soon have done) their usual strength, he did not resume the diary, no hint is given. Is it quite impossible that he may have done so, and that other volumes may hereafter be discovered?

In the mean time it is to Lord Braybrooke that we owe the possession of these two curious volumes, containing, as we hope presently to show, much that is interesting to the historian and to the antiquary, as well as a treasure of amusing facts for the benefit of the general reader. The noble editor has also favoured us with a sketch of his author's life, and some notes; but in both of these

we regret to say there is considerable confusion, especially in regard to titles and dates.[1]

Samuel Pepys was born in 1632, of a family which had some pretensions to gentility, though he himself confesses his secret belief that they had never been "very considerable." His father followed for some time the creditable, certainly, but not exalted calling of a tailor, and we may hereafter notice the influence which this genealogy seems to have exercised over the style and sentiments of his son's diary. He was educated regularly at St Paul's School, and afterwards at the University of Cambridge, and probably went through his studies with success. Early in life he took one of those decided steps which tend, according to circumstances, to a man's marring or making. He appears to have married a beautiful girl of fifteen, when he himself was only about twenty-three. The patronage of his relation Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards first Earl of Sandwich, prevented the ill consequences with which such a step might naturally have been attended, and young Pepys' talents for business soon came to render

[1] For example, Lord Braybrooke talks of Sir William Congreve as "a Commissioner of the Admiralty," when the office of High Admiral was not in commission. Sir William's office was that of Secretary to the Admiralty under the Duke of York. A more serious evil is, that Lord Braybrooke by no means distinguishes sufficiently between the widely different offices connected with the navy, which Pepys himself successively held, and is thus led to speak often of the diarist in terms applicable to him only at a period of his life long subsequent to the close of the diary.

him useful. The distresses of the young couple at this period were subjects of pleasant reflection during their prosperity, for, 25th February, 1667, we find this entry in the diary.

"Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it."—Vol. ii. p. 21.

But better times were approaching Mr Pepys; he accompanied Sir Edward Montague upon his expedition to the Sound, in March, 1658, and upon his return obtained some species of clerkship in the Exchequer. Here the Restoration found him, poor but active, and well befriended by a patron who, having had no small share in the great event which had changed the fate of England, reaped his own proportion of the rewards bestowed by the Monarch amongst those who had favoured his restoration.

Through the interest of the Earl of Sandwich we find Mr Pepys nominated clerk of the Acts, by which style one of the commissioners of the navy board continued within our own time to be distinguished. This was the commencement of his connexion with a great national establishment, to which, in the sequel, his diligence and acuteness were of the highest service. "From the mass of his Papers still extant, it may be inferred, that he never lost sight of the public good, and took infinite pains to check the rapacity of the contractors, by whom the naval stores were then supplied, and

to establish such regulations in the dock-yards as might be productive of order and economy. He was also most anxious for the promotion of the old established officers of the navy, uniformly striving to counteract the superior influence of the court favourites, which too often prevailed in that unprincipled government over every claim of merit or service, and resisting to the utmost the infamous system of selling places, practised at that period, in every department of the state, in the most open and unblushing manner."—*Life*, p. xviii.–xix.

In the course of those dreadful afflictions, the plague and the fire of London, Pepys remained at his post, and behaved with a calm and deliberate courage more rare, and perhaps more valuable, also, than that which is merely constitutional, or which stimulates only to sudden and occasional efforts. The Duke of York being Lord High Admiral, the diligent and useful Pepys was by degrees drawn into a close personal connexion with his royal highness, and, as he enjoyed his good opinion, he had also the misfortune to experience some part of the calumnies with which he was loaded during the cruel and infamous persecution commonly called "The Popish Plot," when a vertigo seemed suddenly to possess the heads of the people of England, rendering them incapable of distinguishing truth from falsehood, justice from oppression, or common sense from the grossest absurdity. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the foster-father of that most wicked delusion, showed a great desire to implicate Pepys in a charge of Catholi-

cism, and even, it would seem, went so far as to spread a report, for it could be traced to no other quarter, that the clerk of the Acts had in his house an altar and a crucifix.[1] The absence of every thing like evidence, or even ground of suspicion, did not prevent Mr Pepys being committed to the Tower on the charge of being an aider and abettor of the plot, and he was, for a time, removed from the navy board. He was soon, by the special commands of Charles II., replaced in a situation where his skill and experience could not be well dispensed with; and rose afterwards to be Secretary of the Admiralty, which office he retained till the Revolution. It is remarkable, that James II. was sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait designed as a present to Pepys, when the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange was brought to that unhappy monarch. The King commanded the painter to proceed and finish the portrait, that his good friend might not be disappointed. In a prince, whose ideas of the danger were justly formed, and who was prepared to meet it by corresponding efforts, this would have been equanimity;—in James we must term it apathy. Pepys had been too much personally connected with the King (who had been so long at the head of the admiralty) to retain his situation under the new government; and he retired into private life accordingly, but without being followed thither,

[1] These were the days, when a noble lord declared in Parliament he would not have so much as a popish dog or a popish cat to fawn or pur about the court.

either by persecution or ill-will. He died in May, 1703, in part a victim to the stone, which was hereditary in his constitution, and to the increase of that malady in the course of a laborious and sedentary life.

The Diary now published comprehends the ten first years of Mr Pepys' official life, extending from January, 1659–60 to May, 1669. Lord Braybrooke informs us, that as Mr Pepys was "in the habit of recording the most trifling actions of his life, it became absolutely necessary to curtail the MS. materially, and, in many instances, to condense the matter, but the greatest care has been taken to preserve the original meaning." It would be unreasonable to find fault with this freedom, nor are we disposed to suspect that it has, in any respect, been misused. On the contrary, judging from the peculiar character of Pepys, so uniformly sustained through the whole diary, we feel perfect conviction that the pruning knife has been exercised with that utmost caution necessary for preserving the shape and appearance of the tree in its original state. It may besides, be accounted very superfluous to wish for a larger share of Mr Pepys' private thoughts and confidences, than are to be found in that space of some five or six hundred pages of royal quarto. But when will antiquarian eyes be entirely satisfied with seeing? The idea of a work being imperfect, from whatever cause, the restless suspicion that something has been kept back, which would have rendered the whole more piquant, though perhaps less instructive, will always, in

spite of us, haunt the curious indagator after the minute curiosities of literature.

> "That cruel something unpossessed
> Corrodes and leavens all the rest."

But we will push these observations no further at present, than just to observe, that where contemporary documents are published for the use of the antiquary or historian, we think the editor will, generally speaking, best attain his purpose by giving a literal transcript of the papers in his hands; whatever falls short of this, diminishes, to a certain degree, our confidence in the genuine character of his materials—it is giving us not the actual speech of the orator, but the substance of what was spoken. When there exists no moral reason for suppression of particular passages, we are not fond of abridgments or castrations—especially in cases like the present, where, after all, the matter communicated is not always so interesting as the peculiar mode in which it is told. Nay, even when decency or delicacy may appear on the one hand to demand omissions, it comes to be, on the other, a matter of very serious consideration in how far such demands can be complied with, without actual injustice to the characters handled by the author, the self-supplied key to whose own character and dispositions is thus mutilated and impaired.

We must follow some species of arrangement in the view which we are about to give the reader of the contents of these volumes, and perhaps it will be as natural as any other, first, to consider those

passages which affect Mr Pepys personally, and introduce us to a knowledge of his character; and here we are compelled in some measure to draw a comparison betwixt our journalist and his contemporary Evelyn, who has left a similar, and, at least, equally valuable record referring to the same period.

Evelyn and Pepys were friends, and it is to the credit of the latter that he enjoyed the good opinion of the former. Both were men of sound sense, both were attached to science and the fine arts, both were, generally speaking, of sober and studious habits, both were attached to the crown from principle, and both were grieved and mortified by the unkingly mode in which it was worn by the "merry monarch, scandalous, and poor," under whose authority it was their fate to live, and by whom they were, each in his degree, held in estimation. Both writers were, moreover, shrewd and sharp critics of the abuses of the times, had seen the reign of fanaticism and hypocrisy succeeded by that of open profligacy and irreligion, and were mortified and grieved spectators of an extent of licentiousness to which, perhaps, no other age could in England produce a parallel.

But yet the characters of the two diarists were essentially different, and the distinction, it must be owned, is not in favour of Pepys. This may, in some measure, be owing to the difference of their relative situations. Evelyn, highly born and independent in fortune, had been bred up in the principles of the cavaliers, and has been justly said to

constitute one of the best and most dignified specimens of the old English country gentleman. The Restoration found him in his own place; he had nothing to repent of, nothing to sue for; was willing to view the conduct of his master with lenient eyes, but, having nothing to fear from the resentment of king or minister, was not obliged to wink at such vices as his conscience called on him to condemn. Pepys' original political opinions, on the other hand, though they must be considered as those of a boy, did not quite fit the great change which took place at the Restoration;—of which he himself gives us the following *naïve* instance. "Here dined with us two or three more country gentlemen; among the rest Mr Christmas, my old school-fellow, with whom I had much talk. He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be—'The memory of the wicked shall rot'); but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time."—Vol. i. p. 82. Again, when Sir John Bunch upbraided him that "it was a fine time for such as he who had been for Oliver to be full of employment, while the old cavaliers got none," he frankly owns that he answered nothing to the reproach, for fear of making bad worse. This alteration of opinion, which led Pepys to dread the tenacity of his old school-fellow's memory, may serve to indicate a little versatility of principle foreign to the character and

practice of Evelyn. We must not, indeed, forget that he began life poor, the son of a mechanic, dependent upon a powerful relative, and was obliged for his own rise to use the prevailing arts of corruption (for so the giving presents to his superiors must be termed), and thus early tempted to judge with less severity even vices which he disapproved of, when practised by those on whose efficient services his advance in life must depend. But there was by nature, as well as by situation and habit, a loftier tone about the character and virtues of Evelyn than Pepys seems to aspire to. He was, like Sully at the court of Henry IV., a contemner of the frivolities and foibles exhibited by the king and courtiers. Pepys' abhorrence of vice and of the dissipations of fashion was not of a character so decisive. Like Old Gobbo, he did "somewhat *smack*, somewhat *draw to*,"—he had a certain degree of indulgence towards the "upper abuses" of the times, which prevents the full effect of his censures, and would sometimes half persuade us that a quiet secret sip from the cup of Circe was a cordial *haud alienum a Scævolæ studiis*. Thus, we find, he kept occasional company with Harry Killigrew, young Newport and others, wild rogues as any about town, whose mad talk made his heart ache. And although he tells us this was only for once, to know the nature of their life and conversation, yet the air of Vauxhall is not very favourable to rigid virtue when breathed in such society, and the question will occur "whether it is for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan."—Again, a decent degree

of censure is no doubt bestowed on those "Light o' Loves," who adorned the court and disputed the good graces of Charles, but their beauty is at the same time extolled in such terms as show the journalist's admiration of their persons had sometimes balanced, if not outweighed, his virtuous indignation at their improprieties.

Perhaps a contrast between the different modes in which those two journalists saw similar scenes, will be the best illustration of our meaning. And first remark the severe dignity with which Evelyn passes censure on the witty and worthless sovereign, for the levity of his conduct in pnblic towards our old acquaintance Nell Gwynn. "I thence walked through St James's Parke to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between [the king] and Mrs *Nellie*, as they called an impudent comedian; she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and [the king] standing on the green walke under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the king walked to the Duchess of Cleaveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation."[1]

The following is a similar passage of grave reprehension.

"This evening I was at the entertainment of the Morocco ambassador at tbe Ducbess of Portsmouth's glorious apartments at Whitehall, where was a greate banquet of sweetemeates and musiq, but at which botb tbe ambassador and his retinue bebaved themselves with extraordinary moderation and modesty, though placed about a long table, a lady between two Moores, and amongst

[1] Evelyn, vol. i. p. 412.

these were the King's natural children, viz. Lady Lichfield and Sussex, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Nelly, &c., concubines and cattle of that sort, as splendid as jewels and excesse of bravery could make them."

We must yet make room for another passage of Evelyn, the most striking of all, from the scene it records happening so soon before the death of the royal libertine.

"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profanenesse, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulnesse of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day s'ennight I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his concuhines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c. a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at *Basset* round a large table, a hank of at least L.2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!"[1]

Our friend Pepys did not aspire at quite so high a strain of moral feeling as is expressed by Evelyn, although he seems to have come the length of listening with much edification to a learned divine, who proved, "like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich, than sin and villany." He did not approve of the naughty doings of the time, but he appears to have been fully sensible of the seductions which Evelyn held so cheaply. It is true that he seems to have sympathized with Evelyn, when communing together concerning the "badness of the government, where nothing but wickedness and wicked men and women command the king," and concurred in thanking

[1] Evelyn, vol. i. p. 506, 549.

Providence that it had put some stop to the prodigalities of Charles in the matter of Lady Byron, the merry king's "seventeenth mistress," who had an order for L.4000 of plate to be made for her, "but by delays, thanks be to God, she died before she had it." Pepys could, no doubt, speak scholarly and wisely upon these subjects with Evelyn, and his journal echoes back many of the complaints which are to be found in the diary of his more dignified friend. But still, if he did not turn aside to listen to the songs of the syrens, no more did he stop his ears absolutely against them. Lady Castlemaine appears to have attracted his particular admiration, though Mrs Stuart (La Belle Stuart of Count Anthony Hamilton) at times seems to have, in his estimation, disputed the palm of beauty. The following are curious entries selected from many others. The first is a court scene, where both the rival beauties are introduced.

"By and by the King and Queene, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoate and a crimson short pettycoate, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) might pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode amongst the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she light, did any body press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentlemen. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy: nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into White Hall, and into the Queene's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress,

that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs Stewart in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the king changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine."—*Diary*, vol. i. p. 238.

"Here I saw Mrs Stewart this afternoon, methought the beautifullest creature that ever I saw in my life, more than ever I thought her, so often as I have seen her; and I do begin to think do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least now."—*Id.* p. 485.

But albeit the charms of the beautiful Stuart might have power at times to shake Mr Pepys' allegiance, he seems on the whole to have been loyally devoted to the supremacy of the reigning favourite. To a true knight all emblems and appurtenances of the lady of his admiration are rendered invaluable by their connexion with the idol. Thus, good Mr Pepys dotes upon certain articles of Lady Castlemaine's dress as well as upon her picture. "In the privy-garden saw the finest smocks and linnen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, laced with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them."—(Vol. i. p. 142.) On the subject of her picture, our zealous admirer is scarcely less enthusiastic than on that of her petticoats. He saw, at Mr (afterwards Sir Peter) Lely's, among other portraits, the "so-much-desired-by-me picture of Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture, and one that I must have a copy of." Upon another occasion he is in ecstasies with her beauty, when talking with "a person booted and spurred," the King, doubtless, "she

being in her hair put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off, which became her mightily, as every thing else does." Yet with all his admiration of Lady Castlemaine, Pepys regretted the King's doting folly in his conduct towards her. He is scandalized at learning that Charles had bestowed on her all the Christmas presents made by the peers, and that at the great ball she appeared richer in jewels than the Queen and Princesses both together.—(Vol. i. p. 204.) In another passage he mentions her removal to Whitehall, where she occupied an apartment next to that of the King, which, says he, "I am sorry to hear, though I love her much."—(P. 212.)

If posterity are curious to know what other fascination Lady Castlemaine possessed, besides that of beauty, we can only say she was shrewish, violent, and vulgar. The King on one occasion came to sup with her—"When there being a chine of beef to roast, and the tide rising into their kitchen that it could not be roasted there, and the cook telling her of it, she answered, 'Zounds! she must set the house on fire but it should be roasted!' So it was carried to Mrs Sarah's husband's, and there it was roasted."—Vol. i. p. 253.

This was only vulgar and unreasonable, but the manner in which she appears to have treated Charles, shows a temper more ferociously termagant. On one occasion, affirming herself to be with child, she swore—

"The King shall own it; and she will have it christened in the chapel at White Hall so, and owned for the King's, as other

kings have done; or she will bring it into White Hall gallery, and dash the brains of it out before the King's face."—Vol. ii. p. 99.

Her character for general profligacy is generally known, and yet by this woman Charles was in a great measure guided during the course of his unhonoured reign.

Pepys in his love of wit and admiration of beauty finds room to love and admire Nell Gwynn, whose name still carries an odd fascination with it after so many generations, and who had certainly, to atone for her misgovernance, talents and principles to which Lady Castlemaine was a stranger. She best pleaded her own case when, in a quarrel with Beck Marshal, a frail sister of the stage, she stated the nature of her parentage and education. When the latter, who was the daughter of Stephen Marshal, the great Presbyterian preacher, upbraided Nell with being Lord Buckhurst's mistress, "Nell answered her, 'I was but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a brothel to fill strong water to the gentlemen; and you are a mistress to three or four, though a Presbyter's praying daughter!'"—(Vol. ii. p. 149.) Pepys admired her particularly in the part of Florimell, in the *Maiden Queen* of Dryden, "both as a mad girl and when she acts a young gallant;" she is in other places "pretty witty Nelly." He goes behind the scenes, and though not much pleased with the manners and society he finds there, yet when he comes to the women's shift (dressing-room), where Nell was dressing for her part, he finds her "very pretty, prettier than he had

thought." On the whole, we think it quite as well that Mrs Pepys happened to be present at such a scene as follows, which it seems was his introduction to Nelly.

"A most pretty woman, who acted the great part Cœlia to-day, very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is."—Vol. ii. p. 8.

We learn from Pepys' authority, notwithstanding his general partiality, that Nell played serious characters very ill; and this makes him express his wonder at her excellence in mad characters, which certainly approach the tragic. The truth is, our friend was a general admirer of rank and personal accomplishments in men and women, and appears to have joyed in all circumstances which brought him into close connexion with persons so endowed. Thus, he does not conceal his satisfaction when presented to the Duchess of York.—"It was the first time I did ever, or did see any body else, kiss her hand, and it was a most fine white and fat hand." On the other hand, Pepys was severe in his remarks on those who neglected personal appearance. He declares himself ashamed to walk with an old friend, Mr Pechel, otherwise a good-humoured man, "on account of his red nose."—(Vol. ii. p. 52.) He will have his brother put into canonical habiliments that he may be fit to walk with him in the streets; and he marvels at and censures the treasurer of the navy for not paring his nails, when we are of opinion he ought, in those days, to have been quite satisfied with the admitted cleanness of his palms.

It followed, of course, that attentive as he was to beauty and gay attire elsewhere, he was not negligent of those qualities at home, and Mrs Pepys enjoyed, as was fitting, no small share of his attention and admiration. The following articles are curious, both as they illustrate the temper of the writer, and the customs of the age. Among all the beauties present at Nan Hartlibb's wedding, we learn his wife was thought the greatest. He found her particularly pretty on having allowed her to wear a black patch, and is pleased with two peruques of hair brought for her use by La Belle Pearce. "They are," he vauntingly says, "of his wife's own hair, or else he would not have endured them."—(Vol. i. p. 136.) Many other little intimations there are of his pride in Mrs Pepys' beauty and the dominion which he exercised over her wardrobe; and in the following passage he acquiesces with peculiar dignity in the increase of that species of paraphernalia with which women are usually most gratified.

"This evening my wife did with great pleasure shew me her stock of jewells, encreased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds: and with this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above L.150 worth of jewells of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."—Vol. ii. p. 199.

He is extremely interested equally as a husband and an amateur in the progress of Mrs Pepys' picture; scarce the by-him-so-much-desired portraiture of Lady Castlemaine seems to have interested the worthy man more. We hope and trust

there were few serious interruptions of the happiness of this kind couple; and have little doubt that they had cause upon each anniversary of their marriage, as upon the ninth, to "bless God for their long lives and loves and healths together, and pray to God for the continuance of their mutual affection."—(Vol. i. p. 374.)

Nevertheless, he that touches pitch runs a risk of being defiled, and we observe our friend Pepys, for a good and grave man, was rather too fond of frolicsome society, and of conversation that was more entertaining than edifying. Pepys was a poet too, and composed his own songs; an amateur, and sung them to his own music. This task seems to have rendered female assistance necessary to make out a sort of concert, in which Mrs Mercer, Mrs Pepys' maid, displayed some talents for music, which Mr Pepys in all honesty judged worthy of further cultivation. This seems to have displeased Mrs Pepys, and her husband records the incident and his own defence.

"Thence home; and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her. Which I acknowledge; but it is because that the girl do take musick mighty readily, and she do not, and music is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take. So to bed in some little discontent, but no words from me."—Vol. i. p. 435.

On our part, we are by no means so jealous of Mrs Mercer as of a certain slut called Knipp, an actress of some celebrity, and apparently as much

to Mr Pepys' taste as her merry comrade Nell Gwynn. The figure she makes in the Diary is somewhat alarming, as for example—" Comes Mrs Knipp to see my wife, and I spent all the night talking with this baggage, and teaching her my song of 'Beauty retire,' which she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be. She also entertained me with repeating many of her own and others parts of the play-house, which she do most excellently; and tells me the whole practices of the play-house and players, and is in every respect most excellent company."—(Vol. i. p. 393.) He sets out with Knipp to be merry at Chelsea too—and she praises (cunning one) his vein of poetry, telling him his song of "Beauty retire" is mightily cried up, "which I am not a little proud of," says Pepys simply, "and do think I have done 'It is decreed' better, but I have not finished it." He meets at the theatre "One dressed like a country-maid with a straw hat on, and at first I could not tell who it was, though I expected Knipp: but it was she coming off the stage just as she acted this day in 'The Goblins;' a merry jade."—(Vol. ii. p. 8.) Moreover the celebrated Tom Killigrew seems to have found out the Clerk of the Acts' blind side, when he said "Knipp was going to become the best actor upon the stage." Upon the whole, we are afraid his friend Evelyn would have shaken his head at some of these and similar entries, and so much pleasure does the secretary express in the society of this "merry jade," that we cannot but

fear the worthy woman, his wife, may have had cause for uneasiness. But—*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

In fact Mr Pepys, like many more, had an acquired character very different from his natural one. Early necessity had made Pepys laborious, studious and careful. But his natural propensities were those of a man of pleasure. He appears to have been ardent in quest of amusement, especially where any thing odd or uncommon was to be witnessed. Thus he expresses, on one occasion, his regret at not being able to join a crowd of boys and girls, in following the crack-brained Duchess of Newcastle, who reached home before he could get up to her. But he gravely promises he will find a time to see her. (Vol. ii. p. 53.) To this thirst after novelty, the consequence of which has given great and varied interest to his diary, Pepys added a love of public amusements which he himself seems to have considered as excessive, and which he endeavoured to check by a vow—not against seeing plays, but against paying for admission to them. This singular composition between taste and principle had this further advantage, that it brought his economy, which appears to have been pretty rigid, in aid of his resolution (p. 308). He appears to have been much disconcerted by a young gallant who carried him to the theatre under pretence of treating him, whereas in the event Pepys was obliged to pay for them both, leading him thus at once into a breach of his vow and an expense double the usual entrance-money. His vow, however,

does not seem to have excluded him from the Bear-garden, the Cockpit, and other places of popular resort, of which he gives some amusing descriptions, and where he was wont to attend with his cloak drawn round his face, to prevent his being detected. Our grave gentleman in office took the same precaution at the theatre, being "in mighty pain lest he should be seen by any body to be at a play." —(Vol. i. p 489.) Mr Pepys' vow against wine, the inordinate use of which was one of the greatest vices of the period, was formed with the same flexible power of accommodating itself occasionally to the inclinations which it was intended to curb. Being at a city feast at Guildhall,—"We went into the Buttry, and there stayed and talked, and then into the Hall again: and there wine was offered and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vowe, it being, to the best of my present judgment, only a mixed compound drink, and *not any wine*. If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I hope and do think I am not."—(Vol. i. p. 256.) Assuredly his piece of bacchanalian casuistry can only be matched by that of Fielding's chaplain of Newgate, who preferred punch to wine, because the former was a liquor no where spoken against in Scripture.

We cannot drop our sketch of Mr Pepys' character without noticing his respect and veneration for fine clothes; and the harmless yet ludicrous vanity which dwells with such mechanical accuracy on each variety of garment wherewith he regales the eyes of the million. This is so very prominent

a point of his character, that it reminds us of the *humour* of one of Ben Jonson's characters, who estimates the quantity of damage done in a duel, not by wounds sustained in the flesh of the combatants, but by the slits and cuts inflicted on their finery. We cannot help thinking this singularly strong propensity was derived by inheritance from his father's shop-board, and that amidst all his grandeur, and all his wisdom, the Clerk of the Acts could not, unhappily, *sink the tailor*.

The reader becomes as well acquainted with Pepys' wardrobe, as Prince Henry was with that of Poins, and nothing can be more amusing than the little touches of self-love mingled with the catalogue of coats, cloaks, breeches, and stockings, which of themselves are curious to the antiquary. The minuteness of the description, the petty swelling of the heart, which could record with complacence every piece of gaudy pageantry which he adopted, savours strongly of the *parvenu*. But though Pepys had valuable qualities, dignity made no part of his character, any more than stoical or severe morality. On the 3d December, 1660–1 casting his roundhead, he appeared, for the first time, in the dress of a cavalier, with coat and sword; which last we are happy to say, did not get between his legs, as was to have been expected, for if it had, he would certainly have recorded it, After this happy commencement, the spirit of gentility seems to have risen rapidly in his ambitious bosom :—

"Put on my first new lace-band; and so neat it is, that I am

resolved my great expense shall be lace-bands, and it will set off any thing else the more."—Vol. i. p. 171.

At another time he puts on "his new scallop, which is very fine." And, again, we are called upon to admire "his new shaggy purple gown, with gold buttons and loop line;" or the more sober elegance "of a black cloth suit, with white linings under all to appear under the breeches." But this, it may be said, is the mere vanity of the man of fashion, the dandy of his time. True; but there is combined in Pepys' case a sense of the importance of fine clothes, with a prudent attention to the cost; the first bespeaking the consciousness of personal vanity proper to the purchaser; the latter, peculiar to one who has regarded the other side of the account, and, no question, derived from the good master fashioner, the father, whose ultimate end in creating fine garments was to make money by them. It would be easy to multiply examples; but we rest the gist of our evidence on this notable entry, which we think intimates a degree of interest in the *res vestiaria*, which could not have survived the second generation from the actual tailor, whose blood must have contended strongly with the acquired feelings of the courtier to induce him to bemoan a cloak which lost its lustre in a cause so flattering.

"This day, in the afternoon, stepping with the Duke of York into St James's Park, it rained; and I was forced to lend the Duke of York my cloak, which he wore through the park."—Vol. ii. p. 219.

If this does not prove our assertion, one more quotation, and we have done :—

"This day I got a little rent in my new fine camlett cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up at my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me."—Vol. ii. p. 173.

We must not omit the journalist's delight the first time he saw himself written *Esquire* on the address of a letter—the "great pride" with which, on the 30th June, 1662, "he led the Lady Carteret through the crowd by the hand, she being very fine, and her page carrying up her train;" nor, better still, the triumph with which he, for the first time, finds himself entertaining a select company of people of rank at dinner:—

"I had six noble dishes for them, dressed by a man cook, and commended, as, indeed, they deserved, for exceeding well done. We eat with great pleasure, and I enjoyed myself in it; eating in silver plates, and all things mighty rich and handsome about me. Till dark at dinner, and then broke up with great pleasure." —Vol. i. p. 486.

There may be something a little childish in all this exultation, but still, as no one is surprised at an individual sacrificing ease, health, and comfort, for the sole purpose of obtaining the means of supporting such a display, it is always some comfort in finding he actually enjoys that which he has laboured so hard to gain. And, after all, Mr Pepys was probably not more vain than was natural to any man who had attained wealth and distinction by his own exertions—he was only trusting to

the cipher he used, and more candid than people are used to be in communicating his real feelings.

These humours of the journalist seem to us so diverting, that we cannot but carry on the same tracing out of petty vanity into another source of action, especially as it seems to correct an opinion which many grave authors have entertained, namely, that the most important period to human vanity occurs when the boy draws on his first pair of boots. We suspect that the stoutest adherents of that hypothesis must feel shaken, as they contemplate, in the person of Mr Clerk of the Acts, the ague fits of hope, doubt, and tremulous exultation which attend starting a carriage for the first time. There is a fine gradation between the inchoated conception and the completed purpose, which we must necessarily mark out for our reader's benefit, as the intervention of other matters breaks in the Diary itself the continuity of the progress of this solemn event.

At an early period (but we have lost the reference), our lucky aspirant begins to testify some unwillingness to be seen under the humble shelter of a hackney coach. At a later date, the recorded discovery that a friend had procured an equipage at the moderate price of L.35, intimates, to those who know the human heart, the latent purpose which was hatching in the bosom of the diarist. On the 20th October, 1668, it appears that Mr and Mrs Pepys had been long thinking about an equipage, and Mr Pepys actually took heart of grace, and bid L.50 for a coach. Shortly after he gives

a livery, the first he had, green lined with red; and upon the 30th November, 2d and 3d December, occur the following characteristic entries.

"My wife after dinner went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs Creed and my cosen Turner. Thus ended this month with very good content, but most expenceful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet, and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I knew in the world; and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hope ever to be, or desired."—Vol. ii. p. 282.

"Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it."—Vol. ii. p. 283.

"And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife in a coach of our own to a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could, or my friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived in my memory, but my cosen Pepys in Salisbury Court."—Vol. ii. p. 283.—But,

Every white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour;—

and even the pleasure of riding in one's own coach has, it seems, its own disadvantages. It occurred to Mr Pepys, something of the latest, that though rainy weather, in the literal sense, was the natural time to take coach in, yet he might be censured by his superiors for such a superfluous piece of state, commenced when the political horizon around them chanced to look gloomy. The spirit therefore of doubt prevails in the following memorandum of 10th April, 1669.

"Thence to the park, my wife and I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my

wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now."—Vol. i. p. 329.

At length—after many visits to the coachyard, and gratuities to the coachmaker's men, and after seeing with their own eyes the carriage cleaned, and oiled, and cased, after the best manner, comes disappointment, like a winter cloud, and the grand and decisive launch of their coach in Hyde Park reminds us of the days of happiness proposed to himself by Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia.

"Up betimes. My wife extraordinary fine with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed was fine all over. And mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards thus gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day; the day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and what made it worse, there were so many hackney coaches as spoiled the sight of *the gentlemen's;* and *so we had little pleasure.*"—Vol. ii. p. 337–8.

This it is to put trust in chariots and horses!

There are sundry other odd littlenesses about Pepys which injure him in comparison with his friend Evelyn. He was too sensible of the influence of the great, and too ready to truckle to it, though we believe honest and fair in his own department. In the course of offence taken against him by the celebrated Lord Chancellor Clarendon, on account of his having marked out some orna-

mental trees in Clarendon park for the use of the navy, both he and his principal, Lord Sandwich, retreat vilely from what they seem to have (however absurdly) conceived to be a high public duty —with this humiliating confession on the part of Pepys; "Lord, to see how we poor wretches dare not do the King good service for fear of the greatness of these men!" During an interview, in which he uses all the evasions and excuses which might deprecate the Chancellor's displeasure, he labours under an occasional suspicion that Clarendon is seriously disposed "to try his fidelity to his king." The Chancellor disliked, as any other gentleman would do, having fine trees cut down close to his house: but the Clerk of the Acts magnifies the matter most ridiculously. Elsewhere Pepys seems, at least, fully sensible of the necessity of propitiating the great, but the following is a curious instance of the dread he entertained in failing in the least etiquette towards them. He met, it seems, the Duke of York coming along "the Pell Mell;"

"In our walk over the Parke, one of the Duke's footmen come running behind us, and come looking just in our faces to see who we were, and went back again. What his meaning is I know not, but was fearful that I might not go far enough with my hat off."—Vol. i. p. 243.

Our diarist must not be too severely judged. He lived in a time when the worst examples abounded, a time of court intrigue and state revolution, when nothing was certain for a moment, and when all who were possessed of any opportunity to make profit, used it with the most

shameless avidity, lest the golden minutes should pass away unimproved. It was said of Charles himself, that he did by Tangiers as Lord Caernarvon said of wood, which he termed an "excrescence of the earth, provided by God for the payment of debts." The same might at that time have been said of most of the great employments in England, which were considered by those who filled them, not with reference to the public right and interest, but merely as they could be rendered available to their own private emolument. It is no mean praise, that we find Pepys, at such a period of general abuse, labouring successfully to introduce order and discountenance abuses in his own department. He received many hints to the following purpose, which, with his observations and answers, give a more favourable idea of his character than that which might be derived from the foibles and fopperies we have been noticing.

"He tells me also, as a friend, the great injury that he thinks I do myself by being so severe in the yards, and contracting the ill-will of the whole navy for those offices, singly upon myself. Now I discharge a good conscience therein, and I tell him that no man can (nor do he say any say it) charge me with doing wrong; but rather do as many good offices as any man. They think, he says, that I have a mind to get a good name with the King and Duke, who, he tells me, do not consider any such thing; but I shall have as good thanks to let all alone, and do as the rest. But I believe the contrary; and yet I told him I never go to the Duke alone, as others do, to talk of my own services. However, I will make use of his council, and take some course to prevent having the single ill-will of the office."—Vol. i. p. 244.

Indeed it is highly necessary to keep in mind

that Mr Pepys was only thirty-seven years of age when he closed this diary in 1669, and that of the far more important half of his life this record furnishes no account whatever. The secretary of the Admiralty under James II. was, no doubt, a different man in many particulars from the Clerk of the Acts, whose comparatively humble career we have been surveying. The high character of Pepys in his ultimate official station is well known; nor can it be denied that the unfortunate prince he served deserves credit for having uniformly sheltered so faithful and useful a public servant as the secretary against the ill-will which he incurred by his unremitting attention to the interests of the king and kingdom. The various disadvantages with which Pepys had throughout his public life to contend were of a kind which would have broken down the patience of a less zealous and industrious officer. When he first came into office under Lord Sandwich's patronage, there was nothing but destruction and confusion in the affairs of the navy.—(Vol. ii. p. 471.) The fleet in such order, as to discipline, as if the devil had commanded it. (*Ib.*) Ships cast away by mere rashness and drunken humour of the captains, who swore if the pilots did not carry them where they were pleased to order, they would run them through; and the profligacy of all ranks increased to the utmost height. Some of the flag-officers themselves were so ignorant of seamanship as not to know which tack lost the wind or kept it. The vessels did not support each other in battle, and fell out of the line upon receiving the

smallest damage, under pretence of refitting. The men, ill fed and unpaid, deserted whenever the humour seized them, or besieged the Navy-office, so that no business could be done, "because of the horrible croud, and lamentable moans of the poor seamen that do be starving in the street for lack of money."—(Vol. i. p. 353.) On a subsequent occasion the confusion was even greater, so as to menace Mr Pepys with loss of his evening's meal.

"The yard being very full of women (I believe above three hundred), coming to get money for their husbands and friends that are prisoners in Holland; and they lay clamouring and swearing and cursing us, that my wife and I were afraid to send a venison pasty, that we had for supper to-night, to the cook's to be baked, for fear of their offering violence to it; but it went, and no hurt done. To the Tower to speak with Sir John Robinson about the bad condition of the pressed men for want of clothes."—Vol. i. p. 429.

We will conclude this picture with what occurs vol. ii. p. 112, where we are told of the poor seamen, in their desperation for want of pay, jumping into the Thames to escape from the service, though two were shot by the soldiers posted to prevent their escape; "they being as good men as ever were in the world, and would readily serve the King were they but paid." Such was the state of the navy of Charles II., and we need not waste words in accounting for the wretched conduct of the Dutch war, and the insults and loss sustained at Sheerness and Chatham. The historical reader will find much curious information on both these particulars, and many others, in the Memoirs. It is indisputable that up to the present hour the

British navy has every reason to hold in grateful remembrance the great reforming services of James II., and his faithful servant, Mr Pepys.

Our Journalist, besides his grave treatise upon the Mare Clausum—to which, by the by, he gave a new title at the Restoration, the former being suited to the Republican model—has some pretension to notice as a man of letters,—having written a romance, and, at least, two songs. The former he prudently burned, though not without some regret, doubting he could not do it so well over again if he should try (vol. i. p. 275); the latter were rendered mellifluous by the voices of Knipp and Mercer. He does not appear to have got beyond the false taste of his times, as he extols *Volpone* and the *Silent Woman* as the best plays he ever saw, and accounts the *Midsummer's Night's Dream* the most insipid and ridiculous. (Vol. i. p. 167.) *Othello* he sets down as a "mean thing;" *Henry VIII.* although much cried up, did not please him, even though he went with purpose to be pleased; it was, in his opinion, "a simple thing, made of patches;" "and besides the shows and processions in it, there was nothing well done." But the most diverting circumstance is the series of unsuccessful efforts which Pepys made to relish the celebrated poem of Butler, then enjoying all the blaze of novel popularity. Possibly some remaining predilection for the opinions which are ridiculed in that witty satire prevented his falling in with the universal fashion of admiring it. The first part of *Hudibras* cost him two shillings and sixpence, but he

found it so silly an abuse of a Presbyterian knight going to the wars, that he became ashamed of it, and prudently sold it for eighteen pence. Wise by experience, he did not buy the second part, but only borrowed it to read.

Mr Pepys, although an economical man, appears to have been very generous to his friends and relations, a kind brother, a dutiful son, and attentive in the discharge of all the social duties. One piece of generosity towards a relative, however, sounds a little strange in modern ears.

"I did give my wife's brother 10s. and a coat that I had by me, a close-bodied light-coloured cloth coat, with a gold edgeing in each seam, that was the lace of my wife's best pettycoat that she had when I married. He is going into Holland to seek his fortune."—Vol. i. p. 278.

The donation of ten shillings to a man going to seek his fortune is not splendid, though eked out by the coat with the gold edging, which had been already "condemned a double debt to pay."

Another peculiarity is that, like most curious people, he is disposed to see something uncommon in the most ordinary occurrences. He was a cockney to be sure, yet we are rather surprised at the following notice of an old shepherd in his worsted stockings.

"I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the bible to him; and we *took notice* of his woollen stockings, of two colours mixed."—Vol. ii. p. 92.

It would be unjust to dismiss the personal character of Pepys without noticing his sincere, pious,

and thankful disposition. Whatever human weaknesses he may display, and however he may seem at times vain of his worldly advantages, he never fails to return thanks to the Author of good for the blessings which he enjoys; and if we see his foibles more clearly, it is because there is neither mystery nor vice to intercept our prospect into his bosom. It is at the bottom of the clear fountain that the least pebbles are distinctly visible.

In point of expression such Memoirs, composed entirely for bringing back events to the writer's own recollection, ought not to be severely criticised. The language is always distinct and intelligible, though sometimes amusingly quaint; as when he says of Harrison, that in the course of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, "he looked as cheerful as any man could do in that condition" (vol. i. p. 78); and again in the following exquisitely limited tribute of sorrow for the death of a predecessor in office.

"Sir William Petty tells me that Mr Barlow is dead; for which, God knows my heart, I could be as sorry as is possible for one to be for a stranger, by whose death he gets L.100 per annum."—Vol. i. p. 329.

The public affairs alluded to in the course of these Memoirs are, of course, numerous and interesting, and Pepys' information, recorded merely for his own satisfaction, and collected, in many instances, from the highest authorities, cannot but be valuable. We are not aware that any evidence occurs of a very new and original character, contradictory of historical facts as usually stated. But there is much

that is additional and explanatory of what was formerly known; much that removes all doubt,—that throws a more distinct and vivid light over the picture of England and its government during the ten years succeeding the Restoration. A most melancholy picture it is of the period illuminated by the wit of Hamilton, and sung by Dryden—

> "The world was then so light,
> I hardly felt the weight;—
> Joy ruled the day, and love the night."
>
> *Secular Masque.*

The evidence of this prosaic contemporary places it in a very different view. The conduct of the King, mean, thoughtless, and inconsiderate beyond measure, was such as could not have been pardoned in a prince in the hey-day of youth, and nursed in the full enjoyment of absolute command. Yet Charles, in advanced life, and trained in the school of adversity, seems to have possessed neither the power of exerting his own reason nor the submission to be guided by the wisdom of others, but to have flung the reins of his empire among his courtiers at random, or voluntarily and by choice to have imparted them to the most profligate amongst these, as Buckingham and Clifford. Mere good nature is the only virtue which Pepys allows him, for he will not even admit his power of saying the wise things which he never did. He describes him as reading his speech from the throne imperfectly and ill (vol. i. p. 243), and repeatedly mentions his conversation as poor, flat, and uninteresting. His talk with his courtiers, when engaged in visit-

ing the naval magazines, he describes as idle and frothy, misbecoming the serious business on which he was engaged.—(P. 181). Perhaps, however, the person who could not see the wit of *Hudibras* may have been blind to that of Charles.

The management even of the King's personal accommodations was of the most disreputable kind. Pepys gives a most singular example.

"After dinner comes in Mr Townsend; and there I was witness of a horrid rateing which Mr Ashburnham, as one of the grooms of the king's bedchamber, did give him for want of linen for the king's person; which he swore was not to be endured, and that the king would not endure it, and that the king his father would have hanged his wardrobeman should he have been served so; the king having at this day no handkerchers, and but three bands to his neck, he swore. Mr Townsend pleaded want of money and the owing of the linen-draper L.5000; and that he hath of late got many rich things made, beds and sheets and saddles, without money; and that he can go no further; but still this old man (indeed like an old loving servant) did cry out for the king's person to be neglected. But when he was gone, Townsend told me that it is the grooms taking away the king's linen at the quarter's end, as their fees, which makes this great want; for whether the king can get it or no, they will run away at the quarter's end with what he hath had, let the king get more as he can."
—Vol. ii. p. 122.

The coarseness of manners which prevailed in the court seems to have been excessive, and the bantering, which took place betwixt the gallants and the ladies, of the most vulgar description. One scene of royal mirth is described, in which the jest lay in Charles's endeavouring to persuade his queen to confess herself to be

As ladies wish to be who love their lords.

The Queen's answer was, "you lye," the first words

Pepys ever heard her speak in English, and which, no doubt, show she had studied the language to the foundation. A better repartee of poor Katharine was made to Lady Castlemaine, who had the assurance to wonder how her Majesty could have the patience to sit so long a-dressing, "I have much reason to use patience," said the queen, "I can well bear with it." So high did this spring tide of profligacy run that it got into places where it should have been excluded by every barrier of decency, if not of higher feeling. It was, for example, thought no unfitting entertainment at Lambeth Palace, that "one Cornet Bolton" should mimic through all the forms the Presbyterian mode of worship. Pepys, who does not know whether to be pleased or scandalized, tells us, he did

"Pray and preach like a Presbyter Scot, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice. And his text about the hanging up their harps upon the willows; and a serious good sermon too, exclaiming against bishops, and crying up of my good Lord Eglington, till it made us all burst; but I did wonder to have the bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind, but I perceive it was shown him as a rarity. And he took care to have the room-door shut, but there were about twenty gentlemen there; and myself infinitely pleased with the novelty."—Vol. ii. p. 342, 343.

Notwithstanding the precaution of shutting the door, we scarce think this would be now-a-days accounted a becoming archiepiscopal amusement.

The license which was introduced by the Restoration has been often described, but we do not remember to have seen the following contrast made subject of wonderment.

"Of all the old army now you cannot see a man begging about the streets; but what? You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker; the lieutenant, a baker; this a brewer; that a haberdasher; this common soldier, a porter; and every man in his apron and frock, &c. as if they had never done any thing else; whereas the others go with their belts and swords, swearing and cursing, and stealing; running into people's houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other."—Vol. i. p. 261.

How could all this be otherwise? The wars being over, those who had been butchers and bakers ere they began, resumed their proper vocations. The cavaliers, the idle gentlemen, did exactly the same thing. They could not *return* to trades which they had never learnt. Debauchery was now in too many instances their sole *metier*.

In the fleet there were only reckoned three cavalier captains who were fit to command, and in the state it was pretty much the same, for the elder cavaliers, having been excluded from public business for twenty years, were become incapable of it, and retired to look after their private affairs, and the younger men were totally abandoned to vice and profligacy.—Vol. i. p. 229.

The fury and violence of the hot-headed young gallants was in proportion to their profligacy. The court, occasionally a scene of absolute drunkenness, was, of consequence, frequently one of brawling and violence even in the King's own presence. Buckingham struck the Earl of Dorchester, and pulled off his periwig, at a conference between the House of Lords and Commons—(vol. ii. p. 235). Rochester struck Killigrew in the King's presence,

and his insolence was pardoned on the spot (p. 305), and the King became mean in the eyes of all men by submitting to such indignities. The most desperate duels were currently fought among the courtiers, and Pepys gives a particular account of that betwixt the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which the last named nobleman fell. They fought three of a side, and two were slain (p. 181). Pepys does not mention the well-known anecdote that Lady Shrewsbury, in the disguise of a page, held the duke's horse while he was fighting with her husband, but he mentions one which does as little honour to that hard-hearted profligate. Having received into his house, as a mistress, the woman whom his hand had made a widow, his unfortunate duchess ventured to remonstrate, saying, "that the same house was not a fit residence for herself and Lady Shrewsbury." "I have been thinking so, madam," replied the duke, "and, therefore, I have ordered your coach to take you to your father's house."

Other crimes were committed by noblemen with as little shame or hesitation. Lord Buckhurst narrowly escaped sentence of death for highway robbery and murder, and Lord Rochester carried off forcibly an heiress. Assassination by hired ruffians was not uncommon; and the "wanton Shrewsbury," already commemorated, sate in her carriage to see one of her former admirers murdered by those she had hired for the purpose—all without legal investigation, or due punishment. Indeed the King's authority was used to bear out

profligacy of every kind against legal censure. When a constable arrested Sedley and Buckhurst for indecent exposure of their persons, he was committed by the Lord Chief Justice to answer it at next sessions. Nay, so little was the civil power respected when it chanced to interfere with the court, that we, who have been bred with all due veneration for their honours of the quarter-sessions, read with horror how—Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, woodmonger and justice of peace, having granted a warrant to arrest Sir Alexander Frazier, a physician belonging to the court, for a debt of L.30, incurred for firing—not only were the bailiffs, who executed the writ, soundly whipped, but the justice himself, actually committed to the porter's lodge, scarcely escaped the same punishment. Sir Godfrey, afterwards the proto-martyr of the Popish plot, vindicated his action by the opinions of the judges, and refused an apology. It was thought by Pepys that this might end ill for the court (vol. ii. p. 345). But it was Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's death, not any incident of his life, which was fated to lead to strong popular commotion.

The nature of the people was ferocious, after the example of their betters. Brothers fell by each other's hands [see the story of the Fieldings, vol ii. pp. 53–58]. Factions bandied together in the streets, the butchers against the brewers, the watermen against the butchers, and fought out their feuds without interference or censure. Nay, the retinues of the French and Spanish ambassa-

dors fought a pitched battle in the streets of London to settle a question of precedence, the King prohibiting all interference. The Spaniards had the precaution to arm the reins and harnessing of their carriages with chains, which could not be cut, and came off victorious. There were several men killed on the side of the French, one or two on that of the Spaniards, and an Englishman by a bullet (vol. i. p. 118). There is no mention of any notice being taken of this affray by the English government, though, for the death of a British subject, slain in a similar commotion during the Protectorate, Cromwell brought to trial and cut off the head of Don Pantaleon Sa, the brother of the Portuguese ambassador.

Corruption was universal. All offices were made subject of open traffic. Nothing could be done without a consideration, either, according to Forgard, received beforehand, as logice, a bribe, or after the good turn was done, as a gratification. The slightest promise of service required such an acknowledgment; and while round sums of money, silver porringers, gold cups, and so forth, were travelling to and fro among the rich and noble, the "smallest donation" was accepted and expected from those who had no more to give. Upon a bare civil speech from his original patron, Sir George Downing, Pepys despatched a porter for his best fur cap, that he might bestow it on Sir George, as in duty bound. But the porter tarried so long on the way, that the principal had sailed before his arrival, and so the cap retained its place

in Mr Pepys' wardrobe (vol. i. p. 9). What should we now think of the courtesy of a clerk who, in return for some favourable speech of his master, made his worthy principal, in the abundance of his gratitude, a present of his best beaver hat? Such were "Good King Charles' golden days!"

If quitting the broad path of history we seek for minute information concerning ancient manners and customs, the progress of arts and sciences, and the various branches of antiquity, we have never seen a mine so rich as the volumes before us. The variety of Pepys' tastes and pursuits led him into almost every department of life. He was a man of business; a man of information, if not of learning; a man of taste; a man of whim; and, to a certain degree, a man of pleasure. He was a statesman, a *bel esprit*, a virtuoso, and a connoisseur. His curiosity made him an unwearied as well as an universal learner; and whatever he saw, found its way into his tables. Thus his diary absolutely resembles the genial caldrons at the wedding of Camacho, a souse into which was sure to bring forth at once abundance and variety of whatever could gratify the most eccentric appetite. If, for example, a gastronome, to continue the allusion, desires to know what constituted a good dinner, he will find that a "very fine" one consisted of

"A dish of marrowbones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks, all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese."—Vol i. p. 9.

Or, if he has any curiosity to know what the Duke of York accounted the best universal sauce in the world, Mr Pepys will give it him, and he may advertise it to-morrow, in rivalry of Burgess, if he be so minded. This curious condiment is made of some parsley and a dry toast beat in a mortar with vinegar, salt, and a little pepper. It was taught to the duke by the Spanish Ambassador, so we marvel it comprehends not garlic. It is eaten indifferently with flesh, fowl, or fish. Or in case the reader be one who delights to know how our ancestors dighted them in array, we have already shown how well qualified Mr Pepys is to act as yeoman of the wardrobe. He is particularly minute, on the plan of Charles II., to introduce a national dress never to be altered, and which was taken from that of Poland. Evelyn, not so apt as our friend Pepys to record the ephemeral fashions of the time, notices this circumstance, and imputes the King's resolution, in some degree, to the perusal of a pamphlet written by himself.[1] The more minute Pepys, speaking of this garment of eternal endurance, tells us:—

"This day the King begins to put on his vest, and I did see several persons of the House of Lords and Commons, too, great courtiers, who are in it; being a long cassocke close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband, like a pigeon's leg: and, upon the whole, I wish the King to keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment."—Vol. i. p. 470.

Afterwards Charles came to be of opinion that

[1] Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 378.

the pinking made the wearers look too much like magpies; so that was laid aside. Several courtiers laid bets with the King, according to Evelyn, that he would change his purpose, and lodged stakes accordingly. And, in effect, those long vests, which Dryden says "did become our English gravity," soon gave way before French doublets and hose, and other importations of the Duke of Grammont. It is pleasant enough to imagine how a modern drawing-room would look if filled with courtiers peacocking it about in long sweeping trains. Charles intended to shorten the ladies' petticoats in proportion as he prolonged the men's trains. But this experiment was disapproved of by Lady Carteret and Pepys.[1]

If the reader be curious in feasts of the ear rather than the palate, he may read Pepys' enthusiastic description of the music in the *Virgin Martyr*. He undervalues poor Dryden's share of the piece.

"But that which did please me beyond any thing in the whole world, was the wind-musique when the angel comes down; which is so sweet that it ravished me, and, indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of any thing, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musique hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me resolved to practice wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like."—Vol. ii. p. 201.

Again, the curious in musical antiquities may be

[1] Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 378.

interested in his censure of the Scottish music, which, at a later period in the reign of Charles, was fashionable in London; but which, to the southern ear of Mr Clerk of the Acts, sounded "the strangest airs he ever heard, and all of one cast." The natives present praised and admired them—all but the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Lauderdale, who declared,

"He had rather hear a cat mew, than the best musique in the world; and the better the musique, the more sick it makes him; and that of all instruments, he hates the lute most, and next to that the baggpipe."—Vol. i. p. 434.

If the curious affect dramatic antiquities—a line which has special charms for the present age—no book published in our time has thrown so much light upon plays, playwrights, and play-actors. There is an account by Killigrew of the improvements which he himself made upon the stage of his time, bringing it, if we may believe him, from tallow candles to wax lights; from two or three fiddlers to nine or ten capital hands; from the late queen's auspices very rarely vouchsafed, to the constant and regular patronage of royalty.—(Vol. ii. p. 14.) Then there are anecdotes, not only of Knipp and Nell, but of Kynaston and Betterton, and Lacey and Mohun, and passages concerning Dryden and Cartwright, and Sam Tuke, and we wot not whom besides—annotations, in short, for a new edition of the Roscius Anglicanus. They cannot, for example, but be delighted to meet with the account of the new play, "Queen Elizabeth's Troubles, and the History of Eighty-eight," which

is very curious, as it seems to have consisted almost entirely in scenery and dumb show. The Queens Elizabeth and Mary appeared dressed in the costumes of their age; and a prolocutor stood on the stage, and explained the meaning of the action to the audience. Pepys was much affected with the sad story of Queen Elizabeth, which he had sucked in from his cradle, but fully as much so to see Knipp dance among the milk-maids, and come out in her night-gown, with no locks on, but her bare face, and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which he thought the comeliest dress he had ever seen her in. The play, as well as the very peculiar mode of representation, seems to have escaped the industry of Isaac Reed.

There is another class of antiquaries, who retire within the ancient enchanted circles, magical temples, and haunted castles, venerated by their forefathers: and here they, too, may find spells against various calamities, as against cramps, thorn-wounds, and the like (vol. i. p. 323), and stories respecting spirits, and an account of the ominous tempest of wind which, in the opinion of the journalist, presaged the death of the Queen; but which proved only to refer to that of Sir William Compton; with much more to the same useful purpose.

Those who desire to be aware of the earliest discoveries, as well in sciences as in the useful arts, may read in Pepys' Memoirs, how a slice of roast mutton was converted into pure blood; and of those philosophical glass crackers, which explode when the tail is broken off; of *aurum fulminans*,

applied to the purpose of blowing ships out of water; and of a newly contrived gun, which was to change the whole system of the art of war, but which has left it pretty much on its old footing. Notices there are, moreover, of the transfusion of blood; and how many unhappy dogs died in course of the experiment;—in short, we have in this sort the usual quantity of information, partly genuine, partly erroneous, partly perverted and nonsensical, which an amateur man of science contrives to assemble in his head or in his memory. An amateur of the useful arts may also remark that the most successful inventions are not always successful in the commencement. Such was the case with the sort of carriages now most commonly in use, and called, at their first introduction, glass coaches. Lady Ashley dilated upon their bad qualities to Mr Pepys.—

"Among others, the flying open of the doors upon any great shake: but another was, that my Lady Peterborough being in her glass-coach with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass!"—Vol. ii. p. 129.

There exists a class of Old Bailey antiquaries—men who live upon dying speeches, sup full upon the horrors of executions, and fatten on the story of gibbetings like ravens on the mangled limbs. Here such readers will find a cake of the right leaven for their tastes. Here is an account of the execution of Sir Henry Vane, as well as several of his associates; and of Colonel Turner, who was in actual life a personification of Cowley's Captain

Cutter. No wonder it should be so; for the reader must recollect, that this was the same reign in which Roger Nash records as the greatest inconvenience of his brother Dudley's office as sheriff, "the executioner coming to him for orders, touching the abscinded members, and to know where to dispose of them. Once, while he was abroad, a cart with some of them came into the court-yard of his house, and frighted his lady almost out of her wits. And she could never be reconciled to the dog hangman's saying *he came to speak with his master*."[1] We read an account lately (but have unhappily mislaid the reference), which showed that the salting and pickling which the *abscinded* members, since that is the phrase, underwent before exposure, was quite a holiday in the jail: the executioner presiding on the occasion, and distributing refreshments at his own expense among the spectators.

To the lover of ancient voyages and travels it may especially be hinted, that Pepys, as befitted a member of the navy-board, was curious in "questioning every year picked men of countries." Of course he sometimes met with travellers who had a shade of Sir John Mandeville about them. Such might be the worthy captain who assured him that, as lobsters turn red on being boiled, negroes become white on being drowned; showing that there is at least one extremity of washing which can blanch the Ethiopian. There is also an

[1] Life of Sir Dudley North, 4to. 1774, p. 158.

account of the country above *Queensborough*, meaning, it would seem, the Duchy of Courland, in which, though we can recognise some of the peculiarities of that northern latitude, Mr Harrington and the east-country (*i. e.* Baltic) merchants, who were his visitors, have rather extended the travellers' privilege.—(Vol. i. p. 267.) Indeed it may be observed in general, that Mr Pepys does not appear to be devoid of that spirit of credulity which accompanies an eager and restless curiosity. He who is willing to listen must naturally be desirous to believe.

If a lover of antique scandal that taketh away the character, and committeth *scandalum magnatum* against the nobility of the seventeenth century, should desire to interleave a Granger, or illustrate a Grammont, he will find in these volumes an untouched treasure of curious anecdote for the accomplishment of his purpose. If the progress of the fine arts is the subject of investigation, the Memoirs abound with circumstances interesting to the amateur; there are anecdotes of Lely and Cooper and Fairthorne, and an account of ill usage offered to Holbein's painting in the ceiling at Whitehall, with notices of medals and coins and medallists, and much more equally to the purpose. If anecdotes of great persons, or of persons of notoriety are in request, you have them untouched by either D'Israeli or Seward, from Oliver Cromwell down to Tom Killigrew. Jests lurk within these two quartos, unprofaned by Joe Miller, notices of old songs which Ritson dreamed not of. Here may the

ballad-monger learn that Simon Wadlow, vintner, and keeper of the Devil's Tavern, did on the 22d April, 1661, lead a fine company of soldiers, all young countrymen in white doublets; and who knows but that this might have been either

> "Old Sir Simon the king,
> Or young Sir Simon the squire;"

personages who bequeath names to the memorable ditty beloved of Squire Western? The students of political economy will find a curious treat in considering the manner how Pepys was obliged to bundle about his money in specie, removing it from one hiding-place to another during the fire, concealing it at last under ground, and losing a great deal in digging it up again. Then he hit on the plan of lodging it with a goldsmith; and his delight on finding he was to receive L.35 for the use of L.2000 for a quarter of a-year, reminds us of the glee of Crabbe's fisherman on a similar discovery:

> "What! five for every hundred will he give
> Beside the hundred?—I begin to live."——

But his golden visions were soon disturbed by a sad conviction not unlike that which lately passed over our own money-market, that bankers were but mortal men, and that they could not pay interest for money and have the full sum at the same time lying by them ready on demand. A run upon Lombard Street in the days of Charles II. is thus described:—

"W. Hewer hath been at the banker's, and hath got L.500 out of Backewell's hands of his own money; but they are so called upon that they will be all broke, hundreds coming to them

for money: and they answer him, 'It is payable at twenty days—when the days are out we will pay you;' and those that are not so they make tell over their money, and make their bags false on purpose to give cause to retell it, and so spend time."——Vol. ii. p. 67.

Thus truly speaks Chaucer:—

"There n'is ne new guise but it hath been old."

But we stop abruptly, or we might find a difficulty in stopping at all, so rich is the work in every species of information concerning the author's century. We compared the Diary to that of Evelyn, but it is as much superior to the latter in variety and general amusement, as it is inferior in its tone of sentiment and feeling; Pepys' very foibles have been infinitely in favour of his making an amusing collection of events; as James Boswell, without many personal peculiarities, could not have written his inimitable life of Johnson.

We ought to mention some curious and valuable letters which occupy the latter part of the second volume. The reader may be amused with comparing the style of Pepys and his sentiments as brushed and dressed, and sent out to meet company, with his more genuine and far more natural effusions of a night-gown and slipper description. This, however, he must do for himself; we have not leisure to assist him.

The circumstances which induced Mr Pepys to discontinue his diary, we lament as a great loss to posterity. True, the days which succeeded were yet more disastrous than those he commemorated. The Popish plot had not, when he ceased his record,

dishonoured our annals;—England had not seen her monarch a pensioner to France,—and her nobles and statesmen at home divided into the most desperate factions, which sought vengeance on each other by mutual false accusation and general perjury. Yet considering how much of interest mingled even in that degrading contest, considering how much talent was engaged on both sides, what a treasure would a record of its minute events have been if drawn up by "such a faithful character as Griffith!"

ARTICLE XI.

LIFE OF KEMBLE—KELLY'S REMINISCENCES.

[*From the Quarterly Review, for April*, 1826:—1. MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ., *including a History of the Stage from the time of Garrick to the present period. By* JAMES BOADEN, ESQ. *Two vols.* London. 1825.

2. REMINISCENCES OF MICHAEL KELLY, *of the King's Theatre, and Theatre Royal Drury Lane, including a Period of nearly half a Century; with Original Anecdotes of many distinguished Personages, Political, Literary, and Musical.* London. 1826. 2 vols.]

THERE are severe moralists who have judged the amusements of the stage inimical to virtue—

there are many who conceive its exhibitions to be inconsistent with religious principle : to those this article can give no interest unless perhaps a painful one, and we must even say with old Dan Chaucer,

> "Turn o'er the leaf and chuse another tale ;
> For you shall find enough both great and small,
> Of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse,
> And eke morality and holiness."

Where the scruples of such dissidents from public opinion are real, we owe them all possible respect ; when they are assumed for a disguise in the sight of man, they will not deceive the eye which judgeth both Publican and Pharisee.

For ourselves we will readily allow, that the theatre may be too much frequented, and attention to more serious concerns drowned amidst its fascinations. We also frankly confess that we may be better employed than in witnessing the best and most moral play that ever was acted; but the same may be justly said of every action in our lives, except those of devotion towards God and benevolence towards man. And yet, as six days have been permitted us to think our own thoughts and work our own works, much that is strictly and exclusively secular is rendered indispensable by our wants, and much made venial and sometimes praiseworthy by our tastes and the conformation of our intellect.

If there be one pleasure, exclusive of the objects of actual sensual indulgence, which is more general than another among the human race, it is the relish for personification, which at last is methodized into the dramatic art. The love of the chase may perhaps

be as natural to the masculine sex, but when the taste of the females is taken into consideration, the weight of numbers leans to the love of mimic representation in an overwhelming ratio. The very first amusement of children is to get up a scene, to represent to the best of their skill papa and mamma, the coachman and his horses; and even He, formidable with the birchen sceptre, is mimicked in the exercise-ground by the urchins of whom he is the terror in the school-room. We do not know if the witty gentleman, to whom we are indebted for a history of monkeys, ever thought of tracing the connexion betwixt us and our cousin the orang-outang in our mutual love of imitation.

At a more advanced period of life we have mimicry of tone and dialect, and masques, and disguises: then little scenes are preconcerted, which at first prescribe only the business of a plot, leaving the actors to fill up the language extempore from their mother wit: then some one of more fancy is employed to write the dialogue—a stage with scenery is added, and the drama has reached its complete form.

The same taste, which induced us when children to become kings and heroes ourselves on an infantine scale, renders us, when somewhat matured in intellect, passionate admirers of the art in its more refined state. There are few things which those gifted with any degree of imagination recollect with a sense of more anxious and mysterious delight than the first dramatic representation which they have witnessed. Iffland has somewhere de-

scribed it, and it is painted in stronger colours by the immortal Goëthe in *Wilhelm Meister*—yet we cannot refrain from touching on the subject. The unusual form of the house, filled with such groups of crowded spectators, themselves forming an extraordinary spectacle to the eye which has never witnessed it before, yet all intent upon that wide and mystic curtain whose dusky undulations permit us now and then to discern the momentary glitter of some gaudy form or the spangles of some sandaled foot which trips lightly within; then the light, brilliant as that of day!—then the music, which, in itself a treat sufficient in every other situation, our inexperience mistakes for the very play we came to witness—then the slow rise of the shadowy curtain, disclosing, as if by actual magic, a new land, with woods and mountains and lakes, lighted, it seems to us, by another sun, and inhabited by a race of beings different from ourselves, whose language is poetry, whose dress, demeanour, and sentiments seem something supernatural, and whose whole actions and discourse are calculated not for the ordinary tone of everyday life, but to excite the stronger and more powerful faculties—to melt with sorrow — overpower with terror — astonish with the marvellous—or convulse with irresistible laughter—all these wonders stamp indelible impressions on the memory. Those mixed feelings also, which perplex us between a sense that the scene is but a plaything, and an interest which ever and anon surprises us into a transient belief that that which so strongly affects us cannot be fictitious

—those mixed and puzzling feelings, also, are exciting in the highest degree. Then there are the bursts of applause, like distant thunder, and the permission afforded to clap our little hands and add our own scream of delight to a sound so commanding. All this—and much—much more is fresh in our memory, although when we felt these sensations we looked on the stage which Garrick had not yet left. It is now a long while since—yet we have not passed many hours of such unmixed delight, and we still remember the sinking lights, the dispersing crowd, with the vain longings, which we felt, that the music would again sound, the magic curtain once more arise, and the enchanting dream recommence; and the astonishment with which we looked upon the apathy of the elder part of our company, who, having the means, did not spend every evening in the theatre.

When habit has blunted these earliest sensations of pleasure, the theatre continues to be the favourite resort of the youth, and though he recognises no longer the enchanted palace of his childhood, he enjoys the more sober pleasure of becoming acquainted with the higher energies of human passion, the recondite intricacies and complications of human temper and disposition, by seeing them illustrated in the most vivid manner by those whose profession it is to give actual life, form, and substance to the creations of genius. Much may be learned in a well-conducted theatre essential to the profession of the bar, and, with reverence be it spoken, even of the pulpit; and it is well known that Napoleon

himself did not disdain to study at that school the external gesture and manner becoming the height to which he had ascended.

Yet such partial advantages are mere trifles considered in comparison with the general effect produced by the stage on national literature and national character. Had there been no drama, Shakspeare would in all likelihood have been but the author of Venus and Adonis and of a few sonnets forgotten among the numerous works of the Elizabethan age, and Otway had been only the compiler of fantastic Pindaric odes.

Stepping beyond her own department, the dramatic muse has lent her aid to her sister of history. What points of our national annals are ever most fresh and glowing in our recollection?—those which unite history with the stage. The story of Macbeth, an ancient king, whose annals of half a dozen lines must otherwise have lurked in the seldom opened black letter of Wintoun or Boece, is as much fixed upon our memory, as if it detailed events which we had ourselves witnessed. Who crosses the blighted heath of Forres without beholding in imagination the stately step of Kemble as he descended on the stage at the head of his victorious army? On Bosworth field the dramatist had engrossed the recollections due to the historian, even so early as Bishop Corbet's time; for when his host, "full of ale and history," pointed out the local position of the two armies, Shakspeare was more in the village chronicler's thoughts than Stowe or Hollingshed.

"Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play,
Shown chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,
That he mistook a player for a king;
For when he should have said, here Richard died
And called 'a horse, a horse'—he Burbadge cried."

A greater man acknowledged his debt to the dramatist on a similar occasion: "In what history did your grace find that incident?" said Burnet to the Duke of Marlborough, on hearing him quote some anecdote concerning the wars of York and Lancaster which was new to the Bishop. "In Shakspeare's plays," answered the Victor of Blenheim,—"the only history of those times I ever read."

It may be said by the rigid worshipper of unadorned truth, that history is rather defaced than embellished by becoming the subject of fictitious composition. These scruples are founded on prejudice—that mischievous prejudice which will not admit that knowledge can be valuable unless transmitted through the dullest and most disagreeable medium. Many are led to study history from having first read it as mingled with poetic fiction; and the indolent or those much occupied, who have not patience or leisure for studying the chronicle itself, gather from the play a general idea of historical incidents which, but through some such amusing vehicle, they would never have taken the trouble to become acquainted with. And it will scarcely be denied, that a man had better know generally the points of history as told him by Shakspeare, than be ignorant of history entirely. The

honey which is put on the edge of the cup induces many to drink up the whole medicinal potion; while those who take only a sip of it have, at least, a better chance of benefit than if they had taken none at all.

In another point of view the theatre is calculated to influence, and, well conducted, to influence favourably, the general state of morals and manners in this country. A full audience, attending a first-rate piece, may be compared to a national convention, to which every order of the community, from the peers to the porters, send their representatives. The entertainment, which is the subject of general enjoyment, is of a nature which tends to soften, if not to level, the distinction of ranks; it unites men of all conditions in those feelings of mirth or melancholy which belong to their common humanity, and are enhanced most by being shared by a multitude. The honest, hearty laugh, which circulates from box to gallery; the lofty sentiment, which is felt alike by the lord and the labourer; the sympathetic sorrow, which affects at once the marchioness and the milliner's apprentice;—all these have a conciliating and harmonizing effect, tending to make the various ranks pleased with themselves and with each other. The good-natured gaiety with which the higher orders see the fashionable follies which they practise treated with light satire for the amusement of the middling and poorer classes, has no little effect in checking the rancorous feelings of envy which superior birth, wealth, and station, are apt enough to engender.

The possessors of those obnoxious advantages are pardoned on account of the good-humour and frankness with which they are worn; and a courtier, by laughing at the *Beggars' Opera*, like a bonny Scot applauding Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, disarms what he confronts. When the presence of the sovereign himself graces the audience, takes a part in the general pleasure of the evening, and renders generous or patriotic sentiments more energetically effective, by sharing in the enthusiasm which they call forth from his subjects of all ranks—this gives the royal sanction, as it were, to the approbation of lords and commons. The late King expressed that sentiment strongly when advised to abstain from attending the theatre after the madman Hatfield's attempt upon his life. Mr Boaden has given us the words:—

> "If, with my family, I cannot enjoy my amusements in the midst of my people, let them take my *life*, for existence is not worth holding upon such conditions."—Vol. ii. p. 263.

His present Majesty also occasionally gives his subjects this gratification, and receives an affectionate welcome—such as could neither be dictated by power nor checked by faction. A theatre speaks truth.

In short, the drama is in ours, and in most civilized countries, an engine possessing the most powerful effect on the manners of society. The frequency of reference, quotation, and allusion to plays of all kinds, from the masterpieces of Shakspeare's genius down to the farce which has the run of a season, gives a dramatic colouring to con-

versation and habits of expression; and those who look into the matter strictly will be surprised to find, how much our ordinary language and ordinary ideas are modified by what we have seen and heard on the stage.

We admit, as broadly as can be demanded, that the stage has been made, and is capable of being rendered again, as powerful an instrument for evil as for good. In this respect it is like the printing press, or rather like literature itself, which finds employment both for the actor and the printer, a tremendous power, which, as its energies are directed, may contribute to the welfare or to the ruin of a country. So the most efficacious medicines, ignorantly or maliciously administered, become the strongest poisons. But our purpose in having detained the reader with these preliminary observations is to persuade him of the consequence of the subject, and to serve as introduction to some remarks which we have to offer on the present state of our theatres, and the improvements which might bring these institutions nearer to the state of perfection of which we have theoretically considered the drama as susceptible.

In the mean time, we must not altogether forget the works of which the titles are prefixed to this Article. This, to be sure, is a fashion with our *caste*, from which we do not pretend altogether to exculpate ourselves. If we admit not a fair and impartial division betwixt the reviewers and the reviewed, the neglected authors have a right to share the impatience of the witty Charles Towns-

end. When he came to Scotland, after having married a lady of that nation of the very highest rank, large fortune, and extensive connexions, the tide of relations, friends, and vassals, who thronged to welcome the bride, were so negligent of her husband as to leave him in the hall while they hurried his lady forwards into the state apartments, until he checked their haste by exclaiming, "for Heaven's sake, gentlemen, consider I am, at least, Prince George of Denmark." Messrs Kelly and Boaden would have the same reason to complain of us, should we altogether forget them in an Article which we have decorated with their names. But they must wait at the bottom of the stairs, with gentle patience, for five minutes longer: we will show them up presently.

The same circumstances, which gave the drama itself interest, induce us to be curious investigators into the history of the art, and the lives of its chief professors in former times. The grave may think what they will of the levity of such pursuits: but as many folios and small quartos of the antique cast have been bestowed in behalf of Thalia and Melpomene as in that of the most serious of their sisters. But this is not all; we are not to be contented with the scraps which can be collected about Burbadge and Alleyn Kempe and Taylor:—we must also learn what can be told of the distinguished performers of our own time. We want to see these when divested of the pomp and circumstance with which the scene invests them. We desire to know whether we may ven-

ture to speak above our breath, or be guilty of a smile, in the presence of Mrs Siddons; whether it be possible to look grave in that of Liston; whether Matthews has as many dramatic portraits in his gallery, as he can present in his own person; if he who plays the fool on the stage can be a man of sense in the parlour; and if the heroine looks still the angel after she has laid aside her chopine, and come down a step nearer to the earth.

And let it not be said that this enquiry into the private history of the scenic artists is capricious, or resembles that of a child who cries to have the toy which has been shown him placed in his own hand, that he may see what it is made of. On the contrary, there is a natural touch of philosophy in our curiosity. It is a rational enough wish to discover what sort of persons those are who can assume, and lay aside at pleasure, the semblance of human passion, and who, by dint of sympathy, compel the smiles and tears of others, when they have doffed their magic mantle and retired into the circle of social life. Besides, to judge from the common case, the *duram pauperiem pati* as often prepares the future exertions of the player as of the soldier. In the earlier events of a theatrical life, however successful, there most commonly occur adventures which form a diverting contrast with the ultimate and more splendid parts of the career. And we may add to these honest ingredients of the general interest in dramatic biography, the malicious pleasure which human nature always takes in learning the mishaps, mistakes, and misgovernance of those

who have been objects of public attention and general admiration.

These things premised, we beg to announce Messrs Boaden and Michael Kelly, or rather, to adopt the stage direction in *Chrononhotonthologos*, "Enter Aldiborontiphoscophornio and Rigdum Funnidos." The character and style of the two biographers are, indeed, as strongly contrasted as sock and buskin; Mr Boaden being grave, critical, full, and laudably accurate, serious in the most lively information which he communicates, and treating comedy itself as if it were a very solemn affair; while on the other hand, there is nothing so serious as to render Michael Kelly so. He has spent all his life among the lovers of laugh and fun, choice spirits, whom Time cannot exhaust, and who make good the boast of Anacreon, and are merry in spite of misfortune and grey hairs. Betwixt merits so various, how shall the critic decide? Were we to spend a morning in looking over Garrick's dramatic collection at the Museum, we should certainly wish to have Mr Boaden with us to spare us repeated references to the *Biographia Dramatica*. But, in the evening, we fear we should be graceless enough to prefer Kelly's comic gossip, rich in song and jest, qualified by a touch of the traveller, and (what we never object to) a dash of the brogue. We do not, however, undervalue the solid English pudding of Mr Boaden, though we have a special relish for the souflé of Seignor Kelly. Or, rather, we would address them with the impartiality of Sir John, the jolly deer-stealing

priest of Waltham, towards the rival publicans, his comrades. "Neighbours Banks, of Waltham, and Goodman Smug, the honest smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both, at Enfield, I know the taste of both your alehouses—they are good both, smart both." To continue Sir John's metaphor, the beverage supplied by Mr Kelly is a fine brisk species of vivacious bottled beer, like that unquestionably with which Beau Tibbs regaled the Duke, as we are informed by the sage Lien Chi Altangi, in the Citizen of the World. Boaden, on the other hand, draws us a double flagon of old English liquor, not the sophisticated potion which the vulgar denominate *heavy wet*, but Anno Domini, regularly dated and regularly tapped, like that which honest Boniface ate and drank, and upon which he always slept.

Allowing precedence to be due to the more dignified person, we advert first to the *Memoirs of John Kemble*, combined as they are with a history of the stage from the time of Garrick to the present period. A great deal of curious information is accumulated in these two volumes, by a man who has had the best opportunities of collecting the dramatic history of the last half century.

We cannot, however, altogether approve of his blending the Memoirs of Kemble with an account of the theatre, so general, diffuse, and disproportioned in length to the pages which the life of his proper hero occupies. The fore-ground and back-ground are too extensive for the principal figure We might have been very glad to have possessed

the work arranged in two separate departments, one containing the memoirs, the other the history of the stage. The present plan has rendered unavoidable the mingling the account of this distinguished man of talent with that of many ordinary performers, of whom we either never heard before, or never wish to hear again. Mr Boaden, we have no doubt, has been just in his estimate of these subordinate persons;—but there are many whom he might have dismissed like Virgil with a single "*fortemque*," and whom he ought not to have suffered to crowd the scene which they never adorned, and on which they are not now, perhaps, remembered at all. A man should have some title beyond mere respectability before he is handed up to fame. "What shall an honest man do in my closet?" says Caius, and what business has a merely respectable man in our library? say we. We think it is John Dunton in his Life and Errors, who, in a history of the literature of Boston, the capital of New England, which he visited in the course of his wanderings, gives not only an account of authors, publishers, retail booksellers, and printers, but descends to stationers and bookbinders, has a few flying hints on printer's devils, and makes us unnecessarily acquainted with every one of these respectable persons as necessary appendages to literary history. We are far from quarrelling with the minute information conveyed by Mr Boaden in a miscellaneous manner, somewhat similar to that of Dunton, but we wish it had been a little better arranged, and more connected in its topics than by the mere cate-

gory of time. The history of Kemble is divided into so many detached pieces, that it seems like the body of an old man cut and ready for Medea's kettle. We will endeavour to collect some of the scattered fragments, so as to form from Mr Boaden's work, assisted by our own recollections, a full length portrait, though on a reduced scale, of one of the best actors, most accomplished artists, and most kind and worthy men, that ever commanded the admiration of the public, and the esteem of his friends.

John Philip Kemble was born 1st February, 1757, at Prescot, in Lancashire. The family from which he derived his origin was ancient and respectable; but ruined, we have heard him say, in the great Civil War of the seventeenth century, for their adherence to King Charles during that contest. His father was manager of a provincial company of actors; so that the members of this highly gifted race, who have attained such distinguished eminence, seem to have been dedicated to the stage from their birth upwards. Unquestionably, the natural bent of their minds must have leaned towards the family profession, of which they felt the full fascination, while its disadvantages, as being in ordinary cases considered a step lower than the more grave and established courses of life, could not occur as an objection to those who saw the art daily practised by the parents whom they were accustomed to love and honour.

But Mr Roger Kemble, the father of John, sensible of the disadvantages attending his own profes-

sion, resolved to give his son a classical education, designing him, it is believed, to take orders in the Roman Catholic church. Accordingly, John Philip Kemble received his first instructions at a Catholic seminary at Sedgely Park in Staffordshire, and was a student for two or three years at the College of Douay, where he attracted attention by the gracefulness of his person, the strength of his memory, and the beauty of his recitation.

During all the time which he spent at these early studies his own secret determination was always to become a performer. He felt the strong vocation for the pleasing art in which he was destined to attain excellence, and never, we have heard him say, was tempted to swerve from his purpose even when his prospects appeared least promising. At the outset they were sufficiently gloomy.

He returned to England, and found his father disappointed and angry on learning that his thoughts were fixed upon the stage. "He might be allowed," says Mr Boaden, "to feel some mortification at his son's choice; for what was then to predict the great and lasting eminence to which he attained?" But the impulse was not to be withstood. John Kemble acted as his first part Theodosius, in the tragedy so called, at Woolverhampton, 8th January, 1776. Dramatic excellence is of slow growth, and requires long and severe study; it is enough if first appearances be received as promising. The characteristic peculiarity of Kemble's performance was not of a kind to advance him to popularity with a more rapid pace than usual. With all the requisites

for a fine player, and especially with a profound study of his art, and reverence for its difficulties, it must have required habit to familiarize him with the exertion of his own powers. The requisite mellowness and flexibility which make the actor seem at home in his part, were in his case slowly acquired, and until he was possessed of these, his manner, afterwards so graceful, must have seemed stiff; above all, his voice, the strength of which was never equal to his other powers, must have sounded harsh and unharmonious ere he knew how to reserve and husband its efforts. We can conceive him, like the giant in *Frankenstein*, working awkwardly enough until he had acquired a complete acquaintance with his own powers and the mode of using them to advantage.

The apprenticeship to the stage is in most instances, as we have already noticed, a severe one. Mr Boaden is too grave to relate any of the minor misfortunes and hardships which his hero was subjected to in his noviciate, and repels, with some asperity, an account of Kemble and his companion breaking a gentleman's orchard near Gloucester. Certainly in Shakspeare's life by Aldiborontiphoscophornio the deer-stealing anecdote would have been sunk from mere love of decorum. Rigdum Funnidos is more communicative, and hints at our friend's having banqueted on turnips and peas in the open fields for want of better commons. There are gripes and indigestion in the very thoughts of the uncooked pulse; and we can conceive that Kemble, who was reasonably, though moderately

attached to better cheer, did not relish the circumstances which reduced him to sauce his banquet by a speech from Timon.

> ——————————"Oh! a root—dear thanks!
> Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn lees;
> Whereof ungrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
> And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
> That from it all consideration slips!"

The honest Kelly has, moreover, told us that in extremity of distress, Kemble once personated a Methodist preacher; the thing may have happened—but from what we know of John Kemble's opinions on religious subjects, we are sure that those who listened to the exhortation must have departed improved in heart and understanding. He was incapable of mocking, under any circumstances, the mysteries of religion.

In 1778, like Robinson Crusoe in his escape from the raging ocean, Kemble began to touch ground. He was that year engaged in a respectable company maintained at York, under the management of Tate Wilkinson, famous as an imitator himself, and as the subject of imitation in others—possessed of considerable judgment and taste—and whose well-selected company was often draughted to recruit the metropolitan theatres.

Here Kemble's importance began to be felt, yet he still continued to act such parts as Captain Plume, and others ill suited to his powers. We are not sure that this necessity is, at an early period of the profession, to be accounted a disadvantage. It prevents the ideas and exertions of a young per-

former being too much narrowed by a single cast of characters, and may operate in that respect, like the care taken by professors of gymnastics, to cause their pupils to bring into play successively the different sets of muscles by exertions of a kind appropriate to each. Young actors may be benefited too by attempts which are unsuccessful, as teaching them the bounds and character of their own powers, which they may otherwise suppose as unlimited as their ambition. There is even a wholesome lesson to be learned in experiencing the severity of an audience; for while it represses presumption, it also shows the timid that thunder often admonishes without killing.

At York, John Kemble became for the first time acquainted with his princely friend and patron, the late Duke of Northumberland, whose munificence makes such a distinguished figure in his history. The officer on duty, belonging to a squadron of dragoons lying in York at the time, had somewhat bluntly refused to permit a few of the soldiers to attend the theatre on occasion of some procession in which their appearance was desired. Kemble wrote to Lord Percy, who commanded the squadron, and his request was instantly complied with. The duke afterwards nominally lent Kemble the sum of ten thousand pounds, and converted the loan into a gift by burning the obligation for repayment after the fire in Covent Garden.

He had at York an adventure of another kind, tending to show him how peculiarly the most meritorious of the profession he had chosen were

exposed to the taunts of the unworthy. On 8th February, 1778, while he was playing in Murphy's tragedy of *Zenobia*, Kemble became the object of the gross and marked ridicule of a lady who sat in the stage-box. She was of some condition, and apparently enjoyed that sort of provincial consequence, which, when combined with a rude disposition, makes country ladies now and then guilty of ill-breeding, such as would never be permitted to those of the first rank in the capital.

"As to the insults designed for himself during the evening, he had retorted them by looks of infinite disdain. His sensibility was noticed in the box by loud and repeated peals of laughter from the lady and her echoes. At this, Kemble suddenly stopped, and being called upon by the audience to proceed, with great gravity and a pointed bow to the stage-box, he said, 'he was ready to proceed with the play as soon as THAT lady had finished her conversation, which he perceived the going on with the tragedy only interrupted.'

"The audience received this rudeness of the stage-box as an insolent attempt to control their amusements, and with shouts, which could not be laughed down, ordered the lady and her party out of the theatre."—BOADEN, vol. i. p. 26.

The lady thus most deservedly punished had interest sufficient to excite a party in her behalf, who insisted that Kemble should come forward and ask pardon immediately.

"Mr Kemble on this, with the greatest firmness, and with some of that mingled astonishment and disdain, which he threw afterwards into Coriolanus, exclaimed, 'Pardon! ask pardon! no, sirs,—NEVER;' and immediately quitted the stage."—BOADEN, vol. i. p. 27.

All subsequent efforts of an active faction among the audience vainly attempted to break that lofty

spirit, which was as much Kemble's by nature as it belonged to any of the heroes whom he represented. He could but be brought to say,

"'Let me be heard before I am condemned: if, when I have explained my conduct, any gentleman, or set of gentlemen, will say, in that character, that I have acted unworthily, I shall cheerfully make any reparation that they may judge proper.' To this there could be no *reasonable* objection, and he was heard. His fine address, his clear statement, his modesty and manliness, carried the cause, and contributed essentially to his progress in the public favour."—BOANEN, vol. i. p. 28.

The same lady, uncorrected by what had happened, made an attack on Mr Michael Kelly, by the same obstreperous procedure, especially when he consulted his watch as his part required in the course of the drama, by exclaiming loud enough to be heard in the gallery,

"'Why, look there; la! the fellow has got a watch.' I could not bear this (says Kelly)—I admit I lost my temper: but I walked up to the box, and said, 'yes, madam, it is a gold watch, and reckoned one of the best in England,' putting it close to her;—the lady was violently hissed, and ever after, when she came to the theatre, conducted herself with becoming decency."—KELLY, vol. i. p. 306.

The indulgence of such impertinent humour on the part of the audience, towards those who are tasking their best abilities to please, is akin to the display of ignorance, folly, and wanton cruelty which children exhibit in torturing the inferior animals. Fifty years ago the pelting the performers from the galleries was so legitimate a species of amusement, that we think even Garrick was exposed to it, and when hit by an orange only ventured to say, after pretending to taste it, "it was an

orange, but not a Seville (civil) one." Digges, on another occasion, when subjected to some such insult, made a touching appeal to his former situation as an officer and a man of fashion—"My feelings," he said, "are wounded as a man—I had almost said as a gentleman."

Kemble argued with the perpetrators of such brutality in a different and a bolder mood, and as his unspotted character supported the justice of his complaint, there can be no doubt that the respect due to him both as a public and private character, and the spirit with which he maintained it, was a principal means of raising the estimation of the profession at large. An apple was upon one occasion thrown on the stage, which fell between him and Mrs Siddons, then acting in the unrivalled scene between Coriolanus and his mother. Kemble instantly advanced to the front of the stage with the apple in his hand, and appealed to the audience for protection against this brutal insult. A person in the gallery called out in reply, "We can't hear."

"Mr Kemhle (*with increased spirit*), 'I will *raise* my voice, and the GALLERIES shall *hear* me.' (*Great tumult.*)

"'This protection is what the AUDIENCE owe it to themselves to *grant*—what the PERFORMERS, for the credit of their profession, have a right to *demand*—and WHAT I will venture so far to *assert*, that, on the part of the PROPRIETORS, I here offer a hundred guineas to any man, who will disclose the *ruffian* who has been guilty of this act.' (A murmur only in the gallery.)

"'I throw myself, ladies and gentlemen, upon the high sense of hreeding, that distinguishes a London audience; and I hope I shall never he wanting in my duty to the public; but nothing shall induce me to suffer insult.'"—BOADEN, vol. i. p. 429.

The galleries, awed into silence, endeavoured to

shift the charge from themselves. But though Kemble thus asserted the dignity of his profession, and the claim which a performer has to be treated like a gentleman, there cannot be a question that he made enemies among the low and malicious party in the common audience of a theatre, who had hitherto considered the right of insulting the players as a valuable part of the privilege purchased by the half-price which they had paid at the door. These petty tyrants felt controlled under the superiority of a man like Kemble, but theirs were the right minds for bearing malice, and we believe that the dislike entertained against one who was willing to contribute to their pleasure, but not to endure their insolence, was a great ingredient in the celebrated O. P. riot.

We return to Mr Kemble's professional progress. He visited Dublin in 1783, where he was received with approbation. His sister, Mrs Siddons, had now displayed for several months before the public that blaze of varied excellence which was never before equalled, and certainly will never be surpassed. Beautiful as an angel, she seemed gifted also with superhuman powers. The horrors and the sorrows of the scene, were alike her own; the boldest trembled, the wisest wondered, the most hard-hearted and the most selfish wept ere they were aware.

Her unrivalled excellence naturally led the managers to enquire respecting that brother who began already to be called the Great Kemble. There is a ludicrous story, however, of the mean-

ing of the epithet being mistaken by the person intrusted with the negotiation, who instead of our friend is said to have sent to the metropolis his jolly brother Stephen as the *greatest* of the name who was going.

The mistake, if it ever took place, was soon rectified, and on the 30th of September, 1783, John Philip Kemble made his first appearance at Drury Lane in the character of Hamlet.

It cannot be denied that this extraordinary conception of Shakspeare is one of the boldest, most striking, and most effective parts in the drama, and yet it is invested with so much obscurity, that it may be played in twenty different ways without the critic being able to say with certainty which best expresses the sense of the author. Hamlet unites in his single person a variety of attributes, by bringing any of which more forward, or throwing others farther into the background, the shading of the character is effectually changed. Hamlet is the predestined avenger called on to this task by a supernatural voice—he is a prince resenting the intrusion of his uncle into his mother's bed and his father's throne. He is a son devoted to the memory of one parent and to the person of the other, and yet, to do justice to his murdered father's memory, he is compelled to outrage, with the most cutting reproaches, the ears of his guilty mother. Wittenberg has given him philosophy and the habits of criticism—nature has formed him social and affectionate—disappointment and ill-concealed resentment of family injuries have tinged him with mis-

anthropy—the active world has given him all its accomplishments.

> "The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
> The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

To all these peculiar attributes must be added his love for Ophelia, and something which resembles an incipient touch of insanity; for this, after all, is necessary to apologize and account for some parts of his conduct. All these exist in Prince Hamlet, but the art of the performer is to distinguish the proper or most striking mode of exhibiting them. The author has done little to help him in the management of the piece, which as a story indicates nothing decisive respecting the real character of Hamlet. He does not resemble Richard or Macbeth, or most of Shakspeare's other distinguished characters, who show themselves and purposes not by their words and sentiments only, but by their actions, and whose actions therefore are the best commentaries on their characters and motives. On the contrary, Hamlet being passive almost through the whole piece, and only hurried into action in its conclusion, does nothing by which we can infer the precise meaning of much that he says. There exists therefore a latitude about the representation of Hamlet, which scarcely belongs to that of any other character in the drama. It consists of many notes, and the dwelling upon or the slurring of any of them totally changes the *effect* of the air.

It is natural to expatiate on these peculiarities in

the character, because Kemble, in representing it, was to encounter at once the shade of the murdered King of Denmark, and, in the mind's eye of the audience, that of the lost Garrick. The young performer had never seen and could not imitate Garrick. He was relieved from that great stumbling-block in the path of a novice—the temptation to copy some honoured predecessor. Those who are subjected to this temptation and give way to it, seldom rise above respectability in their performances. They are admitted to play the line of characters possessed by the "well-graced actor" who has left the stage, but it is merely in the character of substitutes: those who aim at great eminence must show originality of conception.

Originality, however, in a novice has its perils; and it was often objected to Kemble, that in playing Shakspeare's best-known characters he frequently sought to give them effect by a mode of delivery and action daringly opposed to what the audience had been used to. This, in the beginning of his career, was often hardly received by pedantic critics, who had become so much bigoted to one style of acting that they were unable to tolerate any departure from it. Such venturing on new ground is no doubt a hazardous task, and demands both the powers and perseverance of decided genius; and Garrick was, in his time, equally censured as an innovator on the solemn and pompous manner of Booth and Betterton. But were it possible to promulgate and enforce a scale of the

tones in which each speech of Hamlet or any other character should be delivered, or to issue a tariff of the emphasis to which each striking passage should be subjected, it is evident we should destroy one great source of the pleasure we receive from the stage—namely, that of comparing and deciding between the different species of efforts which rivals in the scenic art bring to illustrate the same character.

For this Hamlet offers a fair field, and Kemble entered on it with characteristic courage and skill. Beginning already to act upon the principles of dramatic criticism, he discarded the alterations which Garrick had ventured to introduce into the works of Shakspeare; and which Mr Boaden justly calls feeble and trashy. The following is an accurate and pleasing description of Kemble as he then was stepping forwards to offer himself as a rival to Garrick, and disdaining all that had interposed between them.

"His person seemed to he finely formed, and his manners princely; but on his brow hung the weight of 'some intolerable woe.' Apart from the expression called up by the situation of Hamlet, there struck me to be in him a peculiar and personal fitness for tragedy. What others assumed, seemed to be inherent in Kemble. 'Native, and to the manner born,' he looked an abstraction, if I may so say, of the characteristics of tragedy.

"The first great point of remark was, that his Hamlet was decidedly original. He had seen no great actor whom he could have copied. His style was formed by his own taste or judgment, or rather grew out of the peculiar properties of his person and his intellectual habits. He was of a solemn and deliberate temperament—his walk was always slow, and his expression of countenance contemplative—his utterance rather tardy for the most part, but always finely articulate, and in common parlance

seemed to proceed rather from organization than voice."—BOADEN'S *Memoirs of Kemble*, vol. i. p. 92.

It must strike the dramatic reader at once that a more complete contrast to the former Roscius could not appear, in almost every point, than in this new candidate for the honours of the buskin. Garrick was short though well formed, airy and light in all his movements, possessed of a countenance capable of the most acute or the most stolid, the most tragic or the most ridiculous expression. Kemble, on the contrary, was tall and stately, his person on a scale suited for the stage, and almost too large for a private apartment, with a countenance like the finest models of the antique, and motions and manners corresponding to the splendid cast of his form and features. Mirth, when he exhibited it, never exceeded a species of gaiety chastened with gravity; his smile seemed always as if it were the rare inhabitant of that noble countenance. There was unquestionably great sweetness of expression in that smile, but it indicated more of benevolence than of gaiety—the momentary stooping of a mind usually strung to a serious mood to the joy which enlivened the meaner natures around him.

Even the habits of life and manners peculiar to these two great performers intimated such a strong difference in their characters as must necessarily have greatly influenced their taste in the art. Garrick was what is called a man of fashion, desirous to maintain his place as such among the great, among whom his talents made him a welcome

associate. But in mixing with them he paid them a sort of homage. He was desirous to procure their notice more than a man of his commanding genius ought perhaps to have been. The situation was a difficult one, and he is represented to have been something too eager to show off and entertain the company, as one who had some tax to pay for being where he was when in the society of men of rank and eminence. It is, to be sure, an ungracious behaviour on the part of what is technically called a *lion*, to refuse gruffly to show his jaws and extend his talons when he chooses to enter into mixed company.

> "For if he should *as lion* come in strife
> Into such place 'twere pity on his life."

But this is a failing of a very different order from that over-eager love of gaining interest, which will court the attention of the foot-boy, if it cannot fix that of the master.

Of all men, John Kemble, though not destitute of his share of vanity, was most averse from this peculiar mode of drawing attention: his nature revolted from courting display and obsequiously condescending to be what has been vulgarly called the fiddle of the company. He took a ready and agreeable part in the general conversation. And when it turned naturally upon his own art, he always showed himself willing to entertain and instruct the company from the funds of experience and study, as well as the original conceptions of his own genius. But he never, in the language of the old dramatists, "came aloft or showed tricks

from Tripoli." He never stooped to be the amusing and exhibiting man of the company. He never even read or recited for the amusement of the circle; and those who desired the pleasure of his society could only obtain it on the condition of his being an equal contributor, and no more, to the social enjoyment of the day. Perhaps he even carried this point of etiquette a little too far. But on these terms he enjoyed the familiar friendship of many of the first families in England.

He was a frequent and favourite guest at Bentley Priory, which was then the resort of the most distinguished part of the fashionable world. Its noble owner, the late Marquis of Abercorn, has been so long with the dead, that to do justice to his character, much misrepresented in some points during his life, can be ascribed to no motive which interest or adulation could suggest. He was a man highly gifted by nature, and whose talents had been improved by sedulous attention to an excellent education. If he had remained a Commoner, it was the opinion of Mr Pitt, that he must have been one of the most distinguished speakers in the Lower House. The House of Lords does not admit of the same display either of oratory or of capacity for public business; but when the Marquis of Abercorn did speak there, the talents which he showed warranted the prophecy of so skilled an augur as Pitt. Those who saw him at a distance accused him of pride and haughtiness. That he had a sufficient feeling of the dignity of his situation, and maintained it with perhaps an unusual

degree of state and expense, may readily be granted. But that expense, however large, was fully supported by an ample fortune wisely administered, and in the management of which the interests of the tenant were always considered as well as those of the landlord. He racked no rents to maintain the expenses of his establishment, nor did he diminish his charities, which were in many cases princely, for the sake of the outward state, the maintenance of which he thought, not unjustly, a duty incumbent on his situation. Above all, the stateliness of which the late Marquis of Abercorn was accused, drew no barrier between the Marquis of Abercorn and those who shared his hospitality. Kemble was a very frequent visitor there, and with the noble landlord, the late Payne Knight, and

> "The travelled Thane,
> Athenian Aberdeen."

and an eminent person, whom graver and more important duties have now withdrawn from the muses, made evenings of modern fashion resemble a Greek symposium for learning and literature. But this has carried us far from the point, and we have but the poor apology that we could not withstand certain feelings which tempted us to the digression. They are few—scattered and distant—who will be affected by the recollections of Bentley Priory. But such still exist, and why may we not steal a paragraph from our immediate subject to gratify their feelings and our own? Kemble lived in the same close intimacy with the successive Earls of

Guildford and the whole of that distinguished family, in which brilliant wit, mingled with the most genuine good-humour and kindness of disposition, and a rational love of literature seem to be hereditary possessions. He was also familiar at Holland House, where the classical translator of Lope de Vega could not fail to appreciate his merit, and he shared the same distinction in many families equally eminent for their rank in society and love of elegant letters.

We return to our comparison between Garrick and Kemble. It follows from what we have before said, that the style of Garrick was impetuous, sudden, striking, and versatile—that with his complete power over the regions of comedy, and tragedy, and farce, he should maintain a sort of ubiquity in the eyes of the public. In the play he could be Hamlet, and perform Fribble in the farce, yet delight the audience equally in both characters. In fact, as we have been assured by a venerable father of literature, most able to judge, and happily, at an advanced period of life, most able both to recollect and discriminate concerning the amusements of his youth, Garrick's versatility, nay, almost universality of talent, was the quality on which his extraordinary popularity chiefly rested. He was like Ariel on board the king's ship.

> "Now on the beak,
> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
> He flamed amazement."

The peculiar talents of Kemble confined him within a much more limited range, although it was

soon ascertained that this was capable of being extended far more than the critics had at first been able to anticipate. Kemble's noble person and graceful demeanour was totally inconsistent with the ludicrous, and almost with the comic. His cast of features was decidedly heroic, and when the best disguise was put on them, he must have looked like Alfred playing the Clown, or the elder Brutus in his assumed state of idiotcy. The very voices of these great actors were totally different; that of Garrick was full, melodious, commanding, and he might exert it with unsparing profusion. Kemble's, though perfectly distinct and impressive, was early affected by an asthmatic tendency, which rendered it necessary for him to husband his efforts, and reserve them for those bursts of passion to which he gave such sublime effect.

But, besides this limitation, arising from taste, temper, figure, and organic conformation, the schools, if they may be called so, of Garrick and Kemble were founded upon different principles. We had almost said they were the schools of nature and of art—but, luckily, we suppressed a phrase which, like the whistle of a captain of marksmen, might have raised from thicket and ravine a swarm of controversial sharpshooters like wasps about our ears. Let us then vary the phrase, and say, that Garrick made his impression from his skill in seizing and expressing with force and precision the first and most obvious view of his part; and that Kemble, more learned and more laborious, studied earnestly and long ere he could fix his own ideas

of the true meaning of doubtful passages, often illustrated them by what is called a new reading, and was careful to express that he did so by the punctilious accuracy of the corresponding action and enunciation. Indeed Kemble, a profound scholar in his art, was metaphysically curious in expressing each line of his part with the exactly appropriate accent and manner. Sometimes this high degree of study threw a degree of over-precision into the part, and in the effort to analyze the sentiment, by giving a peculiar emphasis to every word of the sentence, the actor lost the effect which to be vehement should be instant and undivided. Sometimes, also, it happened that, in order to complete the details upon which he had determined, Kemble permitted the action to hang too long suspended, so that one well accustomed to his manner anticipated the effort which he was about to make, by observing something of preparation, which was like the warning, as it is called, given by some time-pieces that they are about to strike the hour. There was also visible in Kemble's manner, at times, a sacrifice of energy of action to grace. We remember this observation being made by Mrs Siddons herself, who admired her brother in general as much as she loved him. Nor shall we easily forget the mode in which she illustrated her meaning. She arose and placed herself in the attitude of one of the old Egyptian statues; the knees joined together, and the feet turned a little inwards. She placed her elbows close to her sides, folded her hands, and held them

upright, with the palms pressed to each other. Having made us observe that she had assumed one of the most constrained, and, therefore, most ungraceful positions possible, she proceeded to recite the curse of King Lear on his undutiful offspring in a manner which made hair rise and flesh creep, and then called on us to remark the additional effect which was gained by the concentrated energy which the unusual and ungraceful posture in itself implied.

Such imperfections as arise from over-study—and these showed themselves but occasionally, and never offensively—were the only faults we could discern in this great actor, and they were amply compensated by the justice of his conception, the precision of his taste, the patience of his investigation, which left no point unconsidered, the firmness of his disposition, which would never be drawn from any point in which he considered himself as perfectly right.

Garrick, never timid but on the stage, would readily concede any point of taste to the audience, and illustrated, in its fullest extent, the maxim of the poet:—

> "The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
> For those who live to please, must please to live."

Kemble, on the contrary, felt much more for the honour of his profession and the truth of the dramatic art, than for his own profit or quiet, and would have died on the breach rather than yield to the authority of the public in a point where he justly conceived himself a much better judge than

they. Perhaps he carried this to extremity when he insisted on pronouncing *aches* as a two-syllable word in the speech of Prospero.

> "For this be sure to night thou shalt have achés."

Unquestionably the word was so pronounced in Queen Elizabeth's time. But then it was scarce worth quarrelling about so small a matter with the audience, and it would have been more prudent, perhaps, to have suffered the *aitches* to have quietly undergone the same transmutation into modern sound, as has befallen doubtless a hundred words in the language. We cannot, if we would, bring back the pronunciation of the Elizabethan age, and why should not this modern abridgement of a single syllable pass current with other alterations? But Kemble was too proud of his art to sacrifice even a grain of incense to unjust criticism. He was ready to hazard every thing in defence of the right reading of a word in Shakspeare. Night after night he menaced Caliban with *aitches*, and night after night was for so doing assailed by a party in the pit with a ferocity worthy of Caliban himself. One evening he felt himself, from indisposition, unwilling to sustain the usual conflict, and on that occasion evaded a drawn battle by omitting the line entirely. It was curious enough to see how the critics, as he approached the place where they expected to hear the obnoxious line, resembled

> "greyhounds in the slips,
> Straining upon the start;"—

the puzzled countenances which they displayed as

speech after speech was made without the expected game being roused;—and the blank look of disappointment when the close of the scene announced to them how Kemble had, for the evening, eluded their resentment without bending to their authority. This perseverance gained the day, but it was resented as obstinacy by not a few, and served to increase the discontent of the low-minded part of the audience against an actor who presumed to follow his own judgment rather than theirs.

We remember observing a similar instance of Kemble's attention to restore true readings astonishing a provincial audience. It occurred in the lines in Macbeth—

> "Augurs, and understood relations, have
> By *magot-pies*, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
> The secret'st man of blood."

Performers had been in the habit of pronouncing the word *mag-pies*, though the blank verse halted for it. But Kemble resumed the proper pronunciation of *magot-pies*, with an emphasis which made the audience of ——— look around them in astonishment, scarcely trusting their ears, and marvelling how any species of augury could be derived from what they apprehended to be a stale pasty. Luckily they were diffident of their own judgment, and only afforded the new reading their amazement, without presuming to dissent from it.

To return to the dramatic career of Mr Kemble, we can only briefly say, that he speedily attained acknowledged pre-eminence in the tragic scene. There was none, indeed, worthy of being named

as a competitor excepting Henderson, and the excellence of his Falstaff, which we remember as a most wonderful exhibition, made all his other parts relish of sack and sugar. In many parts of which Kemble obtained possession, and which he played admirably, he has, nevertheless, been equalled or excelled. The ancients preferred the Richard of Garrick to that of the new actor, and many of the moderns give a like preference to Kean, particularly in the last two acts. Some obstacles, however, occurred from his own personal qualifications. We have said he could not appear ludicrous, and we must add that, from the noble effect of his countenance and figure, neither could he seem constitutionally villainous: he could never *look* the part of Richard, and it seemed a jest to hear him, whose countenance and person were so eminently fine, descant on his own deformity. He was, perhaps, sensible of this, for he used to argue that Richard III. being of high descent and breeding, ought not to be vulgar in his appearance or coarse in his cruelty. There certainly should prevail a tinge of aristocracy about the dramatic Richard, but it ought not to be of a generous or chivalrous character, or, whatever the figure of the historical Richard may have been, that of a handsome prince.

For the same reason Kemble was inferior both to Cooke and to Kean in Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach. That singular character is Richard in ordinary life, an extortioner and oppressor, confident in his art and in his audacity; but

Kemble, when dressed for this part, reminded us of a dignified country gentleman of the ancient school—"an old courtier of the Queen's," rather than a low-born, upstart, purse-proud tyrant, with impudence enough to glory in his base arts of extortion. He might say what ill he would of himself, the audience could not believe him.

In Lear, Kemble must, we think, have been decidedly inferior to Garrick. In Hamlet he was not more than the equal of Garrick, and a most formidable rival arose in his own time in Charles Young. But in Macbeth, Kemble has been as yet unapproachable; nor can we conceive that the bold and effective manner of Garrick, touching on the broad points of the character with a hand however vigorous, could at all compare with Kemble's exquisitely and minutely elaborate delineation of guilty ambition, drawn on from crime to crime, while the avenging furies at once scourge him for former guilt, and urge him to further enormities. We can never forget the rueful horror of his look, which by strong exertion he endeavours to conceal, when on the morning succeeding the murder he receives Lennox and Macduff in the ante-chamber of Duncan. His efforts to appear composed, his endeavours to assume the attitude and appearance of one listening to Lennox's account of the external terrors of the night, while in fact he is expecting the alarm to arise within the royal apartment, formed a most astonishing piece of playing. Kemble's countenance seemed altered by the sense of internal horror, and had a cast of that of Count

Ugolino in the dungeon, as painted by Reynolds. When Macbeth felt himself obliged to turn towards Lennox and reply to what he had been saying, you saw him, like a man awaking from a fit of absence, endeavour to recollect at least the general tenor of what had been said, and it was some time ere he could bring out the general reply, "'Twas a rough night." Those who have had the good fortune to see Kemble and Mrs Siddons in Macbeth and his lady, may be satisfied they have witnessed the highest perfection of the dramatic art. There cannot have been, and we fear never will be, any thing to compare to it. Their King John and Lady Constance are equally beyond imitation, and must be forgotten ere others can obtain any high degree of applause in these characters.

But it was not only in such parts as fell precisely within his line, and which he seemed to hold by birthright, that Kemble delighted the public. There were others, appearing to be beyond his proper territory, which he invaded, nevertheless, and conquered; amongst which was the character of the headlong and hasty Percy,

> "A hare-brained Hotspur, guided by a spleen."

One would have thought, *a priori*, that the grave, studious, contemplative actor, who personated Hamlet to the life, could scarcely have assumed the rapidity and energy, and hurry, and reckless indulgence of his humour, which are among the chief ingredients of Henry Percy's character. But Kemble's profound study of the author enabled him to seize on the distinguishing features of that

great historical portrait. It cannot now be known whether Shakspeare gathered from tradition, or himself conferred on Hotspur the quality of

> "Speaking thick which nature made his blemish."

But Kemble contrived to show how well that hurried and impeded articulation suited the irritability of the character. It was in the speech in which Hotspur loses the key-note of what he desires to say, by forgetting the name of a place—

> "In Richard's time—what do you call the place?—
> A plague upon it—'tis in Gloucestershire—
> 'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept—
> His uncle York."

Through all this confusion of mangled recollections, Kemble chafed and tumbled about his words with the furious impatience of an angry man who has to seek for a pen at the very moment he is about to write a challenge, and is angry at himself and every one else because so petty a want impedes for a moment his thirst of vengeance. Then the delight with which he grasped at the word when suggested—

> "NORTHUMBERLAND. At Berkely Castle.—HOTSPUR. *You say true.*"

The manner in which Kemble spoke these three words, and rushed forward into his abuse of Bolingbroke, like a hunter surmounting the obstacle which had stopped his career, was electrical. It was like a greyhound slipped—like a rocket lighted—like a bolt from a cross-bow. The effect on the audience was singular. There was a general disposition to *encore* so fine a piece of art, as if such an effort

could have been repeated like a song. The cause of this extraordinary mode of applause seems to have been, that there being no feelings excited by the speech, save admiration of the actor's exquisite skill, it seemed as if that had approached to an exhibition of ventriloquism, or some similar turn of address, which could be repeated on demand: whatever might be the cause, the impulse was general.

Henry V. was a favourite character of Kemble; Mr Boaden says,

> "As a *coup de théâtre*, his starting up from prayer at the sound of the trumpet, in the passage where he states his attempted atonement to Richard the Second. formed one of the most spirited excitements that the stage has ever displayed. His occasional reversions to the 'mad wag,' the 'sweet young prince,' had a singular charm, as the condescension of one who could be so terrible."—BOADEN, vol. ii. p. 8.

We agree entirely with what Mr Boaden has here stated. It always struck us that the expression of self-satisfied humour which Kemble threw into his countenance, in anticipation of the expected scuffle which was to take place between Fluellen and Williams, came as far within the confines of a comic part, as nature had designed John Kemble to advance.

On the whole, however, tragedy, and that of the most stately and majestic character, was the line in which our departed friend was formed to excel. He himself entertained a less limited idea of his powers, and conceived that great study and knowledge of dramatic writing and of the human character could qualify a man as well for the sock as

for the buskin. Towards a late period of his life, he displayed this self-confidence in a singular degree. He nourished nothing less ambitious, than an idea of revolutionizing Falstaff by acting the fat knight on a new principle, and he used to enlarge, with all the skilful sophistry his profound acquaintance with the drama could supply, on the points which he would assume differing from those presented by Henderson, to whom, however, he uniformly gave the praise of having presented one of the richest and most glowing portraits which the stage in his time had afforded. At one time, when we were ourselves listening to him on this subject, an incident took place which those who were present can scarcely fail to recollect, and which served to show the strength of Kemble's nerves, and at the same time, the deep and overwhelming interest which he took in professional discussion.

It was at the entertainment annually given by the Royal Academy, on the day before the opening of the exhibition of paintings in Somerset House, on which occasion we need not tell most of our readers invitations are sent by the academicians to all the persons of rank and quality who are supposed to love and encourage the arts, to those who may be considered as the pillars of literature, and as some readers may think, to the caterpillars also, since we, the critics, were honoured with a summons.

The scene, splendid as usual from the beauty and brilliancy of the works of art which hung around us, was rendered venerable by the presence of old

West, in his capacity of president, and he was supported by one of the princes of the blood, and a brilliant array of nobility and quality, intermingled with artists and literary men of eminence. The apartment was illuminated by an immeasurably large and ponderous bronze chandelier, a gift from his present Majesty to the Royal Academy. It exhibited many hundred lamps, and might weigh two or three tons. It had been recently suspended, and this was the first time of its being used. Beneath this huge and splendid chandelier was placed a sort of gigantic dumb-waiter, on which were arranged the quantity of wine-glasses, decanters, water-glasses, and other things of the sort, necessary for the accommodation of so large a company.

We had the good fortune to sit beside our late lamented friend, and were listening to the ingenious distinctions which he was pointing out with great earnestness and precision, between Falstaff as "Sir John to all Europe,"—as one who jested familiarly with John of Gaunt on his breaking Justice Shallow's head for crowding among the marshalmen—as the companion of the Prince of Wales—and the same Falstaff as the gallant of Doll Tearsheet, in all the coarse indulgence of the Boar's Head, where he himself was, as it is usually termed, the Cock of the Company—"the old boar, in short, feeding in the old frank."

While we were listening to this with much edification, a roar was heard behind us like distant thunder—the links of the strong chain which sus-

pended the chandelier were giving way, and became slackened so much, that it gradually sunk and came into collision with the dumb waiter aforesaid, which was crushed to shivers beneath its weight, while all the garnishing of the beaufet, like Alnaschar's stock in trade, was annihilated, with a crashing scream, which might equal that of the dying elephant. If the absolute fall of the chandelier had taken place, it would have tried Chambers's architecture with a vengeance, and beyond a doubt must have penetrated through the floor to the very cellars of the building, carrying with it princes, dukes, painters, poets, musicians, amateurs—and critics. Fortunately the links of the bronze chain, though they slacked, did not snap, but the momentary alarm was considerable. We ourselves, though, as may be supposed from our profession, not peculiarly timid, began to think a retreat by the staircase, though less honourable, might have its advantage over the posthumous fame of being recorded among the distinguished victims, as the papers would doubtless have termed them, "on the late awful occurrence." But after one calm glance over his shoulder, our friend, John Kemble, returned back to Falstaff, and had talked for five minutes about the Boar's Head and the Tilt Yard, before we could recover our composure sufficiently to collect what he was saying, and when he chid us for inattention, Charles XII.'s rebuke to his secretary for interrupting a letter at the explosion of a bomb in the next apartment, could not have been more coolly uttered. His acting Falstaff would have

given a great treat to those who desired to see one of the first of critics exemplifying his conception of one of the most singular parts in the drama. But that John Kemble could have been Sir John in the genuine jolly and jocund sense of the part, is what we can never conceive.

We must cut short our history of Kemble as an actor, by brief mention of those Roman characters, Cato, Brutus, and Coriolanus, by means of which he transported us to the Capitol, so completely had he made the habits, manners, and mode of thinking of the ancients identically his own. They were, indeed, peculiarly suited to his noble and classical form, his dignified and stately gesture, his regulated yet commanding eloquence.

> "Pride in each port, defiance in each eye,
> You saw the Lords of human kind pass by."

To his peculiar art of acting also, the Roman character in its various shades afforded great facilities. There was almost always connected with it an assumed character, which qualified, if it did not master, that which nature had assigned to the individual. The aristocratic pride of Coriolanus, the patriotic ardour and stoical philosophy of Brutus and Cato, form each a shade of adventitious and adopted character, which seems to control the natural feelings of the heart, and hide, or at least colour, what cannot be altogether suppressed. The temperament of Brutus, for example, is naturally warm, as appears in his quarrel with Cassius; naturally affectionate, as is displayed in his scene with Portia. But his stoic mien, arising out of rules

of thought and conduct long since adopted, draws a veil over both feelings; and his affections are subdued, though not hidden, by sufferance enjoined by his philosophy. Other performers might excel Kemble in the full burst of instant and agitating passion to which the person represented is supposed to give the reins upon any direct natural impulse; but we cannot conceive of any one delineating, with any thing approaching to the same felicity, those lofty Romans, feeling and partly exhibiting, yet on the whole conquering the passions of nature by the mental discipline to which they had trained themselves. Those who have seen Kemble as Cato bend over the body of his slain son, and subdue the father to assume the patriot, or have heard him pronounce the few words in Brutus,

"No man bears sorrow better—Portia's dead,"

will at once understand our meaning—to others we almost despair of explaining it. We would further remark, that whatever might in some characters appear tardy, and even stiff in Kemble's mode of acting, was here natural and proper. The pause showed the time which philosophy claimed to obtain her victory over nature; the delay, elsewhere censured, was in these parts not merely appropriate: the suspense itself agonized the audience.

Neither was that slight degree of tardiness, though ridiculed by Sheridan—when, urging Kemble for some novelty, he advised him to play *Ham-*

let with music between the pauses—visible, when, in the opinion of the actor, the scene required instant and precipitate exertion. The mode in which he rushed on the stage in *Coriolanus*, with the half breathless cry, "Am I too late?" is an illustration of what we mean, as well as many similar exertions in Coleman's striking piece of the *Mountaineers*, and in the grand pantomime of *Rolla*. He was, indeed, not only a noble figure when moving with the stately grace which he usually maintained, but equally striking when engaged in violent action. When he condescended —we must give it that term—to play the part of Percy in the *Castle Spectre*, he used, in the scene where Percy drops back on the couch, just as when rising to make his spring from the window, to discover all the address and activity of the most able pantomimist. The same command of muscle and limb was far more strikingly exemplified when the Volscian assassins approaching him from behind in the very midst of the triumphant vaunt of his repeated victories over their countrymen, seemed to pass their swords through the body of Coriolanus. There was no precaution, no support; in the midst of the exclamation against Tullus Aufidius, he dropped as dead and as flat on the stage as if the swords had really met within his body. We have repeatedly heard screams from the female part of the audience when he presented this scene, which had the most striking resemblance to actual and instant death we ever witnessed, and saved all that rolling, gasping, and groaning, which generally

takes place in our theatres, to the scandal of all foreigners, until at length a stout fellow, exhausted by his apparent efforts and agonies, lies on his back, puffing like a grampus, and is to be received as a heroic corpse.

We must leave John Kemble as a player to consider him in the light of a manager, for the improved taste which he introduced into the drama in that capacity will benefit the admirers of the theatrical art in future times as much as his personal exertions delighted his contemporaries. In 1788--89 King resigned what was called the management of Drury Lane Theatre. Honest Tom—who can remember his Benedick and Lord Ogleby without pleasure—though the last has had an excellent substitute? Tom loved gambling, and fell of course among thieves, who were rather proud of their trade, as witness the following anecdote:—

"After playing all night with a sharper, at a fashionable club, and losing every thing, King discovered that he had been bubbled, and hinted his suspicions to his antagonist; who coolly said to him, 'I *always* play with marked cards, why don't you?'"—Boaden, vol. ii. p. 28.

King seems to have been scarcely used better by his employers, the proprietors, than by his friends the Greeks. He had the name and responsibility of stage-manager, but without power to receive or reject a piece, engage or discharge a performer, command a coat to be cleaned, or add a yard of copper-lace to it, though often needed. Kemble refused to undertake the responsible office without the necessary authority for the management of the

whole dramatic business. This was promised, and in some degree granted; but it was Sheridan who was the promiser; and though, being then chiefly involved in politics, he was obliged to leave Kemble much greater latitude than he did King, he contrived to give him, from time to time, as much annoyance as a man rigidly true to his engagements could receive from one whose extraordinary talents were blended with so much negligence and inconsistency. Sheridan's command over Kemble, founded on the respect due to his talents, and the art with which he flattered and conciliated after offending, disappointing, and breaking faith with him, was exercised in no creditable manner. Perfectly guileless—devoid—not of spirit, far from it, but of every thing like implacability—Kemble long struggled under the difficulties which attended every management in which Sheridan was concerned. But he pleased himself with the sense that his authority, however interfered with, gave him still the power of doing much for the improvement of dramatic taste.

Before Kemble's time there was no such thing as regular costume observed in our theatres. The actors represented Macbeth and his wife, Belvidera and Jaffier, and most other parts, whatever the age or country in which the scene was laid, in the cast-off court dresses of the nobility. Kemble used to say that the modern dresses of the characters in the well-known print of a certain dramatic dagger-scene, made them resemble the butler and housekeeper struggling for the carving-knife. Some few

characters, by a sort of prescriptive theatrical right, always retained the costume of their times—Falstaff, for example, and Richard III. But such exceptions only rendered the general appearance of the actors more anomalous. We have seen *Jane Shore* acted, with Richard in the old English cloak, Lord Hastings in a full court dress with his white rod like a lord chamberlain of the last reign, and Jane Shore and Alicia in stays and hoops. We have seen Miss Young act Zara incased in whalebone, to an Osman dressed properly enough as a Turk, while Nerestan, a Christian knight in the time of the Crusades, strutted in the white uniform of the old French guards. These incongruities were perhaps owing to the court of Charles II. adopting, after the Restoration, the French regulation, that players being considered as in the presence of their sovereign, should wear the dress of the court drawingroom, while in certain parts the old English custom was still retained, which preserved some attempt at dressing in character. Kemble reformed all these anachronisms, and prosecuted with great earnestness a plan of reforming the wardrobe of the stage, collecting with indefatigable diligence from illuminated manuscripts, ancient pictures, and other satisfactory authorities, whatever could be gleaned of ancient costume worthy of being adopted on the theatre. Rigid and pedantic adherence to the dresses of every age was not possible or to be wished for. In the time when Lear is supposed to have lived, the British were probably painted and tattooed, and, to be perfectly accurate,

Edgar ought to have stripped his shoulders bare before he assumed the character of poor Tom. Hamlet, too, if the Amlethus of Saxo Grammaticus, should have worn a bear skin instead of his inky suit; and whatever Macbeth's garb should have been, of course a philabeg could have formed no part thereof. But as the poet, carrying back his scene into remote days, retains still to a certain extent the manners and sentiments of his own period, so it is sufficient for the purpose of costume if every thing be avoided which can recall modern associations, and as much of the antique be assumed as will at once harmonize with the purpose of the exhibition and in so far awaken recollections of the days of yore as to give an air of truth to the scene. Every theatrical reader must recollect the additional force which Macklin gave to the Jew at his first appearance in that character, when he came on the stage dressed with his red hat, peaked beard, and loose black gown, a dress which excited Pope's curiosity, who desired to know in particular why he wore a red hat. Macklin replied modestly, because he had read that the Jews in Venice were obliged to wear hats of that colour. "And pray, Mr Macklin," said Pope, "do players in general take such pains?"—"I do not know, sir," replied Macklin, "that they do, but as I had staked my reputation on the character, I was determined to spare no trouble in getting at the best information." Pope expressed himself much pleased.

During his whole life Kemble was intent on improving, by all means which occurred, the accuracy

of the dresses which he wore while in character. Macbeth was one of the first plays in which the better system of costume was adopted, and he wore the Highland dress, as old Macklin had done before him. Many years afterwards he was delighted when, with our own critical hands, which have plucked many a plume besides, we divested his bonnet of sundry huge bunches of black feathers which made it look like an undertaker's cushion, and replaced them with the single broad quill feather of an eagle sloping across his noble brow; he told us afterwards that the change was worth to him three distinct rounds of applause as he came forwards in this improved and more genuine head-gear.

With the subject of dress, modes of disposing and managing the scenes are naturally connected: and here, also, Kemble, jealous of the dignity of his art, called in the assistance of able artists, and improved in a most wonderful degree the appearance of the stage and the general effect of the piece in representation. Yet, in our opinion, the Muse of Painting should be on the stage the handmaid not the rival of her sisters of the drama. Each art should retain its due predominance within its own proper region. Let the scenery be as well painted, and made as impressive as a moderate sized stage will afford: but when the roof is raised to give the scene-painter room to pile Pelion upon Ossa; when the stage is widened that his forests may be extended, or deepened that his oceans may flow in space apparently interminable, the manager

who commands these decorations is leaving his proper duty, and altering entirely the purpose of the stage. Mean time, as the dresses ought to be suited to the time and country, the landscape and architecture should be equally coherent. Means may, besides, be discovered from time to time tending to render the scenic deception more effective, and the introduction of such must be advantageous, provided always that this part of theatrical business be kept in due subordination to that which is strictly dramatic.

Processions and decorations belong to the same province as scenes and dresses, and should be heedfully attended to, but at the same time kept under, that they may relieve the action of the scene, instead of shouldering aside the dramatic interest. Kemble carried his love of splendour rather to the extreme, though what he introduced was generally tasteful and splendid. He sacrificed perhaps his own opinion to the humour of the audience, and to the tempting facilities which the size of the modern theatres afford for what is called spectacle.

Macbeth was, as has been hinted, one of the first of the old stock plays which he brought forward in this splendid manner, and in many respects it was admirably suited for such a purpose. The distant approach of Macbeth's army, as well as the apparitions of the cavern, were very well managed. By causing the descendants of the murdered thane to pass behind a screen of black crape, he diminished their corporeal appearance, and emulated the noble lines of Collins:—

"From thence he sung how, mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted and aghast,
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant passed."

Things occurred, however, even in this fine spectacle, which show that matters of show and pageantry have their own peculiar risks. At first Kemble had introduced four bands of children, who rushed on the stage at the invocation of the witches, to represent the

"Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey."

There was perhaps little taste in rendering these aërial beings visible to the bodily eye, especially when the same manager had made an attempt to banish even the spectre of Banquo. But he was obliged to discard his imps for an especial reason. Mr Kelly informs us, that, egged on, and encouraged by one of their number, a black-eyed urchin, ycleped *Edmund Kean*, they made such confusion on the stage that Kemble was fain to dismiss them to the elements. Another failure we ourselves witnessed — a whimsical failure — in this piece, which we may mention as a warning to those managers who put too much faith in such mechanical aids. It occurred when the armed head ought to have arisen, but when, though the trap-door gaped, no apparition arose. The galleries began to hiss; whereupon the scene-shifters in the cellarage, redoubling their exertions, and overcoming, perforce, the obstinacy of the screw which was to raise the trap, fairly, out of too great and urgent

zeal, overdid their business, and produced before the audience, at full length, the apparition of a stout man, his head and shoulders arrayed in antique helmet and plate, while the rest of his person was humbly attired after the manner of a fifth-rate performer of these degenerate days,—that is to say, in a dimity waistcoat, nankeen breeches, and a very dirty pair of cotton stockings. To complete the absurdity, the poor man had been so hastily promoted that he could not keep his feet, but prostrated himself on his nose before the audience, to whom he was so unexpectedly introduced.

The effect of this accident was not recovered during the whole evening, though the play was performed with transcendant ability.

Kemble, though, from a natural turn for magnificence, he was somewhat too apt to indulge this love of show, often contrived to cater at the same time for those who admired in preference the legitimate scenes of the drama. *Henry VIII.* was produced chiefly on account of the processions; but who would not forgive any motive which could contribute to bring forward such complete personifications as Mrs Siddons and her brother presented in Cardinal Wolsey and Queen Catherine? The trial scene and dying scene of the immortal actress were among the most splendid displays of her unrivalled excellence, and for Kemble's Wolsey, it was reality itself; you saw the full-blown dignity of the ambitious statesman sink at once before the regal frown, and you felt at the same moment that

he had received the death wound. He seemed to totter and grow less before the eyes of the spectator; you saw that the spear he had leaned upon had pierced his side. Unhappily, although they were thus frequently combined, the taste for show prevailed over that for the legitimate drama. A display of splendour in the one theatre provoked rival magnificence in the other, and the example entailed ruinous expense on both. While Drury and Covent Garden merely contended for the superiority in theatrical talent, their expenses were within limit; but when the outlay was extended to splendour of procession and complication of artillery, there could be no end to the conflict but ruin; and all that is gained by such extravagance is to pervert the taste of the public. The burning of towers, and charging with cavalry, and the introduction of elephants, lions, and other inhabitants of the menagerie ought to be confined to pantomime. We have heard that, in Schiller's *Robbers*, as acted on a certain German stage, the hero rushed in at the head of thirty horse; but we would only ask how an actor so situated is to be seen or heard? Let any one observe how difficult it is to distinguish the captain when at the head of a real troop of dragoons, and he will see at once how completely the presence of numbers destroys the idea of that personal importance which is so necessary to the effect of an actor. What then is to be done when an army or any other large assembly must be addressed? The common resource is to draw up half a dozen men along the flat scene, who stand

there with pale countenances, as stiff as upon the parade, till the speech is finished, and then—right about—forward—and off they stalk as if to relieve guard. We have been tempted to think something better than this might be contrived. Suppose two or three armed figures were exhibited as seen partially betwixt the side scenes, with lances and banners projecting over their heads, so as to suggest to the imagination of the audience the leaders of columns stationed in readiness to advance, and give some idea of numbers attendant on their chieftain. But it is our business—a mischievous one, if you will—to criticise existing imperfections rather than submit expedients to the critical powers of others.

In the business of the green-room, Kemble, as manager, was gentlemanlike, accurate, and regular, but somewhat strict; for, as he had in his private capacity as actor taken contentedly whichever parts were assigned him, he conceived himself entitled to expect the same compliance with his own arrangements; and, with these, amidst the little contentions and jealousies which must creep into what may be called a band of intellectual gladiators, who contend with each other to win the popular suffrage of crowded audiences, human passions not seldom interfered. We once had a long conversation with him on this subject, in which he complained, that there was not the same classification of performers in England that had been formed on the continent. Our theatres were, said John, like eastern regions, where all must be half-

deified sultans, viziers, and bashaws, or depressed and sullen slaves. In England, the actor who represents Laertes or Horatio is considering himself all the while as a degraded man, because he is not the Hamlet of the evening. In France, on the other hand, there is a race of actors who either never aspire to more than secondary parts, or, if they have any hope of so aspiring, endeavour to recommend themselves by the superior manner in which they discharge the subordinate characters mean while intrusted to them: whereas the English performer too often acts carelessly, and sometimes malignantly neglects to support by due exertion the interest of the scene, with a rival whom he thinks unjustly preferred to himself. Kemble mentioned on this occasion, that, being behind the scenes at the Comédie Française along with Talma, he observed an individual conning his part with great attention, rehearsing it with different tones and actions, and, in short, so sedulous in his rehearsal, that it seemed he had some most important part to perform. Being greatly struck with the actor's assiduity, he enquired what weighty character this hard student was to represent? Talma informed him that he had only to say five words, "Madam, the coach is ready;" and that, notwithstanding the brevity and seeming unimportance of his part, whatever it might be, this man uniformly spent much time in studying and adjusting the action, tone, and manner of delivering himself. In short, the English actor thinks himself positively sunk and injured when obliged to perform a part

of little consequence; the Frenchman, with happier vanity, considers that he may exalt any part by *his* mode of playing it, and obtain at least such share of applause as may show that he too is a painter, though exercising his powers for the nonce on a limited scale. It is needless to say which system gives most effect to the scene: for, if it may be questioned whether the French or English stage has afforded the greatest actors taken individually, there can be no doubt that your Parisian theatre presents a company so completely drilled to work together, each doing his best to support the rest, that the whole entertainment is more illusive, and more captivating, than if one or two stars, as they are called, had shown themselves amidst a general darkness of ignorance, carelessness, and ill-humour. There is also this convenience in the French mode—*concordiâ res parvæ crescunt*—by uniform and habitual co-operation, a company of even ordinary powers may at any time make a better amusement out of a well-cast comedy suited to their different talents, than when a single part is performed with excellence, and the rest *walked through* or hurried over.

But Kemble's anxiety as a manager made him sometimes too busy; he was apt to be drilling the performers even during the time of the performance; a mode of mixing the duties of actor and manager which ought never to be suffered, as it checks the spirit of the superior performer's own part, while it sadly deranges the inexperienced actor, terrifies the modest, and doubly confuses

the dull or negligent. Who can forget how Mrs Siddons in her noviciate was appalled, almost annihilated, by the *aside* frown of Garrick? We ourselves remember to have seen a very pleasing looking young person much disturbed by Kemble's directions about lifting and lowering the sword in the scene betwixt the princess Anne and Richard.

Mr Kemble, in the winter season of 1784–5, was superseded in his temporary character of manager by King's return to that situation. But in 1788–9, the veteran finally retreated from the office, and from that time Kemble remained manager of Drury Lane until 1796, when the irregularity with which the proprietors managed their pecuniary matters, and their frequent interference with his authority, induced him to resign the situation. He again returned to the thankless office in 1800–1, with some intention of obtaining a secure hold by purchasing one fourth part of the whole concern. This plan failed; and in 1802, Kemble finally retired from Drury Lane, and made a purchase of a fourth share of the Covent Garden patent. He was now not only a manager, but a large proprietor, a speculation which, producing some difficulties, afterwards interfered with the quiet of his declining years. As stated by Mr Boaden, it may be wondered why, with no expensive habits, with professional emoluments to the amount of about L.3000 a-year, and with a considerable sum of money saved, without which he could not have made the purchase, this amiable and good-tempered man should have involved his

whole fortune in a property which he knew to be so very precarious that he himself always talked of it as a lottery, and confined himself for life to the duty of management which he had often felt to be accompanied by intolerable grievances. But John Kemble was a sworn votary to the drama; and though he certainly did bow the knee to Baal in becoming an encourager of the inordinate rage for spectacle, which at once impoverished the concern and debauched the public taste, he laboured hard, on the other hand, to bring forward ancient pieces which he thought might be revived with renewed interest. He had undoubtedly the laudable wish to raise as high as possible the art to which, as much from the excellence of his personal, as of his professional character, he was an honour. Kemble may be, therefore, considered as having, with his eyes open, made a sacrifice of fortune, of peace of mind, and of the bodily ease which frequent fits of the gout rendered desirable, in order to sustain the honour of his art.

The discomfort to which he was exposed never fretted his temper; and not even the gout itself, mistress of men's purposes and their actions too in most cases, could conquer his strong resolution to do his duty towards the public. He used to take the somewhat hazardous medicine *l'eau médicinale d'Husson* without hesitation, so as to enable him to perform the very day after his malady had made its most severe attacks. It could not but happen that he was sometimes less equal to his part than at others, and such an occasional failure led to a

painful dispute, which for some time created a breach between him and his friend George Colman the Younger. We mention the subject, not with the purpose of raking up the recollections which both parties had buried, but because Mr Boaden is a little mistaken in some of the particulars. When Mr Colman brought forward his play of the *Iron Chest*, founded on the masterpiece of Godwin's genius, *Caleb Williams*, he put into the mouth of one of the characters a description of the antiquarian humours of Mortimer, the Falkland of the play, which part was to be performed by Kemble:

"Philip is all deep reading, and black letter;
He shows it in his very chin. He speaks
Mere dictionary; and he pores on pages
That give plain men the head-ache. 'Scarce and curious'
Are baits his learning nibbles at. His brain
Is crammed with mouldy volumes, cramp and useless,
Like a librarian's lumber-room."

Kemble conceived that these lines were unnecessarily introduced, as throwing ridicule on his antiquarian lore; and Colman, upon his remonstrance, changed the name of Sir Philip to Sir *Edward* Mortimer, as it now stands. But the smartest wag that ever broke a pun should beware of exercising his wit upon his physician, his lawyer, or the actor who is to perform in his play. Kemble, unwell and out of humour, acted negligently a part which requires violent exertion. The irritated dramatist published the play with an angry preface, and the actor responded. But a quarrel betwixt the author of *Octavian* and John Kemble was too unnatural; they became sensible they had both been

wrong, and were reconciled, and the preface was so effectually cancelled, that the price of a copy in which it remains, astounds the novice when it occurs in the sale room.

Of Mr Kemble as a manager, we have only further to say, that equally unsparing of his labour, and regardless of the ill-will which he excited among those who suffered by his economy, he carried retrenchment and good order into every department of the theatre.

The good public in the mean time, though returning ever and anon to Shakspeare and common sense, were guilty of two or three grand absurdities, such as became the worthy descendants of those whose fathers crowded the Haymarket Theatre, to see a man get into a quart-bottle,[1] and these were among the most powerful causes that tended to obstruct the effect of Mr Kemble's exertions to restore the reign of good taste in dramatic matters.

Vortigern, a play ascribed to Shakspeare, gave rise to one of these hallucinations of popular absurdity. An impudent youth of eighteen, desirous of imitating Chatterton, it may be supposed, but without possessing any of his powers, told his father a story of having recovered certain extremely curious documents belonging to Shakspeare, presented to him, as he said, by a benevolent old gentleman,

[1] It may be now spoken out, that the contriver of this notable *hoax* was the Duke of Montagu, eccentric in his humour as well as in his benevolence. The person who appeared was a poor Scotchman, who had some office about the India House.

who had them by inheritance, but would not permit himself to be referred to or quoted in the affair. The elder Mr Ireland, believing, or pretending to believe, this improbable fiction, put the tale into circulation, and like a commercial note, it received indorsations as it passed from hand to hand, which strengthened its credit. The pleasure of being cheated was never more completely indulged. Without any minute enquiry after the old gentleman who had been the possessor of these documents; without reflecting with distrust upon the extravagance of the liberality which could confer such literary treasures on a mere boy, and enjoin at the same time that the donor's person should be concealed; without examination of the paper of the manuscript, which, torn as it was out of the blank leaves of old account books, bore different and recent water-marks—of itself, the very miscellaneous nature of the Shakspeare relics ought to have made thinking men pause.

For this was no affair of a few scraps;—a perfect storehouse of the most curious and interesting articles was announced—letters—locks of hair—rings—portraits—books—billets-doux—and above all, plays. To render the deception more gross, Ireland introduced a namesake of his own as a contemporary and friend of Shakspeare, and, we think, assigned to him the merit of saving the bard from the risk of drowning in the Avon. People visited the manuscript, which was shown with the same guarded precaution that priests use when they exhibit an idol; and, as they came to be de-

ceived, the visitors took care not to return without their errand.

Kemble, warned perhaps by Mr Malone, escaped the contagious credulity of the time; and though he brought *Vortigern* on the stage, and acted as the principal character, he was never duped by the figment of the young forger. The dialogue was not calculated to impose upon the ear as the manuscript had bewildered the eye. The piece was most effectually damned, and its fate excited a strong prejudice against Kemble among the numerous body of literati, who had become ridiculous by their faith in the fiction, as if he had not done the part of Vortigern that justice which was his duty. Every one who had the most distant connexion with this ridiculous business seemed destined to come to shame: Malone himself, though he penned a detection of the imposture, was, in the midst of his triumph, exposed, in his turn, by George Chalmers, who, even after Ireland confessed his fraud, wrote an apology for the believers in the manuscript, showing to demonstration, that the reasoning of Malone was false in itself, though brought to establish what was now become undeniable truth. Even John Kemble, passive as he was in the affair, continued long to suffer from that ill-will which ascribed to him the ridicule by which the believers in those forgeries had been overwhelmed. Nor must we forget the numerous class of projectors, who had schemed to connect their own private emolument with the furtherance of the deception. These were, years afterwards,

to be found among the personal enemies of Kemble.

Another notable instance of popular humour was evinced soon after, viz. the violent fever-fit of admiration which the public exhibited for the young Roscius, Master Betty, a child certainly of precocious parts, remarkable for his speech and action, together with his happy mimicry, for it could at his age be nothing else, of the language of passions which he had never felt. It was certainly very fair playing, and, in the circumstances, wonderful; the graceful demeanour and nonchalance of the almost infantine performer were particularly so. But it was a deception; and Siddons and Kemble were neglected, whilst the youthful prodigy trode the stage in triumph, and afforded the most rapturous gratification to such audiences as had it in their power to enjoy the united efforts of the finest actor and actress in the world. Some ill-humour was manifested, if we rightly recollect, by a part of the public, because Mrs Siddons felt her own dignity, and did not choose to act with this tender juvenile for her lover or husband. This temporary fit of dotage of John Bull was attended with feelings of dislike as well as neglect to his ancient servant Kemble: for, when under the influence of an absurd planet, John is too apt to look with an evil eye upon all who do not bow down to worship the god of his immediate idolatry.

This determined dream of folly included a sort of prospective hope on the part of the admiring audience, that their treasure would increase in

value as his powers, already so astonishing in boyhood, should ripen to maturity. But early blossoms seldom do so; and it was seen in the second season, that, as the wonderful circumstance of his youth diminished, Master Betty's attractions became less. He was prudent, or rather his friends were; and as he had amassed, in an incredibly short space, a handsome fortune, they withdrew him from the scene. He appeared again many years afterwards, and showed respectable, but far from striking, powers.

The next great incident in Kemble's history was occasioned by a deplorable event, or rather one out of a course of events of the same nature which succeeded each other rapidly; we mean the sequence of fires, by which the Pantheon, Opera House, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane theatres were burnt down. The wonderful coincidence of time and circumstance in these fatal accidents made persons imagine that some incendiary had, in a fit of zeal of a truly flaming character, undertaken the destruction of what he might consider as the resorts of profanity. But any one who has been behind the scenes of a theatre, and has seen how many lights are burning in the neighbourhood of scenery, and other articles of a character peculiarly combustible,—has been witness, at the same time, to the explosion of guns and fire-works, scattering risk in every direction,—and has observed how the shifting of scenes and alteration of lights are perpetually threatening to bring them into contact,—will wonder that so few rather than that so many accidents of

the kind in reality take place. There is, also, to be considered, the total want of party walls, and that ample room and scope afforded to the action of the flames renders fire a more dangerous, as well as a more probable, event in a theatre than any where else—unless it be aboard ship. The same resource against this imminent peril exists in both cases:—namely, the great number of men who are perpetually moving about, both behind the scenes and in a vessel. Numerous accidents occur weekly, nay daily, in both, which, where there were fewer eyes to observe, and fewer ready hands to assist, would produce the most fatal accidents. It is, we think, Captain Brazen, in the *Recruiting Officer*, who hesitates whether he shall lay out the fortune of his wife in the speculation of a theatre or a privateer. In some respects there is the same disadvantage attending either plan—at an insurance office they must both be ranked double dangerous.

But the destruction of Covent Garden theatre was attended with one consequence which we must always regard as detrimental, in the highest degree, to the theatrical art. The house was rebuilt on a plan too ample for its legitimate purpose, and far too magnificent for the profits which might naturally be expected from it.

The proprietors of Drury had led the way in this great and leading error when they reconstructed that theatre and stage on which Garrick and his contemporaries had exhibited their astonishing talents. We remember the old playhouse, and cannot but regret that the plan had not been, in

point of extent at least, exactly followed. All the nicer touches of fine acting—the smile, however suppressed—the glance of passion which escaped from the actor's eye and indicated the internal emotion which he appeared desirous to suppress—the whisper which was heard distinctly through the whole circle of the attentive audience—are all lost or wasted in the huge halls which have since arisen. The finest art of the performer—that of modulating features, tones, and action to the natural expression of human passion, is now lost. Extravagant gestures must be used; excess of rant must be committed by the best actors in their finest parts; and even their violence of voice and gesticulation can hardly make them intelligible to the immense circle in front.

Nor do we conceive this enlargement of the theatres to be more favourable to the interest of the proprietors than to the advantage of the art. A crowded house ought to be a frequent occurrence for the purpose of keeping up the appetite of the public, who are stimulated on such occasions by the desire of sharing a delight not to be purchased without some difficulty. But in these immense Dom-daniels difficulty of access can but rarely exist:—cold and cheerless vacuity is much more frequently the effect, even when the number which can be calculated upon as regular play-going people are dispersed through their immense spaces. Men are never stimulated to go thither from the fear that a neglected opportunity may not return. What can be done at any time is seldom or never

done, and the appearance of huge half-empty amphitheatres must suggest to every one who visits them the chilling idea of an amusement which has little attraction. Besides, the dead and unproductive expense laid out upon ornamental architecture and accommodation which is seldom wanted, loads the property and diminishes the productive capital which ought to be employed in the salaries of the actors and other legitimate expenses of the house.

It is also too true that the size of the theatres has greatly tended to increase the charge justly brought against them in some respects as injurious to public morals. Upon the stage the entertainment presented to the public is of a character far more pure and correct in point of morality than was formerly the case. Those by whom it is represented are generally decorous and often exemplary in their private conduct: many mingle with and are well received in the best society; and the personal characters of respectable performers of this day, may be most advantageously opposed to those of the Cibbers and Oldfields of former times, who only made their way into that species of company where profligacy is welcome, when accompanied by wit and the power of giving entertainment.

But what has been gained in point of decorum on the stage, has, we grieve to say, been lost among the audience. In an immense house where the business of the play can only occupy that part of the company who are near the stage, its proprietors are tempted to admit, nay, encourage, the

attendance of those who come thither for amusement of a less harmless nature. Saloons have been introduced, which are used for little other purpose than that of assignation: and the most abandoned class of females are so dispersed throughout the theatre, and practise their profession with so little appearance of control, that much arrangement is necessary on the part of those who wish to make the female part of their family partakers of a rational and moral amusement, to place them out of the reach of hearing and seeing what must be unfit for their eyes and ears. It may be answered, and with some truth, that in a corrupted metropolis the presence of such company as we allude to is in some degree unavoidable. But, in small theatres, the decent and well-mannered bear a much larger proportion to the less accurate part of the audience, and the delinquents, out-numbered and abashed, are compelled to behave at least with decency, and assume an appearance of the virtue which they have not. By limiting the profuse expense in useless external magnificence, the proprietors would also lose the temptation to encourage this part of their audience, and would not need to plead the pitiable excuse,

> "Our poverty and not our will consents."

Whoever has seen the interior of a Parisian theatre will, and must admit, that they manage these things better in France.

But the Drury Lane proprietors having set the example of increasing the extent of their theatre,

those of Covent Garden would not be left behind, and theirs also rose in a still more expanded and expensive scale. They were stimulated by emulation, and like two rival country squires who stand against each other for an election, went on without regard to their own interest, straining every nerve to out-show each other in prodigality of space and magnificence of architecture. Mr Boaden has some sensible remarks on this subject, and compares them, in the extent of their preparations, to fishermen, who thought they could not fail to ensure the miraculous draught of fishes, if they made but their net large enough to hold them.

It is not impossible that Mr Kemble's classical taste, and the high sense which he entertained of the dignity of his art, induced him to give his assent too readily to those schemes of magnificence, which were favoured by his colleagues as the surest road to profit. The former was soon convinced of his mistake, beholding that he had only afforded an opportunity for the further predominance of sound and show over the real drama. But the others, who supposed that, in consideration of the additional expenditure, the public would submit to a small increase of entrance-money, were doomed to experience more direct disappointment and mortification. Of these, however, the chief burden fell in the first instance upon Kemble himself, though not more accessary than the other proprietors to the original proposal, and not at all guilty of some imprudent steps that had been taken in its support.

A blackguard transaction ought to have its name from the dictionary of the vulgar tongue, and the continued riot raised about the increase of entrance-money, which had remained the same for one hundred years, while all the expenses attending a theatre were increased in a tenfold proportion, became the ground of the *O. P. row*, as was called a continued riot which lasted sixty-six nights. A large proportion of the most idle and unthinking of the audience, lads who escaped from their counters and desks at the hour of half-price, were joined with and instigated by others whose purposes were deliberately hostile to the theatre, and personally malignant to poor Kemble—for so we may term him, when his professional duty called him day after day and night after night, to expose himself to the determined brutality of a set of rioters, equally illiberal and implacable, who made him the object of their marked abuse and violence. This disorderly crew had for their nominal leader a gentleman rich in pedigree, but poor enough in understanding to suffer himself to be made the tool of such a mob.

At the same time, it must be admitted, the measures used to quell the rioters in the beginning were of a most improper complexion. Water-engines were brought on the stage as if in readiness to play on the audience, and the highly improper measure of introducing common bruisers and prize-fighters into the pit, as another mode of bullying the company, gave just offence, and drew many

well-meaning auxiliaries to the worser side. Neither of these injudicious devices had Mr Kemble's sanction; he had too much sense and too much taste. But he reaped almost exclusively the harvest of odium which they excited. Not contented with the most violent expressions of hatred and contempt poured on him from the front of the house, and displayed on placards, lest their import should be lost in a din which overpowered the sound of a full band of musicians (who could only be known to play by the motion of their arms and fingers), another vent for this low-bred malignity was found in a subscription list for defending the rioters who might be apprehended and prosecuted. Here every blackguard might, for subscribing sixpence or a shilling, indulge himself by announcing it to be a contribution from an enemy of Black Jack or King John, or whatever impertinent nickname he chose to bestow on an accomplished, simple-hearted, and most honourable man, eminent for his own acquirements as well as for the delight which he had afforded the public. At length the rioters carried their animosity so far as to visit *King John's* house every evening after the close of the play, and alarm the female part of his family with their war-whoop. Kemble, hearing himself vociferously called for, resolved, with the mixture of intrepidity and simplicity which distinguished his character, "to go out," as he said, "and speak to them." The prudence and affection of his brother Charles prevented his doing so, or it is likely that the tempting opportunity afforded

by darkness and confusion, with the exasperated feelings of the assailants, might have brought about some desperate catastrophe.

The termination of this extraordinary riot is well known. The real right of their case, the laws by which they were protected, the nightly exertions of the police, though strengthened in an unusual manner,—all could not protect the proprietors of the theatre against a mob disciplined with the most extraordinary pains, taking wonderful precaution to stop within certain limits, and so well organized, as to exhibit during the space of almost three months no appearance of diminishing in their numbers, or relaxing in their determination. They had leaders of their own, were managed by a secret committee, had their regular O. P. dinners, and O. P. music, which was actually published, their placards, their rattles, their whistles, their bells, their cat-calls, and, above all, their bludgeons. The proprietors were at length compelled to submit to foes so inveterate;—to modify the proposed advance to that of a shilling in the boxes, and sixpence in the pit ticket;—and to renounce, in a great measure, that plan of private boxes which gave some chance of making the theatre once again the resort of the world of fashion. To complete the picture, and show the malignant and revengeful temper in which these wild proceedings were conducted, the rioters insisted that the proprietors of Covent Garden should dismiss Mr Brandon, an old and faithful servant of the house, because, in his capacity of box-keeper, he had made strenuous

exertions to protect the property and assist the rights of his employers. Such a conclusion was worthy of the spirit in which the whole *row* was conducted.

We are of opinion that, though Kemble stood this storm like a man, he also felt it very deeply, and that his favourite art lost some of its attractions when he experienced to what unjust humiliation it subjected him, and that without the possibility of defence or retaliation. He remained, indeed, for two years, making every effort to assist the theatre in its state of depression:—and mighty were those efforts, for it was during that space that he brought back *Julius Cæsar* to the stage, and raised from his ashes the living Brutus. But in 1812, deeming he had done his part, desirous of some repose—and not unwilling, perhaps, to make the public sensible what the theatre might suffer by his absence—he withdrew himself from London for nearly two years. In the same year, and just before his departure, the stage lost its brightest ornament by the retirement of Mrs Siddons.

Mr Kemble's return to the British capital and stage was triumphant. The pit rose to receive him, and the boxes poured laurels upon the stage. He ascended to the very height of popularity, and was acknowledged as, without dispute, the first actor in Britain, probably in the world, until Kean arose to dispute the crown. The youth, activity, and energy of this new performer, the originality of his manner, which was in reality a revival of the school of Garrick, above all, the effects of

novelty, had a great influence on the public mind, although the opinion of the more sound critics remained decidedly partial to that performer who relied for his success on deep and accurate study of the dramatic art, of the poet's words, and of the human mind, rather than vehement and forcible action; which, though it surprises the first or second time it is witnessed, is apt, when repeated, to have the resemblance of stage-trick. Perhaps Mr Kemble's resolution to retire, even while his powers seemed to others in their full vigour, was hastened by the toil which he foresaw it must cost him to maintain at his age—and with health that was fast breaking—a contest with a rival in all the vigour of youth. However this was, Mr Kemble took leave of the audience, 23d June, 1817, after acting, with unabated powers, the character of Coriolanus, which he probably chose, because in that he could neither have rival nor successor.

We add, with regret, that neither his health, nor perhaps his finances, although easy, permitted him with convenience to close his days in his native country. Lamented by numerous friends of the first distinction for character, literature, and rank, John Kemble retreated to Lausanne, and there finally fixed his residence.

He made over his share in the theatre to his brother Charles, and disposed of his dramatic collection (which some public library should have purchased) for L.2000 to the Duke of Devonshire. He died, 26th February, 1823, in the arms of the excellent person to whom he had been united for

many years, spent in domestic happiness. Few men of milder, calmer, gentler disposition, steeled at the same time with a high sense of honour, and the nice-timed feelings of a gentleman, are probably left behind him. Two instances may be selected from the works before us. A wrong-headed actor, having challenged him on account of some supposed injustice, Kemble walked to the field as if to rehearsal, took his post, and received the fire as unmoved as if he had been acting the same on the stage; but refused to return the shot, saying, the gentleman who wished satisfaction had, he supposed, got it—he himself desired none. On another occasion, when defending Miss Phillips against a body of military gentlemen, whose drunkenness rendered their gallant attentions doubly disagreeable, one of them struck at him with his drawn sabre; a maid-servant parried the blow, and Kemble only saying, "well done, Euphrasia," drew his sword, and taking the young lady under his arm, conducted her home in safety.[1] As a moral character, his integrity was unsullied; and the whole tenor of his life was equally honourable to himself and useful to his art. At proper times and in gentlemen's society, he could show himself one of the old social school, who loved a cup of wine without a drop of allaying Tiber; but this was only, as Ben Jonson says, to give spirit to literary conversation: and, indeed, when we have heard Kemble pour forth the treasures of his criti-

[1] Kelly's Reminiscences, vol. ii. p. 148.

cal knowledge over a bottle, we were irresistibly reminded of the author of *Epicene* giving law at the Mermaid or the Apollo.

We have already given our general opinion of Mr Boaden's performance, but have not perhaps done sufficient justice to the accuracy of his narrative, and the liberality and truth of his critical remarks. The style is a little too ambitious—and sometimes so Gibbonian as rather to indicate, than distinctly to relate what happened. But with these imperfections it is a valuable present to the public, and deserves a place in every dramatic library; not only as a respectable and liberal history of the eminent actor whose name the book bears, but as containing much curious information, a little too miscellaneously heaped together, concerning the drama in general.

On one of his incidental topics we must pause for a moment with delighted recollection. We mean the readings of the celebrated Le Texier, who, seated at a desk, and dressed in plain clothes, read French plays with such modulation of voice, and such exquisite point of dialogue, as to form a pleasure different from that of the theatre, but almost as great as we experience in listening to a first-rate actor. We have only to add to a very good account given by Mr Boaden of this extraordinary entertainment, that when it commenced, M. Le Texier read over the *dramatis personæ*, with the little analysis of character usually attached to each name, using the voice and manner with which he afterwards read the part. And so accu-

rately was the key-note given, that he had no need to name afterwards the person who spoke; the stupidest of the audience could not miss to recognise him.

We now approach Michael Kelly, but the play has taken up so much time that we must curtail the afterpiece, and we are sorry for it, because it would be sure to send our readers home in good-humour. All the world knows that Michael Kelly, eminently gifted as a musician, who long, with the assistance of the Storaces and Mrs Crouch, maintained the Italian Opera in London, and contributed his powers to many other musical departments in the drama, had been educated for five years in Italy, and had appeared as a singer at most of the courts on the Continent with good approbation. So that he can tell the reader many a tale of foreign parts, of princes, and archdukes, and emperors, which are well worth listening to. He has his hair-breadth escapes to tell you, and his perils by flood and field. Being born an Irishman, he has some of the reckless humour of his country, with a large share of its good-nature; gets into scrapes, scrambles out of them again, and laughs heartily both at the danger and the escape. The Memoirs, written undoubtedly by a man of far inferior talent, recalled to us nevertheless those of Goldoni; nay, often put us in mind of Gil Blas —not that Mr Kelly has the least of the *picaro*, which in some degree attached to him of Santillane, but that hanging, as it were, between the higher and sometimes highest orders, in whose

behalf he exercised his talents, and a class eminently exposed to variations of society and alternations of fortune, he has seen the world on both sides, and has told the result of his observation with a good deal of light humour. An adventurous little schooner of this kind skirring the coast in search of its own peculiar objects cannot be expected to bring back a ponderous or bulky cargo of wares, consisting of solid efficient value in the mart of literature. No matter—the smart little cruiser is the more likely to collect these light notices of persons and manners in society, which, if they are not grave in themselves, are eminently well calculated to relieve works of a graver description. Not but that Mr Kelly has added things worthy the notice of the historian. There are, in particular, some curious facts concerning the manners of that well-intentioned but misguided speculator in politics, Joseph II., which, had we time, we would willingly pause to introduce.

There is, besides, much concerning music, the science in which Mr Kelly has distinguished himself, which we conceive must be highly interesting to connoisseurs, and which has afforded ourselves entertainment—for which we give the author our hearty thanks—although, like young Pottinger, we can only wave our hats and join our applause to that of others, "obviously without comprehending much of what has been going on." One thing we do comprehend, which is the advice of the distinguished Mozart to our hero himself. It seems that Mr Kelly, whose natural talents and taste had

been greatly improved by five years' residence in Italy, having originally determined on the stage as a profession, became ambitious in his prosecution of musical distinction, and thought of devoting himself to the mysteries of counterpoint. Mozart pointed out to him the disadvantage of engaging in a dry and abstract study, instead of cultivating the powers of melody with which nature had endowed him.

"'Melody is the essence of music,' continued he; 'I compare a good melodist to a fine racer, and counterpointists to hack post-horses: therefore be advised, let *well alone*, and remember the old Italian proverb—Chi sa più, meno sa—Who knows most, knows least.' The opinion of this great man made on me a lasting impression."—KELLY, vol. i. p. 225.

Now we, being no musicians, have always been of the same opinion.

"Mallem convivis quàm placuisse coquis."

It is the proper business of the fine arts to delight the world at large by their popular effect, rather than to puzzle and confound them by depth of learning. For our own part, when we are, in spite of our snuff-box, detected with closed eyes during some piece of erudite and complicated harmony, we are determined not to answer, as heretofore, that we shut our eyes to open our ears with less interruption, but boldly to avow with Jeremy, in *Love for Love*, that though "we have a reasonable ear for a jig, your solos and sonatas give us the spleen." We will quote Mozart's authority to silence all reprehension, and,

"We thank thee, Mike, for teaching us that word."

When Michael Kelly came to England, his musical talent speedily gained him distinction and employment; Mr Boaden gives the following account of his proficiency:

"It often happens in music, that the sweetest organ leads to nothing brilliant, and that truth of tone, and flexibility, and compass, achieve perfection in the art. Something like this was true of Kelly. His voice had amazing power and steadiness; his compass was extraordinary. In vigorous passages he never cheated the ear with the feeble wailings of falsetto, but sprung upon the ascending fifth with a sustaining energy, that often electrified an audience. Some of my readers will remember an instance of this in the air, sung *only* by himself, 'Spirit of my sainted sire,' where the fifth was upon the syllable *saint*. The Conservatore at Naples, in which he passed five years of his youth, gave him all that science could add to an original love for the art; and Apprili, the best master of any age, completed the studies of the young musician. He was soon versed in all the intricacies of the Italian conversation pieces and finales, and acquired the reputation upon the continent of being an excellent tenor."—Boaden, vol. i. pp. 350, 351.

Thus accomplished he easily came to take a distinguished lead in the musical world, and his line connected him in a like degree with the various theatres. True it is that fortune was humorous and did not always smile upon Michael, though he courted her in every possible shape. He gives a very diverting account of his pursuits and the emoluments which attended them, in a dialogue betwixt him and the Commissioners of the income-tax, a set of gentlemen eminent some years since for the interest they took in prying into the concerns of other folks.

Mr Kelly, in the pride of his heart, had reported his income as amounting to L.500 yearly; but the

unreasonable commissioners were not contented, and urged that his various employments must bring him twice or thrice that annual sum. The push and parry are as well maintained as between Tilburina and her father in the *Critic*.

"'Sir,' said I, 'I am free to confess I have erred in my return; hut vanity was the cause, and vanity is the badge of all my tribe. I have returned myself as having L.500 per annum, when, in fact, I have not five hundred pence of certain income.'

"'Pray, sir,' said the commissioner, 'are you not stage-manager of the Opera-house?'

"'Yes, sir,' said I; 'but there is not even a nominal salary attached to that office; I perform its duties to gratify my love of music.'

"'Well, hut, Mr Kelly,' continued my examiner, 'you teach?'

"'I do, sir,' answered I; 'but I have no pupils.'

"'I think,' observed another gentleman, who had not spoken hefore, 'that you are an oratorio and concert singer?'

"'You are quite right,' said I to my new antagonist; 'but I have no engagement.'

"'Well, but at all events,' observed my first inquisitor, 'you have a very good salary at Drury Lane.'

"'A very good one, indeed, sir,' answered I; 'but then it is never paid.'

"'But you have always a fine benefit, sir,' said the other, who seemed to know something of theatricals.

"'Always, sir,' was my reply; 'but the expenses attending it are very great, and whatever profit remains after defraying them, is mortgaged to liquidate debts incurred by building my saloon. The fact is, sir, I am at present very like St George's Hospital, supported by voluntary contributions; and have even less certain income, than I felt sufficiently vain to return.'"—KELLY, vol. ii. pp. 189-191.

Well done, Michael—*a brave, brave et demi*—We see the dismayed commissioners gazing on each other with dejected and embarrassed aspects, while Mike walks out of the room humming the

motivo of some meditated composition—CANTAVIT VACUUS.

To be sure this was being in the case of the conjurer who could devour any quantity of fire, but was unable to procure bread to eat. But it is explained by the connexion of Kelly as a composer with the celebrated Sheridan.

That comet of eccentric genius was Kelly's patron friend, sometimes partner, and often companion; and how could he thrive, in a worldly sense, with such a principal? The senator and statesman was continually bringing the poor composer into scrapes by his utter neglect of economy, and hitching him out again by ingenuity such as none but he possessed. Some of his tricks on Kelly were, however, sufficiently harmless. On one occasion, to adorn some burletta, Kelly had to sing a song, which Sheridan was to introduce by a speech; and the actor requested, as a particular favour, his part might be as short as possible. This jumped with Sheridan's humour, and the speech was accompanied by a stage direction, enjoining Kelly to gaze for a moment at a cottage in the distance, and to proceed thus: "Here stands my Louisa's cottage—and she must be either in it or out of it." The audience were much amused at this sublime and solitary speech.—(Vol. ii. p. 63.)

Some other good jokes passed betwixt the wit and the melodist. When Kelly had a dangerous fall on the stage, Sheridan alleged that he exclaimed: "And if I had been killed now, who was to

maintain me for the rest of my life?" Though he allowed his friend the confusion of ideas commonly imputed to the Green Isle, he would not permit him to possess its dialect: for one night, when Kelly performed an Irish character, Sheridan called to compliment him upon his excellent English. On another occasion Sheridan was to have an audience of the late King, on theatrical business, for which purpose his present Majesty condescended to propose carrying him down at an appointed hour to Windsor. In order that Sheridan might be near Carlton-house, and sure of keeping his appointment at twelve next day, Kelly, retiring to sleep in the country, gave up his own bed in Pall Mall to his patron. But, unluckily, Sheridan detected in Michael's pantry a cold neck of mutton, together with a comfortable reserve of five bottles of port, two of Madeira, and one of brandy, all which he consumed with a brace of jolly companions, and, busied with poor Kelly's good cheer, quite neglected, and indeed incapacitated himself for the purpose for which he had borrowed his lodgings.—Vol. ii. p. 223. A still more severe joke was his subjecting Kelly to be arrested for an upholsterer's bill with which he had no personal concern. But Sheridan on this occasion did his friend ample justice. He not only persuaded the upholsterer to release Kelly, but, to punish the citizen for his unjust and ungenerous arrest, he borrowed two hundred pounds of him.

One more extraordinary anecdote of this singular

compound of genius and carelessness, and we have done.

Pizarro was brought forward as the stay and prop of Drury; all the boxes were bespoke and the scenery prepared; and still Kelly had not been supplied with one word of the songs for which he was to compose music, and the half-distracted composer dunned the bard in vain. Some hope was afforded by a summons at ten o'clock one evening, when Sheridan carried him off from a choice party just at the sweetest hour of the night, but it was only to show him the Temple of the Sun, through the vapours of a large bowl of negus which the bard had planted in the critics' row of the empty pit. At length they got to work, and a curious process it was. "Here," said Sheridan, "I design a procession of the virgins of the sun, with a solemn hymn." Kelly sung a bar or two suitable for the occasion.

"He (Sheridan) then made a sort of rumbling noise with his voice (for he had not the slightest idea of turning a tune), resembling a deep, gruff bow, wow, wow; but though there was not the slightest resemblance of an air in the noise he made, yet so clear were his ideas of effect, that I perfectly understood his meaning, though conveyed through the medium of a bow, wow, wow."—KELLY, vol. ii. pp. 145, 146.

Cora's song Sheridan *did* supply; and Kelly got some song-wright to *do* the rest after the ideas which he had collected from these "bow, wow, wows." By the way, the choral hymn of these same virgins, vol. ii. p. 193, the same which in *Peeping Tom* is set to the words of Pretty Maud,

is erroneously termed by Mr Kelly a Scotch air. It is an English ballad of the reign of George I., on the catastrophe of the celebrated pirate, beginning

> "My name is Captain Kidd,
> When I sail'd, when I sail'd," &c.

At last, while *Pizarro* was in the act of being performed,

> "all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth! Mr Sheridan was up stairs in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piecemeal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies, for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense."—KELLY, vol. ii. pp. 146, 147.

Talk after this of being hunted with printers' devils, with "more copy, sir—the press stands;" pshaw.

There are good anecdotes of many literary characters in this amusing miscellany. Some mistakes there must be: such, for example, is the statement that Mr Lewis, author of the *Monk*, was poisoned by two favourite negroes, to whom he had bequeathed their liberty, and who became impatient for their legacy. That amiable, though odd man, died of sea-sickness as he returned from visiting his estate in the West Indies, where it is most certain he had exerted himself to improve the condition of his slaves. The disease was aggra-

vated by his persisting in a fatal opinion of his own, that taking emetics would remove the nausea.

There is a very diverting account of a party at Mr Cumberland's, near Tunbridge, with Jack Bannister; how the veteran read the *Men of Mirth*, a new play, instead of opening a fresh bottle; how Kelly fell asleep during the reading; and what effect his snoring produced on the sensitive nerves of the poet; with much more to the same purpose.

Mr Kelly's style of story-telling is smart and lively, a little protracted now and then, as will happen to a professed narrator. In point of propriety we have only one stricture to make: the author ought to have spared us his sentimental lamentation over poor Mrs Crouch; it is too much in the line of Kotzebue morality. We never wish to press ourselves into the private intrigues and arrangements of public performers, but the joys or sorrows which attend such connexions must not be blazoned as matters of public sympathy. There is bad taste in doing so. Mr Kelly has told us many good stories, we beg to requite him with one of Northern growth. A young man in the midland counties of Scotland, boorishly educated and home-bred, succeeded in due time to his father's estate, and, as the *lairdship* was considerable, began to be looked on as desirable company in the houses of those prudent matrons who have under their charge one, or more than one,

"Penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree."

One of this class, a lady of considerable rank,

was, in the intervals of a formal entertainment, endeavouring to make the wealthy young cub a little more at ease by the ordinary jokes on his celibacy, and exhortations to take a wife with all speed. The interest which her ladyship seemed to take in the matter induced the sapient youth to explain his ideas of domestic convenience in these emphatic words, drawled out in the broad Angus dialect, without the least sense of impropriety, "Na, my leddy; wives is *fashious* bargains—but I keep a missie." We leave the application to the Signior Kelly.

A variety of persons are mentioned in Kelly's *Memoirs*, whose public exhibitions have given an hour of pleasure to conclude the human day of care, and who, in their private capacity, have enlightened the social circle, and afforded gravity itself a good excuse for being out of bed at midnight. Of these some are still labouring in their old walk; Liston, for example, whose face is a comedy, and whose mere utterance makes a jest out of dulness itself; and Charles Matthews, driven from the public stage to make way for puppets and pageants, and compelled to exert his talents, so extraordinary for versatility and inexhaustible resource, in making his own fortune instead of enriching the patentees.[1] Others enjoy a well-won independence in the quiet shade of retirement. There is Jack Bannister, honest Jack, who in private character, as upon the stage, formed so excellent a representation of the national cha-

[1] [Mr Matthews died in July, 1835.]

racter of Old England—Jack Bannister, whom even foot-pads could not find it in their heart to injure.[1] There he is, with his noble locks, now as remarkable when covered with snow as when their dark honours curled around his manly face, singing to his grand-children the ditties which used to call down the rapture of crowded theatres in thunders of applause. There is the other Jack, too, who discriminated every class and character of his countrymen, with all the shades which distinguish them, from the high-bred Major O'Flaherty[2] down to Loony MacTwolter—he, too, enjoys *otium cum dignitate.* The recollection of past mirth has in it something sorrowful; the friends with whom we have shared it are gone; and those who promoted the social glee must feel their powers of enlivening decrease as we feel ours become less susceptible of excitement. Others there are mentioned in these pages whom "our dim eyes seek in vain;" their part has been played; the awful curtain has dropped on them for ever.

[1] This distinguished performer and best of good fellows was actually stopped one evening by two foot-pads, who recognising in his person the general favourite of the English audience, begged his pardon and wished him good-night. Horace's wolf was a joke to this.

[2] [See *Note, ante,* vol. iii. p. 200.]

ARTICLE XII

DAVY'S SALMONIA.

[*This article on* "SALMONIA, OR DAYS OF FLY-FISHING," *a small volume by* SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, BART., P.R.S., *appeared in the Quarterly Review, for October,* 1828.]

WHEN great men condescend to trifle, they desire that those who witness their frolics should have some kindred sympathy with the subject which these regard. The speech of Henry IV. to the Spanish ambassador, when he discovered the King riding round the room on a stick, with his son, is well known. "You are a father, Seignor Ambassador, and so we will finish our ride." No doubt, there was to be remarked something graceful in the manner with which the hero of Navarre bestrode even a cane—something so kind in his expression, while employed in the most childish of pastimes, as failed not to remind the spectator that the indulgent father of his playmate was the no less indulgent father of his people. In taking up this elegant little volume, for which we are indebted to the most illustrious and successful

investigator of inductive philosophy which this age has produced, we are led to expect to discover the sage even in his lightest amusements.

We are informed, in the preface, that many months of severe and dangerous illness have been partially occupied and amused by the present treatise, when the author was incapable of attending to more useful studies or more serious pursuits. While we regret that the current of scientific investigation, which has led to such brilliant results, should be, for a moment, interrupted, we have here an example, and a pleasing one, that the lightest pursuits of such a man as our angler—nay, the productions of those languid hours, in which lassitude succeeds to pain, are more interesting and instructive than the exertion of the talents of others whose mind and body are in the fullest vigour,—illustrating the scriptural expression, that the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim are better than the vintage of Abiezer.

For ourselves, though we have wetted a line in our time, we are far from boasting of more than a very superficial knowledge of the art, and possess no part whatever of the scientific information which is necessary to constitute the philosophical angler. Yet we have read our Walton, as well as others; and, like the honest keeper in the New Forest, when we endeavour to form an idea of paradise, we always suppose a trout-stream going through it. The art itself is peculiarly seductive, requires much ingenuity, and yet is easily reconciled to a course of quiet reflections, as step by step we ascend a

devious brook, opening new prospects as we advance, which remind us of a good and unambitious man's journey through this world, wherein changing scenes glide past him with each its own interest, until evening falls, and life is ended. We have, indeed, often thought that angling alone offers to man the degree of half-business, half-idleness, which the fair sex find in their needle-work or knitting, which, employing the hands, leaves the mind at liberty, and occupying the attention so far as is necessary to remove the painful sense of a vacuity, yet yields room for contemplation, whether upon things heavenly or earthly, cheerful or melancholy.

Of the humanity of the pastime we have but little to say. Our author has entered into its defence against Lord Byron, who called it a "solitary vice," and condemned its advocate and apologist, Izaak Walton, as "a quaint old cruel coxcomb," who

> "in his gullet
> Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

We will not enquire whether the noble poet has, in the present case, been one of those, who

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

And we can easily conceive that scarce any thing could have been less suited to Byron's eager and active temper, and restless and rapid imagination, than a pastime in which proficiency is only to be acquired by long and solitary practice. But in this species of argument, whether used in jest or earnest, there is always something of cant. Man is much like other carnivorous creatures—to catch other

animals and to devour them is his natural occupation; and it is only upon reflection, and in the course of a refined age, that the higher classes become desirous to transfer to others the toil and the disgust attending the slaughter-house and the kitchen. Homer's heroes prostrate the victim and broil its flesh, and were, we must suppose, no more shocked with the moans of the dying bullock than the greyhound with the screams of the hare. The difference produced by a degree of refinement is only that, still arranging our bloody banquet as before, the task of destroying life is, in the case of tame animals, committed to butchers and poulterers—while in respect of game, where considerable exertion and dexterity is necessary to accomplish our purpose, and where the sense of excitement, and pride in difficulties surmounted by our own address, overbalance our sympathy with the pain inflicted, we interdict by strict laws the vulgar from interference, and reserve the exclusive power of slaughter for our own hands. The sportsman of the present day is, therefore, so far modified by the refinements of society, as to use the intervention of plebeian hands in the case of cattle, sheep, and domestic fowls; but he kills his deer, his hares, his grouse, and his partridges for himself: in respect to them, he is in a state of nature. But if his retaining this touch of the qualities with which

> "Nature first made man,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

shall be considered as a crime, it is surely equally

inhuman to cause to be killed, as it is to kill; the guilt, surely, of the criminal who causes a murder to be committed, must be the same as that of the actual bloodspiller. My lady, therefore, who gives the *maître d'hôtel* orders, which render necessary sundry executions in the piggery, poultry-yard, and elsewhere, is an accomplice before the fact, and as guilty of occasioning a certain quantity of pain to certain unoffending animals, as her good lord, who is knocking down pheasants in the preserve, or catching fish in the brook. In short, they that say much about the inhumanity of killing animals for sport, must be prepared to renounce the equally blameable practice of causing them to be killed, lest their delicacy be compared to that of the half-converted Indian squaw, whose humanized feelings could not look upon the tortures of a captive at the death-stake, but, nevertheless, whose appetite was unable to resist a tempting morsel of the broiled flesh, conveyed to her by the kindness of a comrade, as a consolation for her wanting her share of the sport. Our diet, in that case, would become rather lean and Pythagorean, much after the custom of our Brahminical friend, the late Joseph Ritson. Of the hundreds who condemn the cruelty of field sports, how many would relish being wholly deprived, in their own sensitive persons, of animal food?

Our author takes a more special defence than the above—alleging that he is not guilty, like his predecessor, Walton, of using living baits, but

always employs the artificial fly or minnow. This is, undoubtedly, more agreeable, more cleanly, and much more scientific. He also urges that, in all probability, fishes are less sensitive than man. Under the favour of such high authority, this is a point which none can know but the fish himself. The variety of modes in which the trout endeavours to escape from the hook certainly seem to show that his apprehensions are extreme, and the hurry and vivacity of his motions indicate irritation and pain. Being, however, a denizen of another element, our sympathies are not so strongly excited by the sufferings of fish as of the creatures that share the same element with us. We remember an amiable enthusiast, a worshipper of Nature after the manner of Rousseau, who, being melted into feelings of universal philanthropy by the softness and serenity of a spring morning, resolved, that for that day, at least, no injured animal should pollute his board; and, having recorded his vow, walked six miles to gain a hamlet, famous for fish dinners, where, without an idea of breaking his sentimental engagement, he regaled himself on a small matter of crimped cod and oyster sauce. After all, the progress of extermination and reproduction seems to be the plan on which Nature proceeds in maintaining the balance amongst the animal tribes, and carrying on the system of the universe. Man, in his sphere, is one of the most constant exterminators; and if, in satisfying the instinct which impels him to be such, he can acquire

the power of realizing the following beautiful picture, there is little to be said concerning the inhumanity of angling.

"The fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then, as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon, and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear, and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily; and, as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend, as it were, for the gaudy May-fly, and till, in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine."—Pp. 8–10.

Before leaving this beautiful passage, in which

the angler seems to contemplate nature with the eye at once of a poet and a philosopher, we may inform our reader, supposing him more ignorant than ourselves, that not all the love of rural scenery which is inspired by Walton—not all the instructions in practice which may be collected from this work, the composition of that far more illustrious successor, who has condescended to be his imitator, will ever make an angler out of one who is not gifted with certain natural qualifications for that amusement. No degree of zealous study will supply the want of natural parts. To "fish by the book" would be as vain an attempt as Master Stephen's proposal to keep his hawk on that principle.

There must be a certain quickness of eye to judge where the fish lies—a precision and neatness of hand to cast the line lightly, and with such truth and address that the fly shall fall on the very square inch of the stream which you aimed at, and that with as little splash as if it were the descent of the natural insect; there is a certain delicacy of manipulation with which you must use the rod and reel when (happy man!) you actually have hooked a heavy fish; all of which requisites must combine to ensure success. There are the same personal qualities requisite in shooting, billiards, and other exercises of skill, in the use of the turning-lathe, and, as no one knows better than the author of the present work, in the management of philosophical experiments. If thou hast any of this species of alertness of hand and truth of eye in thee, go forth, gentle reader, with "*Salmonia*" in thy pocket, and

return with thy basket more or less heavy in proportion to thy perseverance. But if thou wantest this peculiar knack, we doubt if even the patience that is exercised in a punt above Chelsea bridge would greatly mend thy day's work: though thy dinner depended upon it, thou mayest go on flogging the water from morning till midnight, entangling the hook now in a bush, now in a stem, now driving it through the nose of some brother of the angle, and now through thine own, but not a fin wilt thou basket, whether of bull-trout or minnow; and thou must content thee with half the definition of the angler, and be the fool at one end of the stick and string, without the gudgeon at the other.

Indeed, there always seemed to us something magical in this peculiar dexterity, which no chance or advantages of circumstances ever came to balance. The inequality between individual anglers exists to a degree which simple men will not be able to comprehend from a perusal of *Salmonia*. Halieus exhorts his less skilful companion—

"Try in that deep pool, below the Tumbling Bay; I see two or three good fish rising there, and there is a lively breeze. The largest fish refuses your fly again and again; try the others. There, you have hooked him; now carry him down stream, and keep his head high, out of the weeds. He plunges and fights with great force;—he is the best-fed fish I have yet seen at the end of the line, and will weigh more in proportion to his length. I will land him for you."—P. 39.

Instant success follows on the adopting of the precept, but, general reader, do not hastily trust that it will be so in real life. We used sometimes to pursue the amusement with an excellent friend

now no more, and we still recollect the mortifying distinction between his success and our want of it. With all the kindness and much of the skill of Halieus, he trained us to high adventure :—" Throw where yonder stone breaks the stream ; there is a trout behind it "—we obeyed, and hooked the stone itself: " Let your fly fall light on the ripple "—we threw, and it fell with the emphasis of a quoit. Our Mentor gave us the choice of his flies, and relinquished in our favour even that which we had seen do instant execution. It seemed as if what in his hands had been a real, animated insect, the live child of heat and moisture, was disenchanted in ours, and returned to a clumsy composition of iron, wool, fur, and feathers. The changing from one to the other bank of the stream in no respect mended the matter, and while trouts came wriggling to the shore as if our companion had charmed them out of the river, we had nothing to struggle with except eel-weeds and alder-roots. In short, there was a spell in it, and we have our suspicions at this moment, that set a bucket of water before our comrade, he would have drawn out a fish, while we, angling in a duke's preserve, might have failed of catching a *bane-stickle.*

There are, however, those to whom this fatality attaches in a much greater degree than to us, who, after all, were not without having occasionally our lucky days ; whereas all men have heard of the fisherman of the Eastern tale, whose persevering ill-fortune first fished up a pannier full of slime, next the carcase of an ass, and taking no warning

by these omens, at last dragged out a genie who had like to have wrung his head off. We ourselves know a respected friend whose only attempts at angling were equally ominous with those of this Oriental. In his first experiment, he fished up the carcase of a drowned man; in the second his hook, indeed, was only entangled in the body of a horse, but, which perhaps equalized the two accidents, that horse proved to be his own. We have not heard of his making a third experiment, but we have no doubt that should he be unwise enough to attempt it, the result must be something portentous. *Non cuivis*,—therefore it is not every one who can pursue with success this delightful silvan amusement; there must be, as Tony Lumpkin says, "a concatenation accordingly."

The work before us alarms us on another topic, or rather would have alarmed us, had we acquired the information contained in the following passage, during a more active period of our life. The party of anglers are seated at dinner, a scene which our author understands as well as he does the art of fly-fishing, or the more recondite mysteries of philosophy, and it is after a hearty meal upon fresh salmon, eaten with the salt and water it is boiled in, and some delicate snipes from a Highland morass, that one of the pleasant interlocutors, Ornither, makes a genial proposal for another bottle of claret, observing (most reasonably, as we should have thought, *à priori*), that a pint per man (Scottish measure, we hope, for the scene lies on Loch Maree) was not too much after such a day's fatigue.

To this motion, which we are afraid we might, in our rashness, have seconded, Halieus makes the following unexpected opposition:—

"*Hal.*—You have made me president for these four days, and I forbid it. A half-pint of wine for young men in perfect health is enough, and you will be able to take your exercise better, and feel better for this abstinence. How few people calculate upon the effects of constantly renewed fever in our luxurious system of living in England! The heart is made to act too powerfully, the blood is thrown upon the nobler parts, and with the system of wading adopted by some sportsmen, whether in shooting or fishing, is delivered either to the hemorrhoidal veins, or what is worse to the head. I have known several free livers who have terminated their lives by apoplexy, or have been rendered miserable by palsy, in consequence of the joint effects of cold feet and too stimulating a diet; that is to say, as much animal food as they could eat, with a pint or perhaps a bottle of wine per day. Be guided by me, my friends, and neither drink nor wade. I know there are old men who have done both and have enjoyed perfect health; but these are *devil's decoys* to the unwary, and ten suffer for one that escapes. I could quote to you an instance from this very county, one of the strongest men I have ever known. He was not intemperate, but he lived luxuriously, and waded as a salmon fisher for many years in this very river; but before he was fifty, palsy deprived him of the use of his limbs, and he is still a living example of the danger of the system which you are ambitious of adopting.

"*Orn.*—Well, I give up the wine, but I intend to wade in Hancock's boots to-morrow.

"*Hal.*—Wear them, but do not wade in them. The feet must become cold in a stream of water constantly passing over the caoutchouc and leather, notwithstanding the thick stockings. They are good for keeping the feet warm, and I think where there is exercise, as in snipe-shooting, may be used without any bad effects. But I advise no one to stand still (which an angler must do sometimes) in the water, even with these ingenious water-proof inventions. All anglers should remember old Boerhaave's maxims of health, and act upon them: 'Keep the feet warm, and the head cool, and the body open.'"—Pp. 102–104.

We before hinted that we have had our lucky

days, and the most propitious time, both as to the size and number of trouts, were the hours before and after sunset upon the very warmest days of July and August. The large trouts which have lain hid during the whole day are then abroad, for the purpose of food, and take the fly eagerly. These moments,

> "When the sun, retiring slowly,
> Gives to dews the freshen'd air,"

are still alive in our recollection as green spots in the waste of existence. We recollect with what delight we entered knee-deep into the stream after the heat of a sultry day; the green boughs on the margin scarce waving a leaf to the balmy gale of the evening — the stream which glided past us almost alive with the object of our pursuit—the whole a mixture of animal enjoyment, gratified love of sport, with a species of mental repose which enhanced both. This delightful amusement was not to be obtained if, "like the poor cat in the adage," we spared wetting our feet; for the shallowness of the stream, as well as the branches of the trees, impeded our sport, if we could not reach the middle-current with our cast. Neither see we much cause to feel regret or remorse when we add that any little chillness which might arise from pursuing this fascinating sport too late in the evening, was effectually removed by a glass of right Nantz, Schiedam, or Glenlivet; which remedy, if the glass be not too large or filled a second time, we can with a good conscience recommend as a sovereign specific upon occasions of wet feet.

We will not, however, suppress evidence, though somewhat contradictory of our own, as we happen to recollect an anecdote corroborative of the view taken by Halieus concerning the risk of wading, and at the same time indicative of the passionate hold which the sport of angling maintains over the minds of some individuals, with whatever risk it may be accompanied. It is now a great many years (considerably above thirty) since we met in fishing quarters the very pleasing and accomplished gentleman, then engaged in his medical studies, from whom we heard the story.

In a former fishing excursion, such as that in which he was engaged at the time, our friend had observed a follower of the same sport holding his course down the very midst of the small river; and the angler in question was a "noticeable man." He was of uncommon stature—a large and portly figure, brandishing with both hands a rod which commanded the stream on either side—while, being immersed to the waist, his fair round belly seemed to project like a dark rock when in the shallow water, and in the deep current to rest and float on the surface of the waters like the hull of some rich argosy.

Our friend could not help looking back more than once at this singular figure, until he suddenly observed the angler quit the stream, get out upon the bank, and hasten towards him with shouts which seemed a signal of distress. On his closer approach, our medical friend observed that the countenance of the fisherman, naturally bluff and

jolly, and not unfitted to correspond with the height of his stature and importance of his paunch, seemed disordered and convulsed with pain. He begged earnestly to know if our acquaintance had in his basket a flask with spirits of any kind, complaining, at the same time, of an attack of cramp in the stomach which gave him intolerable agony. This was supplied, with all the benevolence which should subsist between brothers of the angle, according to the instructions of their patriarch, Izaak Walton. When the tall fisherman had experienced the relief which the cordial drop afforded, our informer told him his profession, and enquired whether these attacks were frequent, and whether they seemed constitutional. "Very frequent," answered the lusty edition of *Piscator*, "and I am afraid rooted in my system."—"In that case, sir," replied our friend, "allow me to tell you that fishing, or at least wading while you fish, is the most dangerous amusement you could select for yourself."—"I know it," said the poor patient, dejectedly. "Assure yourself," pursued the physician, "that your very life depends upon your forbearing to pursue your sport in the manner you do." The intelligence seemed nothing new to our forlorn angler. "I know it, sir," he said, "I have been told so by the best doctors—but," he added, with an air of stoical yet rueful resignation, that might have graced a man who sacrificed life to some weighty duty, "Heaven's will be done! I cannot live without fishing, and without wading I can never catch a fin." So saying, the Giant thanked his adviser,

went back to the spot where he had left his rod, and was seen a few minutes afterwards bowel-deep in the stream.

Our friend had the curiosity to enquire after the name and condition of this devoted angler, to whom life was nothing without wading waist-deep after trouts. In the course of the year he saw his death announced by the newspapers. He was found dead on the banks of his favourite stream—*nota-bene*, no brandy flask. Halieus and we ourselves have each a portion in this sad story, and may part stakes upon it; for while he fortifies his doctrine concerning wet feet by this doleful example, we are entitled to hang a label, with *sic evitabile*, round the neck of a certain *vade-mecum*, which John Bunyan allows even to pilgrims, and without which, in our humble opinion, no wanderer ought to walk the world.

Indeed, after all, we have difficulty in separating our pleasant recollections of the exercise of fishing from the green bank where we rendezvoused at noon—our slice of cold beef and a gentle flirtation which we held with that same flask, after the manner of the cavaliers of Cervantes and the *picaros* of Gil Blas. So, perhaps, we do not after all possess the genuine admiration of the sport itself, abstractedly considered; and the want of this undivided ardour may be at once the cause and the consequence of the imperfect progress we have made in the art. This at least all the world, and the subjects of our criticism in particular, will be ready to verify, that our indifferent success

cannot arise from any want of equanimity and good nature.—We must recollect, however, that we are taking the privilege of a sportsman, to which we are by no means entitled, and prating about our exploits and recollections of field sports, while our readers have no game to eat by way of indemnification. The fact is, that whenever we "babble of green fields" we feel a tendency to lose our way. We will, however, endeavour to proceed more methodically in future, and to give something like a general account of "Salmonia," before proceeding further with our miscellaneous remarks.

The book is confessedly written in the conversational form and discursive style of old Izaak Walton, whose *Complete Angler*, augmented with a second part, has long been a standard work of our language; and has passed through so many editions, as to ascertain its undiminished attractions, in spite of the fashion of all things that passes away. The form of both works is the same in the outline. In each, a zealous fisher is the Coryphæus of the dialogue, who replies to the objections made to his art by a friend who has prejudices against the pursuits of the angler—confutes him by reasons, introduces him to the practice of the art which he had vindicated in theory—teaches him the secrets upon which success depends, and familiarizes him with those innocent accessory pleasures which render the simplest and most accessible of country sports the most agree-

able also to a person of calm and contemplative habits.

In comparing the two treatises, the authors occur to our imagination as pilgrims bound for the same shrine, resembling each other in their general habit—the scalloped hat, the dalmatique, and the knobbed and spiked staff—which equalize all who assume the character; corresponding no less in the humble mien, and unpretending step, with which they approach the object of their common reverence, and sympathizing also in the feeling of devotion which, for the time, lessens all temporal distinctions, whether resting upon distinction of rank or difference of intellect. Yet, though alike in purpose, dress, and demeanour, the observant eye can doubtless discern an essential difference betwixt those devotees. The burgess does not make his approach to the shrine with the stately pace of a knight or noble; the simple and uninformed rustic has not the contemplative step of the philosopher, or the quick glance of the poet. There is, in short, something of individuality in each personage, which distinguishes advantageously or otherwise, in spite of the circumstances of general resemblance.

The palm of originality, and of an exquisite simplicity which cannot, perhaps, be imitated with entire success, must remain with our worthy patriarch, Izaak. But, on the other hand, his incalculably more limited range of experience of every kind, has, after his first voyage of discovery, left a

huge continent of terra incognita for our modern to make the scene of further discoveries, and, though holding the same course, to introduce us to regions of which his predecessor did not even know the existence. This *concordia discors*, which gives us the power of comparing the habits of remote times, the ideas and sentiments of persons so strongly contrasted, and treating the same subject in such different styles—forms one of the charms of this book, and at the same time makes us look back to old Izaak's with additional interest.

Isaak Walton, a London citizen of the middle of the seventeenth century, does not aspire above his sphere in any particular. His walks are to Finsbury, and up Tottenham Hill; his farthest excursions, even in pursuit of his favourite amusement, only reach Ware and Waltham; his diversion, when there, is the drowsy watching of the immersion of a cork and a quill; and almost all his ideas confined to baits of lob-worms and live maggots. This picture is of a most cockney-like character, and we no more expect Piscator to soar beyond it, and to kill, for example, a salmon of twenty pounds weight with a single hair, than we would look to see his brother linen-draper, John Gilpin, leading a charge of hussars. What is there, we ask, that relieves the low character, we had almost said the vulgarity, of a picture so little elevated and so homely? It is the exquisite simplicity of the good old man, enjoying tranquillity in his own mind, and breathing benevolence to all around him, and expressing himself with such a

graceful ease, that the London shopkeeper dapping for chubs, acquires the veneration due to a Grecian philosopher, within whose cheerful heart, to use an expression of his own, wisdom, peace, patience, and a quiet mind did cohabit.[1]

[1] We cannot resist the temptation to transcribe some sweet verses introduced in the first dialogue of Salmonia, the contribution of a lady, whose elegant genius adorns her high rank:—"A noble lady (says Halieus), long distinguished at court for pre-eminent beauty and grace, and whose mind possesses undying charms, has written some lines in my copy of Walton, which, if you will allow me, I will repeat to you.

"'Albeit, gentle Angler, I
Delight not in thy trade,
Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity,
So much of mind,
Of such good kind,
That none need be afraid,
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.

"'Gladly from thee, I'm lured to bear
With things that seemed most vile before,
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest sage might hear.
And with a grace,
That doth efface
More laboured works, thy simple lore
Can teach us that thy skilful *lines*,
More than the scaly brood *confines*.

"'Our hearts and senses too, we see,
Rise quickly at thy master hand,
And ready to be caught by thee
Are lured to virtue willingly.
Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side. At thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And join in gifts that all may share.

"'Gladly, with thee, I pace along,
And of sweet fancies dream;

Our modern Piscator is of a different mould, one familiar equally with the world of books and those high circles in society, which, in our age, aristocratically closed against the pretensions of mere wealth, open so readily to distinguished talents and acquirements. His range, therefore, both of enjoyment and of instruction, is far wider than that of Walton.

The latter carries us no farther than the brooks within a short walk of London, though his rich vein of poetical fancy renders their banks so delightfully rural, by seating himself and his scholar under a honey-suckle hedge during a soft shower, there to sit and sing while gentle rain refreshed the burning earth, and gave a yet sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that embroidered the verdant meadows. Halieus, on the contrary, transports us to the ornate scenes of Denham upon the Colne, where the river is strictly preserved within the park of a wealthy and hospitable proprietor, and gives us the following picturesque description, as a contrast to the unadorned meadows of the Lea.

"*Poiet.*—This is really a very charming villa scene, I may almost say, a pastoral scene. The meadows have the verdure which even the Londoners enjoy as a peculiar feature of the English landscape. The river is clear, and has all the beauties of a trout stream of the larger size,—there rapid, and here still,

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"'Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherished long,
Comes fairer forth,
With more of worth;
Because that time upon its stream
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray.'"

and there tumbling in foam and fury over abrupt dams upon clean gravel, as if pursuing a natural course. And that island, with its poplars and willows, and the flies making it their summer paradise, and its little fishing house, are all in character; and, if not extremely picturesque, it is at least a very pleasant scene, from its verdure and pure waters, for the lovers of our innocent amusement."—Pp. 21, 22.

This Italian and ornamental species of landscape may be compared advantageously with a voyage down a Highland lake, a scene which never disturbed Walton's quiet thoughts even in a dream.

"*Poiet.*—That cloud-breasted mountain on the left is of the best character of Scotch mountains: these woods, likewise, are respectable for this northern country. I think I see islands, also, in the distance: and the quantity of cloud always gives effect to this kind of view; and, perhaps, without such assistance to the imagination, there would be nothing even approaching to the sublime in these countries; but cloud and mist, by creating obscurity, and offering a substitute for greatness and distance, give something of an Alpine and majestic character to this region."—P. 82.

In the continuation of this description, our modern, by what painters call an accident, enlivens his still scenery with a touch of science and painting at once, far beyond the limited sphere of father Walton. The latter has done all that his extent of travel and experience could suggest, when he has taught us to listen to a "friendly contention between the singing birds in an adjacent grove, and the echo whose dead voice lived in a hollow tree near to the top of a primrose-hill," or shown us how to beguile time "by viewing the harmless lambs seen leaping securely in the cool shade, while others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, or craved comfort from the swollen udders of their

bleating dams." The modern author, in a wild land, calls our attention to a far less usual phenomenon, and describes the flight of an eagle, and the education of its callow brood, with the pencil of a Salvator Rosa, and the accuracy of a Gilbert White.

"*Poiet.*—The scenery improves as we advance nearer the lower parts of the lake. The mountains become higher, and that small island or peninsula presents a hold craggy outline; and the birch wood below it, and the pines above, make a scene somewhat Alpine in character. But what is that large bird soaring above the pointed rock, towards the end of the lake? Surely it is an eagle!

"*Hal.*—You are right, it is an eagle, and of a rare and peculiar species—the grey or silver eagle, a noble bird! From the size of the animal, it must be the female; and her aery is in that high rock. I dare say the male is not far off.

"*Phys.*—I think I see another bird, of a smaller size, perched on the rock below, which is similar in form.

"*Hal.*—You do: it is the consort of that beautiful and powerful bird; and I have no doubt their young ones are not far off.

"*Poiet.*—Look at the bird! She dashes into the water, falling like a rock, and raising a column of spray; she has fallen from a great height. And now she rises again into the air; what an extraordinary sight!

"*Hal.*—She is pursuing her prey, and is one of our fraternity,—a catcher of fish. She has missed her quarry this time, and has moved further down towards the river, and falls again from a great height. There! You see her rise with a fish in her talons.

"*Poiet.*—She gives an interest which I hardly expected to have found to this scene. Pray are there many of these animals in this country?

"*Hal.*—Of this species I have seen but these two, and I believe the young ones migrate as soon as they can provide for themselves; for this solitary bird requires a large space to move and feed in, and does not allow its offspring to partake its reign, or to live near it. Of other species of the eagle, there are some in different parts of the mountains, particularly of the Osprey; and of the great fishing or brown eagle; and I once saw a very fine and interesting sight in one of the Crags of Ben Weevis, near

Strathgarve, as I was going, on the 20th of August, in pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring—two young birds, the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain in the eye of the sun (it was about mid-day, and bright for this climate). They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them; they paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration,—always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind of exercise, always rising till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight. But we have touched the shore, and the lake has terminated: you are now on the river Ewe."—Pp. 84–86.

In like manner our ancient Piscator's habits make us acquainted with the snug honest English alehouse, where they find a cleanly room, sweet-briers and honeysuckles peeping into the windows, and *Chevy Chace*, the *Children in the Wood*, the *Spanish Lady's Love*, and twenty ballads more, stuck about the walls; where the landlady is tidy, and handsome, and civil; where they dress a chub so admirably as to equal a trout, and wash him down with a modest cup of the best home-brewed; where they tell tales, sing songs, or join in a catch, or find some other harmless sport to content them without offence to God or man, until it is time to occupy a bed where the linen looks white, and smells of lavender. Halieus and his company repose themselves, on the contrary, in the elegant villas of Denham or Downton, or the lordly castles of Inverara or Dunrobin, partake of *chère exquise*, and give philosophic rules for the practice of Apicius. Or else the sportsmen are the romantic inhabitants of some Irish cabin or Scotch *bothy*, where they dress

their own salmon with sauce à la Tartare, and dilute it with *mountain dew* and claret cooled in the next spring.

And here, lest we be accused of passing over the most interesting and edifying passage of the volume, we will communicate to the curious gastronome, a circumstance of which, if his travels have been as limited as those of Isaak Walton, we suspect he is not aware. The salmon exposed to sale in London, in however excellent condition, very, very rarely is, or can be had in what those who inhabit the banks of a salmon-stream account the first perfection. Halieus gives us the following tempting account of the proper preparation of the fish, where extraordinary attention is employed. It succeeds an account of hooking and playing a salmon in Loch Maree.

"*Hal.*—He seems fairly tired: I shall bring him in to shore. Now gaff him; strike as near the tail as you can. He is safe; we must prepare him for the pot. Give him a stunning blow on the head to deprive him of sensation, and then give him a transverse cut just below the gills, and crimp him by cutting to the bone on each side, so as almost to divide him into slices; and now hold him by the tail that he may bleed. There is a small spring, I see, close under that bank, which I dare say has the mean temperature of the atmosphere in this climate, and is much under 50°—place him there, and let him remain for ten minutes, and then carry him to the pot, and let the water and salt boil furiously before you put in a slice, and give time to the water to recover its heat before you throw in another, and so with the whole fish, and leave the head out and throw in the thickest pieces first." —Pp. 94, 95.

This receipt reminds us of the various *kettles of fish*, technically so termed, and dressed after the recipé of Halieus, which we have partaken of,

fronde super viridi, near the ruins of Tilmouth Chapel, finding, when we had fair companions, some subject for wit from the Wishing Well where Saint Cuthbert is supposed to indulge with a grant of their desires the votaries who drink of his spring with due devotion to his sanctity. There we enjoyed ourselves

> Where none was unwilling, and few were unable
> To sing a wild song, or to tell a wild tale.

But as our patriarch Walton says, "these companions are gone, and with them many of our pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passes away and returns not." The rationale of this mode of cookery is thus explained by Halieus.

"*Poiet.*—I am endeavouring to find a reason for the effect of crimping and cold in preserving the curd of fish. Have you ever thought on this subject?

"*Hal.*—Yes: I conclude that the fat of salmon between the flakes, is mixed with much albumen and gelatine, and is extremely liable to decompose, and by keeping it cool the decomposition is retarded, and by the boiling salt and water, which is of a higher temperature than that of common boiling water, the albumen is coagulated, and the curdiness preserved. The crimping, by preventing the irritability of the fibre from being gradually exhausted, seems to preserve it so hard and crisp, that it breaks under the teeth; and a fresh fish not crimped is generally tough."—Pp. 97, 98.

Before quitting a subject which many may think one of the most interesting in our article, there may be some comfort for those who cannot put on the pot so soon as the fish is hooked, in reflecting, that the taste for crimped fish, dressed as above, is not universal. We have known strangers who had not been accustomed to eat salmon thus prepared, object

to the curdy fish as poor and hard, and greatly approve of the same salmon when he had been kept for a day or two, until the curd dissolved into oil, and gave a richer taste to the flakes betwixt which it lay. The same mess will not please every palate. But the crimped fresh salmon is the natural taste, nor should it be eaten with any other sauce than a spoonful of the salt and water, or brine in which it has been boiled, with the addition of a little lemon-juice or (if that cannot be had) vinegar and pepper.

Of the risks and dangers which attend angling (to continue the contrast between the two works) Walton, too peaceful and grave a person to seek quarrels, and whose travels led him to no haunts where they were to be found without seeking, has but little to show. Some distant hint is thrown out, we believe, on the risk of encountering that Giant Despair of a sportsman's pilgrimage, an ungracious and untractable gamekeeper, and Father Isaak talks rather feelingly, though we trust not from personal experience, of the harmless angler having his shoulders basted, his fish seized, and his rod broken by some such merciless faitour. Halieus and his brethren were protected from every risk of that kind. The name of their leader must have been an *open sesamum* to the most jealous preserves, and a quietus to the Cerberus who guarded them. Yet that the sport of his characters might not altogether want the dignity of danger, we are treated with an encounter between a Highland dunnie-wassail and the fishing-party, which the civility of the *Southrons* brings to a happy termination. The

anecdote is well told, and we have little doubt, from the truth of the keeping, that the scene has been sketched from life.

"*Hal.*—Now I will wager ten to one that this pool has been fished before to-day.

"*Orn.*—By whom?

"*Hal.*—I know not; but take my wager and we will ascertain.

"*Orn.*—I shall ascertain without the wager if possible. See, a man connected with the fishing advances, let us ask him. There you see; it has been fished once or twice by one who claims without charter the right of angling."

Their rival soon after appears:—

"*Hal.*—But our intrusive brother angler (as I must call him), is coming down the river to take his evening cast. A stout Highlander, with a powerful tail, or, as we should call it in England, *suite*. He is resolved not to be driven off, and I am not sure that the laird himself could divert him from his purpose, except by a stronger tail and force of arms; but I will try my eloquence upon him. 'Sir, we hope you will excuse us for fishing in this pool, where it seems you were going to take your cast; but the Laird has desired us to stand in his shoes for a few days, and has given up angling while we are here; and as we come nearly a thousand miles for this amusement, we are sure you are too much of a gentleman to spoil our sport; and we will take care to supply your fish kettle while we are here morning and evening, and we shall send you, as we hope, a salmon before night.'

"*Poiet.*—He grumbles good sport to us, and is off with his tail: you have hit him in the right place. He is, I am sure, a pot fisher, and somewhat hungry, and provided he gets the salmon does not care who catches him!

"*Hal.*—You are severe on the Highland gentleman, and I think extremely unjust. Nothing could be more ready than his assent, and a keen fisherman must not be expected to be in the best possible humour when he believes he has a right, and which perhaps he generally enjoys without interruption, taken away from him by entire strangers."—P. 90-93.

Our readers will, by this time, probably be of

opinion that, upon the general comparison of the works, the elder worthy author has not greatly anticipated or forestalled the work of our contemporary. Far less will this appear to be the case, when we consider the two manuals, whether with reference to the practical art of which they treat, or the philosophical, scientific, and general observations which accompany both. On the first of these we have already given an opinion. It is probable that honest Izaak knew nothing even of fly-fishing of any kind save what he learned, by report, from Cotton or others; and as for salmon, we question if he ever saw one entire, unless it were upon a fishmonger's stall. Now, salmon-fishing is to all other kinds of angling as buck-shooting to shooting of any meaner description. The salmon is, in this particular, the king of fish. It requires a dexterous hand and an acute eye to raise and strike him, and when this is achieved the sport is only begun, at the point where, even in trout angling, unless in case of an unusually lively and strong fish, it is at once commenced and ended. Indeed the most sprightly trout that ever was hooked shows mere child's play in comparison to a fresh-run salmon. There is all the difference which exists between coursing the hare and hunting the fox. The pleasure and the suspense are of twenty times the duration—the address and strength required infinitely greater—the prize, when attained, not only more honourable, but more valuable. The hazards of failure are also an hundred-fold multiplied: the instinct

of the salmon leads to the most singular efforts to escape, which must be met and foiled by equal promptitude on the part of the angler. However that faculty is acquired, the salmon seems, when hooked, at once to conceive the nature of its misfortune, and to follow the mode of disentangling itself most like to be successful. For this it makes the most extraordinary efforts, sometimes shooting off with fury that is apparently irresistible among such boiling currents and sharp rocks as seem most like to cut the line—sometimes lying at the bottom of the pool with the appearance of sullen indifference, as if nothing could rouse him. In the first case, it is the business of the angler to hold the fish in play, amid his wildest frolics using him as a prudent father does an extravagant son, neither allowing him so much line as may enable the youth to shake himself clear of the paternal restraint which hangs so loose on him, or curbing so tight as to induce him to break through it by a sudden effort of sturdy opposition. In the salmon's wildest vagaries he must be made to feel that there is a secret restraint on his motions, which yet must never amount to such a dead pull upon him as may be encountered and overcome by an attempt to break the line by main force. His sullen fits are no less to be dreaded. When the fish lies at the bottom of a pool, motionless and sulky as if he were a stone, the angler must summon together his utmost vigilance, for he is certainly collecting his strength for some decisive exertion. If the sportsman, growing impatient, tightens the

line upon the fish while he is in this condition, his victim will probably spring into the air with his whole force, with the obvious purpose of throwing his body on the line in his descent, and so either breaking it or dislodging the hook. Should he succeed in falling with his whole weight on a tightened line, all is over; the best of hooks and most trusty gut must, one or other, or both, give way. But if the angler be sufficiently on his guard, he will throw downward the point of his rod with the quickness of thought, and drop his line on the water, the instant the fish makes his summer-set, so that his weight may descend on the water and on a slackened line, which the promptitude of the angler must instantly, by raising his rod and using his reel, again contract to the necessary tightness, leaving the fish not an instant to profit by the momentary relaxation. This manœuvre we have seen the same fish renew three times running, foiled in every attempt by the acuteness of an excellent fisherman, who gave way to his fury, and instantly recovered the command of his motions when he had eluded the emphasis of his flurry.

But we should overpower the patience of all, save brethren of the angle, were we to prosecute our description of this noble sport. We cannot help adding that although, as ordinarily practised, it is the exercise of a strong and robust man, yet, by help of a boat, it may in many situations be followed even by the aged and infirm, if possessed of the requisite skill; and so much does dexterity supply the want of bodily strength, that we have

known a gentleman, in a very weak state of health at the time, kill a fish of twenty pounds' weight after playing him for an hour.

The delight afforded by success in this animating sport is of most engrossing character, and has had many illustrious devotees. It was Trajan's favourite pastime—it was, in our own time, Paley's and Nelson's;[1] and we have ourselves seen the first

[1] The author of *Salmonia* mentions Nelson's fondness for fly-fishing, and expresses a wish to see it noticed in the next edition of "that most exquisite and touching life of our hero by the Laureate, an immortal monument raised by genius to valour." We believe neither Halieus nor the Laureate will be displeased with the following little anecdote, from a letter of a gentleman now at the head of the medical profession, with which he favoured us shortly after perusing *Salmonia*. "I was (says our friend) at the Naval Hospital at Yarmouth, on the morning when Nelson, after the battle of Copenhagen (having sent the wounded before him), arrived at the roads, and landed on the jetty. The populace soon surrounded him, and the military were drawn up in the market-place ready to receive him; but, making his way through the crowd, and the dust, and the clamour, he went straight to the hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanour to the sailors: he stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheering to say. At length he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying, who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder-joint, and the following short dialogue passed between them:—*Nelson.* 'Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?' *Sailor.* 'Lost my right arm, your honour.' Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said playfully, 'Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen—cheer up, my brave fellow.' And he passed briskly on to the next bed; but these few words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards. As this was the only occasion on which I saw Nelson, I may, possibly, overrate the value of the incident."

sculptor in Europe when he had taken two salmon on the same morning, and can well believe that his sense of self-importance exceeded twentyfold that which he felt on the production of any of the masterpieces which have immortalized him. But, perhaps, no one has followed this fascinating amusement so far and in so many climates and countries as the distinguished author of *Salmonia* himself. Without saying a word more on the subject of Walton—even Richard Franck falls far behind our modern worthy, although an angler and author who excelled old Izaak in experience and the advantage of distant travel, as far as he fell short of him in all the accomplishments of sense and style. This Franck, the self-entitled philanthropist,[1] who, to use his own phrase, "stepped into Scotland to rummage and rifle her rivers and rivulets—her northern torrents, which shone so splendidly in every fir wood—her diminutive hills, that overtopped the submissive dales, and overlooked rapid torrents and pretty purling, gliding brooks, where they polished rocks and embellished fortifications," did not at least venture out of Britain; whereas Halieus is not only familiar with the most remote

[1] [The title of the curious work alluded to, is "Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland, wherein most or all of the Cities, Citadels, Seaports, Castles, Rivers and Rivulets, &c. are compendiously described, &c. *To which is added:* The Contemplative and Practical Angler, by way of Diversion, &c. Writ in the year 1658, but not till now made publick, by Richard Franck, Philanthropus. Lond. 8vo. 1694." Reprinted, with Preface and Notes, by Sir Walter Scott, Edinb. 8vo. 1821. A notice of the work will be found in the *Retrospective Review*, vol. viii. pp. 170-194, and also in the *Censura Literaria.*]

streams and lakes of North Britain, but with those of Ireland, where the salmon fisheries flourish to a great extent,—nay, has followed his sport through most countries in Europe, and killed fish, the description of which makes an Englishman's mouth water, in rivers, the names of which set his teeth on edge.

The instructions and information imparted to anglers are, as we may believe, equally clear, authentic, and entertaining. The account of the fabrication of fish-hooks is highly interesting: the best, our author says, are made by O'Shaughnessy of Limerick. He mentions, also, those made at Keswick—to which, if they have not lost credit, we would add the hooks of the Llandales of Carlisle, who in our younger days had good reputation. We do not intend to enter more particularly into these technicalities; for, as one of Franck's eulogists says,—

> "We are no fishers,
> Only wellwishers,
> Unto the game."

The general tone of a moral teacher is so happily assumed by Walton that it appears a part of his nature. Halieus introduces such ethic lessons more sparingly, feeling, as we have before hinted, that that which is simplicity in an original author, becomes affectation in one who follows his footsteps. But though Walton had already said all that could be naturally and gracefully said on the subjects of temperance, humility, and unambitious peace of conscience, which are themes too mono-

tonous to be repeated without satiety, as the sweetest melodies weary the ear upon frequent reiteration; yet Halieus and his companions do not shun such themes when they fall in their way. A debate takes place in their party, whether or not they should continue to pursue their amusement upon Sunday. The proposal is relinquished, on the anglers being assured that the people (the scene being in Scotland) would highly resent their doing so. But the dispute continues on the difference, in this particular, betwixt the church of Scotland and that of Geneva, and other Protestant churches abroad, where the forenoon having been occupied in divine service, the evening is spent in dancing, singing, games, and sports of every description. The contest not being decided, leaves us room to express our own opinion on the subject, which we will do in as few words as possible.

If we believe in the divine origin of the commandment, the Sabbath is instituted for the express purposes of religion. The time set apart is the "Sabbath of the Lord;" a day on which we are not to work our own works, or think our own thoughts. The precept is positive, and the purpose clear. For our eternal benefit, a certain space of every week is appointed, which, sacred from all other avocations, save those imposed by necessity and mercy, is to be employed in religious duties. The Roman Catholic church, which lays so much force on observances merely ritual, may consistently suppose that the time claimed is more than sufficient for the occasion, and dismiss the

peasants, when mass is over, to any game or gambol which fancy may dictate, leaving it with the priests to do, on behalf of the congregation, what further is necessary for the working out of their salvation. But this is not Protestant doctrine, though it may be imitated by Protestant churches. He who has to accomplish his own salvation, must not carry to tennis-courts and skittle-grounds the train of reflections which ought necessarily to be excited by a serious discourse of religion. The religious part of the Sunday's exercise is not to be considered as a bitter medicine, the taste of which is as soon as possible to be removed by a bit of sugar. On the contrary, our demeanour through the rest of the day ought to be, not sullen certainly, or morose, but serious, and tending to instruction. Give to the world one half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other. Pass the morning at church, and the evening, according to your taste or rank, in the cricket-field, or at the Opera, and you will soon find thoughts of the evening hazards and bets intrude themselves on the sermon, and that recollections of the popular melodies interfere with the psalms. Religion is thus treated like Lear, to whom his ungrateful daughters first denied one-half of his stipulated attendance, and then made it a question whether they should grant him any share of what remained. We should do our readers and author the greatest injustice in concluding our reflections on this passage in any other than the words of the publication itself.

"*Phys.*—I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but, if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity: makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair!"—P. 136.

We might quote other passages, not unworthy of this strain. The work, as we had occasion to observe already, was written during a slow recovery from a severe illness; and the tone of the dialogue reflects throughout what a good and great man's mind might be expected to exhibit under such circumstances. Serious thoughts may be expressed otherwise than in maxims. But we pass from this. If the modern author does not so frequently as Walton assume professedly the character of the moralist, it would, on the other hand, be absurd to compare poor Izaak with such assistants as Dubravius, Aldrovandus, Gesner, and other naturalists of the seventeenth century, with the remarks of a distinguished philosopher, who has, by his own efforts, so widely enlarged the horizon of science, during the nineteenth century. A very great number of curious facts, concerning the natural history of fishes, are here recorded, and the high scientific character of the author of *Salmonia* is an ample pledge for their accuracy. Yet it is not to be expected that even

this accomplished observer of nature should be able to clear up, in so brief a publication, the dark doubts which hang over many parts of the history of the salmo genus, through its various species. We observe that he displays the true spirit of philosophy in two most important particulars. He is never hasty in drawing general conclusions from individual facts, showing, by his modesty, that his object is the attainment of truth, not the desire to augment his own reputation by the display of ingenious theories. Indeed, standing so high in public estimation, as he deservedly does, no man can more easily afford to despise every species of favour which does not rest upon a genuine basis.

In like manner, we may observe that it is not sufficient to induce this acute investigator of science to discredit the report of a fact, that it has been rested by vulgar credulity upon erroneous grounds, since what is in itself true is often ascribed to false or absurd causes. The following passage, which concludes a train of remarks upon the superstitious belief in omens, coming, as it does, from the author of *Salmonia*, ought to impose a check on that vulgar incredulity which is disposed to disbelieve all which it cannot understand. The passage is highly philosophical.

"*Phys.*—In my opinion, profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert, superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and, in science, so

many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light,—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thunder cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon,—that the physical enquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures."—Pp. 159, 160.

Among other curious phenomena, our author touches upon the strongly disputed character of the par, a small fish, whose appearance is as well known as his parentage and ultimate fate are unknown. From the boldness with which these Liliputian fish rise to a large salmon-fly, many have been disposed to see in the par the young salmon, when they have just quitted the form of spawn. One of the most experienced and scientific anglers of our acquaintance entertains this opinion of the identity between the par and the smoult of the salmon, from having observed that when the silvery scales are rubbed off the sides of the smoult they exhibit the blue, or olive-blush marks (see *Salmonia*, page 68), which are considered as distinguishing the par. The same curious observer of Nature has also remarked that the *lens* of the par's eye is arranged in the same manner with that of the salmon, and totally different from the lens of the Lochleven trout, herring, sperling, and so forth. Others are disposed to think the par a distinct species of trout; and the author of *Salmonia*, again, is inclined to agree with a third set of naturalists, who consider this little fish as a mule, the offspring of a trout and a salmon according to some, or rather of the sea trout and common trout. It is difficult for

us to reconcile the fact of their being found in such great numbers with the theory of their being of a neutral race.

There are other curious points of investigation. Experiments on the trouts of every species, show, as the author observes (in p. 69), that they change their character with their place of residence. We had ourselves occasion to put a number of small trout, of a very inferior description, into a pool which had once been a marle-bog, but was flooded for the purpose of forming a piece of artificial water. They are now of large size, as red as those caught in Loch Leven, and of a rich taste, as we would be happy to show, from experiment, to Halieus, or any of his party, providing they will take the trouble to catch the fish, which, from being well-fed we suppose, defy all common skill.

The remarks on the various kinds of flies (p. 203), on the migration of eels (p. 191), on the grayling (p. 165), are all curious subjects, which must not, however, delay us.

We looked with some anxiety for a solution of the great doubt, what is the proper food of the salmon itself. No fisherman or cook that ever we saw or heard of, pretends to have found any thing in their stomach excepting a yellowish liquid. Yet they rise to artificial flies, and are also caught with bait. Our author conjectures that this phenomenon occurs because salmon are usually caught travelling up the rivers from the sea, in which progress they do not load themselves with food. Their digestion, he observes, is very quick, and they sel-

dom seek more food until what they have previously taken is decomposed. Salmon, when taken *in* the salt water, *have* been found, says Halieus, with undigested food in their stomachs. This does not quite satisfy us. By far the greater part of salmon are taken by the net, which must, one would think, occasionally sweep out fish having their stomachs full, since their being taken in that manner has no reference to the state of their appetite. One would think, therefore, that let them be as abstemious as anchorites, they must eat sometimes, and be taken with food in their stomach; yet, we are assured, it never happens. It has also been remarked that the large gaudy fly, to which the salmon usually rises, has no resemblance to any known insect in earth, air, or water (unless a wasp, perhaps), and it has been suggested that the fish seems to take it rather from sport than from appetite; and, in that case, the very curious problem concerning the actual nature of their food, is not yet decidedly cleared up. At least, there is something very interesting and curious concerning the mode of their feeding, which seems so sparing, even when they are in the highest condition, and their process of digestion, which appears so unusually rapid.

Walton, as might be expected, is full of childish and absurd fables concerning those prodigies and miracles, in which superstitious eld was wont to believe. Our modern author places a microscope before us, instead of a magic lanthorn, and teaches us to look upon truth instead of amusing us with

fiction. He has reviewed and disbanded the whole regiment of monsters which guarded the pages of Pontopiddan. Touched as with the spear of Ithuriel, the remains of a sea-snake appear those of a *squalus maximus;* the kraken, or island fish, is reduced into a compost of *urticæ marinæ*, or sea-blubbers; and, what we should least of all have suspected, the celebrated Caithness mermaid arises before us in the form of a stout young traveller, who has proved himself, by his journal, to have been bathing at the spot and time when the sea-nymph was seen, and who, while confessing some of the characters ascribed to the figure, denied the green hair and fishy tail as obstinately as Lady Teazle does the butler and the coach-horse.—Pp. 243–245.

But we are called from this, and other curious subjects of enquiry suggested in *Salmonia*, to consider a point of much more interest—the question now being not what the salmon puts into its stomach, but whether we are likely, at no distant period, to have salmon for the benefit of ours. The very giants in Guildhall are moved at the surmise; Gog boweth down, Magog stoopeth, and the spirits of the fathers of the city wax faint at the suggestion. Yet the evil is not the less certain; and its approach is distinctly announced by Halieus, who, after recording former feats on the Tweed, Tyne, and other Scottish rivers, pronounces on each of them the melancholy conclusion *fuit*, and with good reason, as the reader will presently learn, declares they now afford much less sport to

the angler, and even what remains is daily decreasing; so that there is very serious ground to fear that the salmon will erelong altogether desert the more southern, at least, of the Scottish rivers.

We need not tell our readers that the possession of immense quantities of this rich and valuable fish in her firths and estuaries was an advantage which nature allotted to Scotland, as some compensation, seemingly, for the great inferiority in soil and climate to the sister kingdom, since where the earth is most sterile the sea is often remarked to be most fruitful. Our northern neighbours seem to have been early aware of this national gain, and soon began to legislate for the preservation of the breed of this noble fish, as well as for the best mode of disposing of them for the general advantage of the country. Some of these statutes are so curious, that they are worthy of notice. The legislators of Scotland had observed the tendency of the fish, in the spawning season, to run up to the tops of the smallest brooks, and there deposit the spawn destined for the continuation of the race upon shallow beds of gravel. To assure them of a free passage and protection, the salmon species were declared into *regalia* or *royal fish*, nor did possession of either or both banks of the stream confer the right of taking them, even though the term *fishings* stood in the charter, unless the word *salmon-fishings* was expressly employed.

In order to obtain free passage for the fish at the spawning season, all dikes, dams, and weirs drawn across the river were directed to be constructed,

with a breach in the centre for the run of the salmon, which breach was to be so large that a year-old hog might be turned round in it without touching the weir or dam-head either with nose or tail. The whimsical nature of the measure adopted ascertains the antiquity of the regulation.

Another statute adopted in Scotland contains the very essence of that system of political economy, by which an anxious care for the prosperity of trade assumes into the hands of the legislators the power of directing commerce, and encumbers her with aid, where, left to her own exertions, she would make much more progress. In the year 1531, the Scottish legislature seemed to have become apprehensive that the persons who dealt in these exquisite fish might export them to their neighbours at too cheap a price; and they announce that in all time coming it shall be unlawful to export salmon, unless by such shippers as shall find security to bring home one-half of the value in coined money, the other moiety in Bordeaux wine, or *other good pennyworth.* This last clause seems to relax greatly the dictatorial character of the statute, which, so mitigated, only imports that the Scottish trader should get for his cargo of salmon as good an equivalent as the foreign market would afford.

Notwithstanding the apprehension of the ruling powers, on the subject of the imprudent exportations of this staple commodity of poor Caledonia, the salmon continued to frequent their rivers, and though much was sent abroad to supply the Catholic

countries during the period of Lent, plenty still remained at home, for the use of the inhabitants. Franck, the travelled angler already mentioned, tells us, that in his time a large well-fed salmon (suppose about twelve pounds) cost only sixpence; and he mentions what is still remembered by tradition, a rule that domestics were not to be fed on salmon more than three times a-week. It was, indeed, scarcely possible to procure so much excellent food at so cheap a rate; and we may easily understand the error of the Highland gentleman who, visiting London for the first time, indulged himself in the luxury of a beef-steak, but ordered Donald a cut of fresh salmon. The account of the reckoning must have afforded the honest dunnie-wassail no pleasing surprise.

But a capital like London is a Maelstrom—an immense whirlpool — whose gyrations sweep in whatever is peculiarly desirable from the most distant regions of the empire—so active becomes the love of gain when set in motion by the love of luxury. We recollect once being on shipboard to the north of Duncan's Bay Head, and out of sight of land, the nearest being the Feroe Islands :—we were walking the deck, watching a whale which was gamboling at some distance, throwing up his huge side to the sun, and sending ever and anon a sheet of water and foam from his nostrils. Our thoughts were on Hecla and on the icebergs of the Pole, on the Scalds of Iceland and the Sea-kings of Norway, when a sail hove in sight: we asked what craft it was—and were answered, " a Gravesend

brig dredging for lobsters." Never was enchantment so effectually broken — never stage-trick in pantomime more successfully played off. . Scene changes from Feroe and Iceland to the Albion in Aldersgate Street—Exeunt Scald, champion, and whale—Enter common councilman, turbot, and lobster-sauce.

Thanks to that same omnipotent power of attraction possessed by wealth and luxury, the art of packing salmon in ice, for the London market, was perfected, thirty or forty years ago; since which time, as was to be expected, the fisheries have risen incalculably in value, the fish have become dear in proportion, and the natives of the countries through which salmon-rivers flow, become accustomed to see them taken and cased up for the great city, by scores and hundreds, without having it in their power to purchase a pound for their table. It followed as an unavoidable consequence, that more industry was exerted in the fishery, which now afforded so much more profit, and newer and more effective modes of entrapping the salmon were from day to day employed. The law, indeed, placed a certain check upon those proceedings, without which restraint the fish would scarcely ever be suffered to enter a tide river. The veneration due to the Sabbath, and the interest of the inhabitants on the higher part of the river, alike recommend that, from twelve o'clock at night on Saturday to the same hour on Sunday, the water should be free for the run of fish,—not only from the actual drawing of nets or other fishing

operations, but from all bar-nets or similar obstacles thrown across the stream. Six-sevenths of the fish are therefore delivered up at the very outset to the proprietors of fisheries at the mouth of the river, whose nets are planted and managed with such dexterity, that they can, if they please, catch every single salmon that attempts to enter. While the fish are thus sought for, and destroyed at the mouths of the rivers, with ever-increasing avidity, inspired by decrease of the commodity, and increase of the demand, other causes are at work in the upper parts of the river where the salmon breed, which diminish the production of the fish, in a degree more than corresponding with the destruction of the full-grown fish beneath. Two of these causes are in full and active operation, threatening, in process of no distant time, the total destruction of the fish in all the southern salmon-rivers in Scotland.

One of these causes of destruction is the general system of drainage practised upon all the high pasture lands of the mountain farms, in a degree unheard of in any former period, and which has produced, and is daily producing, the most complete change on the brooks and rivers which, twenty years since, were fed from morasses that are now dry pasture. Halieus alludes to this, in accounting for the diminution of the number of insects on which grayling, trouts, and other fish of estimation subsisted. We quote the passage at length :—

"I attribute the change of the quantity of flies in the rivers to

the cultivation of the country. Most of the bogs or marshes which fed many considerable streams are drained; and the consequence is that they are more likely to be affected by severe droughts and great floods—the first killing, and the second washing away the larvæ and aurelias. May-flies, thirty years ago, were abundant in the upper part of the Teme river in Herefordshire, where it receives the Clun: they are now seldom or rarely seen. And most of the rivers of that part nf England, as well as of the west, with the exception of those that rise in the still uncultivated parts of Dartmoor and Exmoor, are, after rain, rapid and unfordable torrents, and in dry summers little more than scanty rills. And Exmoor and Dartmoor, almost the only great remains of those moist, spongy, or peaty soils which once covered the greatest part of the highlands of England, are becoming cultivated, and their sources will gradually gain the same character as those of our midland and highly improved counties. I cannot give you an idea of the effects of peat mosses and grassy marshes on the water thrown down from the atmosphere, better, than by comparing their effects to those of roofs of houses of thatched straw, as contrasted with roofs of slate, on a shower of rain. The slate begins to drop immediately, and sends down what it receives in a rapid torrent, and is dry soon after the shower is over. The roof of thatch, on the contrary, sponge like, is long before the water drops from it; but it continues dropping and wet for hours after the shower is over, and the slate is dry."—P. 63.

The author speaks of England, but we are equally sure of his testimony when we add, that in the more southern parts of Scotland the same causes and effects take place on a scale much more extensive, and affect the salmon more than the inferior kinds of fish. Small drains, formed with a peculiar spade, at a rate as low as a-penny a rood, have seamed, as it were, with numerous veins, the sides of the hundred hills, amongst which the Clyde, Tweed, Annan, and Nith, have their sources. The morasses by which these hills were formerly covered, used to receive and retain, like sponges,

the quantities of rain which fall in that region of mists, and soaking from thence, by slow degrees, into rivulets and streamlets, they transmitted the moisture gradually to the main body of the river. The consequence was, that the rivers, slower in rising to flood, and slower in subsiding from that state, maintained, in general, a full and equable stream, permitting the salmon, at almost all times, to pursue their instinctive progress towards the upland sources. Haliens, so well acquainted with these localities, must remember well the manner in which fish used to come up to the upper streams in a course of showery, or, as it is there termed, soft weather, which, without producing an overwhelming torrent, rendered the river full enough to carry the salmon through every impediment. In these degenerate times, such showers are not felt on the river; but when it is at all swollen, the water rushes down in an immense inundation, which forces the fish into pools and dams. The flood subsides as suddenly as it arose, and deserts the fish, who would otherwise have made a long and rapid journey, and supplied in their passage, the upper fisheries; whereas, at present, they remain in the places where they have been arrested by the flood, and never mount higher, being there killed with spears.

This cause of the destruction of the upper fisheries may, perhaps, find a remedy from some check being put to the system of indiscriminate drainage, which, in some respects eminently useful and even necessary, has been carried to an excess hurtful to

the pasturage, to benefit which was the object of the practice. The original purpose of draining was most just and proper. The farmers of olden times were in use to lay numerous flocks upon their farms, trusting that the sheep (an animal of extraordinary endurance) would shift through the winter months, in an ordinary season, partly by scraping up the snow, and obtaining such coarse food as lies beneath, —partly by enduring want of food, with the patient and hardy habits which the animal is endowed with. But the consequence was, that spring found the flock in a weak and emaciated condition, and disposed to throw themselves eagerly upon the fresh and lushy grass, which first appears on the spring-heads and marshes which surround them. This rich and tender food, eaten in quantity by an animal in a state of exhaustion, was naturally calculated to produce a disease that swept off whole flocks, which, having survived the winter's famine, were unfitted to gorge themselves, at once, on the spring-grass. Draining was in such circumstances highly advantageous. It prevents the existence of the grass which the flock could not feed upon with safety.

But in the present improved system of store-farming there is much more economy of animal life. Most tenants lay on the farm a less numerous stock, attend to giving them food during the severe storms of snow, and expect to bring them through winter in a healthy and hardy condition. To such the entire loss of the early spring-grass, afforded by the undrained bogs, is a heavy sacrifice. The

species of grass which grows upon the drained lands, and especially near the drains themselves, is peculiarly destitute of sustenance, tough and unfit to be eaten by the sheep; and thus hundreds, nay thousands, of acres have been rendered sterile whose former fertility only caused disease, because sheep were admitted to them when in a weak and unhealthy state. We have some reason to believe that this truth begins to be felt, and that judicious farmers (always maintaining the system of draining to a certain extent) may be now disposed to qualify its excess, and restore a part of their spring-heads to their natural character, observing, of course, a careful system of herding, which shall exclude from the dangerous food the weaker and more exhausted part of their stock. This would of course be attended with benefit to the fisheries by restoring a more equable state of the river.

The other main cause of the scarcity of salmon, and which threatens the total annihilation of the fisheries, rests on moral circumstances, for which it is far more difficult to find a remedy; for while erroneous practices may be corrected when the cure is to be applied to passive nature, it is almost impossible to remedy those evils which spring from the clashing interests, passions, and prejudices of mankind.

We have stated that the activity and success of the means adopted in the lower fisheries, and particularly at their outlets to the sea, by help of modern invention and industry, exerting itself to meet the increasing demand, have had a great effect

in altogether intercepting the passage of salmon, during the lawful fishing season, to the upper parts of the river. Taking the Tweed for an example, there are now no fisheries above Kelso which afford any considerable rent to the proprietors. Those of Makerston, Mertoun, &c., are let for inconsiderable sums. The streams about and above Melrose, in which Halieus was so successful under the guidance of the late amiable and lamented Lord Somerville, are now of no value; and those at Yair Bridge, where within the memory of man ninety-nine salmon (we mark the exact number) were taken in one day, are now totally unproductive.

Were it not for the peculiar habits of the salmon, it might be justly argued, that the upper proprietors must submit to this loss as one incidental to their local situation, which gives them only a reversionary right in such fish as escape the nets of those placed lower down the river,—which are now so very few, that scarce one occurs without bearing the mark of having encountered a mesh in his passage. But then it is to be considered that the upper streams are those in which the fish deposit their spawn, and that during the whole close-time or breeding season, when the salmon, by law, ought to be undisturbed, their safety, and that of the shoals which are to supply the demand of the next season, must rely upon the protection afforded them at that period. Accordingly, all nets and other obstructions are removed from the river, and the fish ought to be permitted to ascend to the very heads of the streams uninjured, for the purpose of depositing

the spawn. The plain handwriting of Nature, as well as the regulation of municipal law, seems to prohibit the killing of the fish at this season, when they are said to be *foul*, are most uncomely to look upon, and even when smoked (the only mode of using them) are accounted a very unhealthy and deleterious food. The penalties are also very high, sufficiently so to prove totally ruinous to the class of persons by whom the laws of close-time are infringed. Yet neither the fears of punishment nor of poison have any effect in preserving the spawning fish, which are destroyed in the upper parts of the river, and the brooks and streams by which these are fed, with a degree of eagerness which resembles a desire to retaliate upon those who engrossed all the fish during the open season by destroying all such as the close-time throws within the mercy of the high country. The proprietors and better class of farmers do not indeed partake in these devastations, but they witness them with perfect indifference, perhaps not without a sense of gratified revenge. As they neither have the amusement of angling, nor the convenience of a fish for their tables, when the salmon are in season, it is not of the least personal consequence to them whether the breed is preserved or destroyed, and they are as indifferent to it as a man who has no game of his own, is to the extent of poaching on a sporting squire's manor.

The proprietors of the lower fisheries, the only persons whose purses are interested, may, indeed,

prosecute offenders in the proper courts; but the country in which the spear and torch are so actively employed during the *black-fishing*, as this species of poaching is called, is wild, mountainous, and thinly inhabited, so that it is difficult to obtain such proof of delinquency as is requisite for conviction. If water-bailiffs are sent from a lower part of the river, they must encounter, as strangers employed in an obnoxious office, much difficulty, and even danger. If they desire to engage officers within the district for this species of preventive service, the office will not be accepted by any with the purpose of discharging its duties with the necessary activity, in a case where the whole peasants of the country make common cause, and where the gentry are totally indifferent. It is only by enlisting these last in the cause, that a predominant authority, constantly exerted, might probably lessen this great evil. For two or three years after the last Tweed Act was passed, we believe the laws were better kept both at the mouth of the river and in the upper country. But, at present, the destruction of the spawning fish is universal, and joined to the engrossing activity with which the fish are prevented from ascending in the lawful season, must necessarily compel the salmon to leave the river; for even the strong instinct which induces the salmon to return to the stream in which it was bred, will give way under such unremitting persecution as the river at present undergoes—while, to use a vulgar but expressive

phrase, the two classes of persons inhabiting the upper and lower banks are "burning the candle at both ends."

Neither do the upper and lower *heritors*, as they are called in Scotland, play for equal stakes. It is true the occupation of Halieus and his philosophical companions is nigh lost in the upper districts. But the loss is that of sport merely; whereas that which may be suffered at the mouth of the river shall affect patrimonial interest, to the extent of several thousands a-year.

The most probable mode of redeeming these fisheries from almost sure ruin would, perhaps, be a compromise, by which the upper *heritors* should be admitted to share such a portion of the fish for their sport and their table as they formerly enjoyed —they, on the other hand, exerting themselves, as they have the means of doing, to prevent or punish those who transgress during close-time. But we have no expectation of such an agreement. If, for example, it were proposed to afford a free use of twenty-four hours per week, in addition to those already conceded between Saturday and Sunday night, it would probably be difficult to induce the inferior proprietors to sacrifice one-sixth part of their immediate weekly gains even for the probability of securing from destruction the fishery out of which these gains arise. Or, indeed, if the proprietors of the lower fisheries took a more expanded view of their own interests, and judged it worth while to make a partial sacrifice to preserve the whole, it might still be found difficult or impos-

sible to reconcile their tenants, whose interest is of a temporary character, to submission to a loss which should affect their profit immediately, in order to secure the prosperity of the fisheries at a period when they might be let to other persons.

We are happy, therefore, that a sport which we *have* admired is recorded in *Salmonia*—where the descendants of those who have witnessed or shared it will read of it with the same feelings wherewith the present generation peruse accounts of the chase of red or fallow deer, wild-boars or wild-cattle,

———" All once our own."

We must now conclude with the parting address of the Coryphæus of *Salmonia* to his party, p. 270.

" I have made you idlers at home and abroad, but I hope to some purpose; and I trust you will confess the time bestowed upon angling has not been thrown away. The most important principle perhaps in life is to have a pursuit— a useful one if possible, and at all events an innocent one. And the scenes you have enjoyed—the contemplations to which they have led, and the exercise in which we have indulged, have, I am sure, been very salutary to the body, and, I hope, to the mind. I have always found a peculiar effect from this kind of life; it has appeared to bring me back to early times and feelings, and to create again the hopes and happiness of youthful days."

[Sir Humphry Davy died at Geneva, on the 30th May, 1829, in his 51st year. Shortly after his death appeared his *Consolations of Travel, or Last Days of a Philosopher.*]

ARTICLE XIII.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

["*Annals of the Caledonians, Picts, and Scots; and of Strathclyde, Cumberland, Galloway, and Murray. By* JOSEPH RITSON, Esq. 2 *vols.* 8*vo. Edinburgh*, 1828." *From the Quarterly Review for July*, 1829.]

THE situation of Scotland, in respect to her early history, was, till of late years, extremely odd. Her inhabitants believed themselves, and, by dint of asseveration persuaded others to believe them, one of the most ancient nations in the world, possessed of clear and indisputable documents authenticating their history up to the very earliest era of recorded time. This error was no mere transitory ebullition of vanity, but maintained and fostered by reference to divers respectable tissues, entitled Histories of Scotland,—all ringing the changes upon a set of fables which had been ingeniously invented to prevent the disgrace of avowed ignorance. Thus do

> "Geographers on pathless downs
> Place elephants instead of towns."

Hector Boece, or Boethius, in his *Scotorum Historia ab illius Gentis Origine*, first printed at Paris in 1526, is the artist to whose pencil the flourishes in the blank leaves of Scottish story are chiefly to be ascribed. He was certainly a person of learning and talent, since he was the friend of Erasmus, and is described by him as *vir singularis ingenii et facundi oris.* But when Erasmus tells us that even the thought of a falsehood was unknown to him, we can hardly suppose he ever read that work in which friend Hector

> "in imposition strong,
> Beats the best liar that e'er wagg'd a tongue."

For materials, he had before him the Rhyming Chronicle of Wynton, Prior of Lochleven, the Chronicle of John Fordun, and his continuator, Bower, and similar worthies. There was little information probably to be gained from public records, which were not then, as now, accessible to every student; and this, indeed, is some apology for the gross errors of Hector's predecessors, and his credulity in adopting them; but it affords none for the various additions with which it has been his pleasure to embellish the elder figments; bolstering them out with plausible circumstances, and issuing absurd family legends, bardic traditions, and all the crazy extravagances of popular report, under the authority of a grave Principal, for such he was, of the University of Aberdeen. Still less was he entitled to rest upon such evidence as that of Verimundus, Cornelius Hibernicus, John Campbell, and others, whom no author save himself ever

saw, or heard of—men of straw—mere names. Thus we may pardon his repeating, as a tradition occurring in Wynton, and other early historians, how Gathelus, the son of Cecrops, king of Athens, son-in-law to Pharaoh, king of Egypt (having married his daughter Scota),—this couple, terrified by the plagues inflicted on Pharaoh for his obstinacy, left Egypt in search of a more quiet residence in some distant land;—how, in their exploratory voyage, they founded the cities of Compostella and Lisbon;—how they discovered Ireland and peopled it; and, finally, how they and their followers, the Scots, so called as being the subjects of Scota, obtained possession of North Britain. The anxiety of every nation is as great as that of Falconbridge, to have some proper man for their father; and Boethius, in his day, could not have well avoided retailing what his predecessors had left upon record about Gathelus and Scota. But he is totally without excuse, when he augments the falsehood with a circumstance devised by himself; and assures us that when King *Ptolemy* sent abroad a mathematical mission to enlarge the knowledge of geography, they were entertained hospitably at the court of Ruether, an imaginary king of Scotland, and returned delighted at having found, in so remote a region, the language, manners, and government of Egypt. In this, as in other cases, Hector dressed up and adorned the rude fictions of early times, and gave wings to the bug which would otherwise have crawled unnoticed in its native obscurity. Upon such principles, this no-

table forger put forth his regular pedigree of Scottish kings, some few of whose names are to be found, unquestionably, in a brief and doubtful catalogue of Irish authorities, but most are individually indebted to himself for their very existence, and all of them for their lives, characters, and the respective events of their respective reigns.

A much more eminent man condescended to take him for his guide and authority during this early period, and repeat his fabulous narrative in language equal, for spirit and emphasis, to that of the silver age of Rome—George Buchanan. Lesley, the celebrated bishop of Ross, who had done and suffered so much in the cause of Queen Mary, indited, also, a history of Scotland (published at Rome in 1578), in which he saw no cause to reject the ready, convenient, and creditable list of ancient monarchs drawn up by Boece. A prelate and royalist, he scorned not to see as far into a millstone as Buchanan, a heretic and opposer of the divine right of the sovereign; and accordingly adopted, without hesitation, the history of Gathelus and Scota, which the classical taste of the latter historian had thrown somewhat into the background.

Thus, thanks to the goodly correspondence amongst these grave authors, the annals of Scotland continued to be garnished with a comely catalogue of kings, whose existence no true-born native would suffer to be impugned or challenged. To render their individual stories more diversified, they follow each other arrayed successively in

light and darkness—a moderate and worthy prince being as regularly succeeded by a profligate and oppressive tyrant, as the squares of a chess-board are alternated with black and white. According to the universal belief introduced upon such foundations, Fergus I., descended from Gathelus and Scota, in the year before the coming of Christ 330, took possession of the kingdom of North Britain, and bestowed on it the name of Scotland, in which his posterity ever since have reigned.

The Scottish people continued to enjoy their dream of antiquity, and of the immense length of their royal line, for more than half a century, though not without challenge on the subject by the Welsh and Irish, two nations as proud, and one by nature, and the other by mismanagement, very nearly as poor as themselves. The publication of O'Flaherty's "*Ogygia*" gave rise to much resentment among Scottish antiquaries. Mr Roderick O'Flaherty did much more than out-herod Herod—he out-hectored Hector Boethius. He did not, indeed, pretend to dispute the arrival of Gathelus with his Egyptians or Milesians. On the contrary, he is more particular in noticing the exact day of their arrival than Boethius himself—to wit, the kalends of May, the fifth day of the week, and the seventh of the moon, in the year of creation 2934. But he scorned to allow that Irish chronology was confined by so recent a date as this; and, after giving some account of Cappa, Lagne, and Luafat, three primeval inhabitants of the Green Isle, who had been driven from Spain to Ireland

only to be drowned in the deluge, he narrates how Partholane, with a colony of Scythians, took possession of Ireland by a descent on Inver-suegene, in Kerry, in the month of May, the fourteenth day of the moon, and of all days in the week, of a Wednesday, in the year of the world 1969, &c. &c. A more formidable assailant was William Lloyd, bishop successively of St Asaph, Coventry, and Worcester, who, in his history of the Government of the Church in Great Britain and Ireland, lopped from Boethius' catalogue no less than forty-four kings, supposed to have existed between the arrival of Fergus I. and the fifth century. The bishop was backed and defended by Stillingfleet, in his *Origines Britannicæ;* and the painful Welsh antiquary, Humphry Lhuyd, entered the lists to impugn formally the authority of Boethius, Buchanan, and their brethren.

These assailants were not without an antagonist. Sir George Mackenzie, who at that time (in the reign, namely, of Charles II.) held the office of Lord Advocate, and who is termed, by Dryden, "that noble wit of Scotland," stepped forward, ex-officio, as defender of the antiquities of the royal line. The reasons which he alleges for lifting the gage of battle, as well as the arguments by which he endeavours to support a very feeble cause, show a singular mixture of the spirit of ultra-loyal chivalry with the forensic habits of a king's counsel.

"I leave it," he says, "to all indifferent men whether I, as king's advocate, was not in duty obliged to answer a book written

by the late reverend and learned Bishop of St Asaph, to prove that King Fergus, and twenty-four posterior kings, were merely fabulous and idle inventions, since that assertion did not only give the lie flatly to two of our most just and learned kings, but overturned the foundations on which they had built the duty and kindness of their subjects; and since precedency is one of the chief glories of the crown, and since for this not only kings but subjects fight and debate, how could I suffer this right and privilege of our crown to be stolen from it by this assertion, which did expressly subtract about eight hundred and thirty years from their antiquity?"[1]

Sir George Mackenzie's defence of the royal line, is, as might be expected, a specimen of the merest special pleading. It had, however, considerable effect in Scotland, where all good Tories of the day were disposed to believe what was, in their idea, a proof of the inalienable right of the monarch, and where every Whig would have thought it sinful to discredit any thing which Buchanan had asserted. There was to both parties a *noli me tangere* in the question; and though Sir Robert Sibbald and others faintly hesitated their doubts, Hector Boethius remained lord of the ascendant, and Fergus I., and his two score of descendants, were swallowed by his readers as they might have bolted a poached egg.

The first step to a calm investigation of the early and obscure parts of Scottish history, occurs in the Dissertation of Father Innes, a Benedictine priest in the Scottish college of Paris. He has collected with labour, and published with considerable accuracy, the ancient chronicles and fragments of

[1] See the Works of Sir George Mackenzie, in two volumes folio, vol. ii. pp. 399, 400.

Scottish history. By comparing these with the more specious and highly-manufactured narratives of Boethius and Buchanan, it appears that the more ancient authorities for Scottish history consist—firstly, in a few notices occurring in the Roman writers, which, as might be expected, are casual, and not easily reconcilable with each other; as the remarks of men not very solicitous to be accurate concerning barbarous tribes, frequently, no doubt, changing their situation, manners, and even names, —and secondly, one or two meagre lists and chronicles, concerning the Scottish and Pictish kings, preserved in Christian convents.

At the time when Severus made his march into the northern part of this island, we can plainly discover two distinct nations inhabiting the country since called Scotland. 1. Between the wall of Severus, which was finally fixed as the barrier of the Roman empire, extending from the Solway to the mouth of the Tyne, and the ancient and more northern wall built by Hadrian betwixt the Firths of Clyde and Forth, the provinces of Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk, Dumfries, and Clydesdale, with the three Lothians, were inhabited by the *Meatæ*, or Midland Britons—a species of borderers, who alternately acknowledged the Roman yoke, or shook it off, as they perceived the necessity of submission, or the opportunity of resistance. 2. Beyond the wall of Hadrian, and amidst the rude mountains called the Grampian range, were situated the powerful and unconquered race, who are termed by the Romans *Caledonian* Britons; and

who, favoured by the strength of the country, left grounds for the boast of their descendants, still cherished in history and song, that

> "When the Romans endeavoured their country to gain,
> Their ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain."

Thus far is tolerably plain sailing; but in the end of the third century (A. D. 296) occurs the mention of a third people, the *Picts*. In A. D. 306, these are again spoken of by Eumenius the Rhetorician, in an oration delivered at Augustodunum (Autun) in Gaul, before Constantine, the son of Constantius Chlorus, in praise of the exploits of the latter. The turn of expression here would seem to infer, that the Caledonians were, in those later days, classed with other tribes under the general name of Picts—"Caledonum aliorumque Pictorum." Elsewhere the same orator talks of the *Britons*, the *Picts*, and the *Irish*, as inhabiting and waging war with each other in the isle of Britain.—It is tolerably clear, then, that in the beginning of the fourth century, there were no *Scots* in the northern part of Britain, any more than there were, at the same period, English, or Angles, in its southern division.

The Scots were, in the mean while, an existing people, although they had not as yet been distinguished in the country which now bears their name.[1] They seem to have made their first de-

[1] One of the first times they are mentioned (if, indeed, they are not confounded with a tribe called the Attacotti, inhabiting a

scent on *Ireland* during the third century, and probably towards the end of it; for none of the authors before that period, namely Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Mela, Ptolemy, Tacitus, Pliny, or Solinus, mention their existence. The Irish tradition infers their having come from Spain; and seas and climate considered, the west of that peninsula seems as natural a point for emigrating to the south of Ireland as any part of the north of Europe. Others, however, are captivated with the resemblance between the words Scot and Scythian, and insist, at all risks, on holding them to be synonymous. Be that as it may, to *Ireland* came the Scots—and, to the great confusion of history, conferred on the Green Isle the name of Scotland.

The "first gem of the sea" had already been occupied by the Hiberni, or Hiberniones, of whom nothing is known save that they were probably a colony from Britain—perhaps the same people whom O'Flaherty, assigning to them an indefinite antiquity, distinguishes by the name of Firhom-

part of Monteith and the Lennox) is by St Jerome, in the character of cannibals. "When a very young boy," says he, "I myself beheld in Gaul a tribe of British descent, called the Scots, devouring human flesh." "*Quid loquar de cæteris nationibus, cum ipse adolescentulus in Galliâ viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus.*" The assertion is positive; but it is easy to suppose how even a saint, *adhuc adolescentulus*, may have been imposed upon respecting the materials of the banquet. There was a grand controversy, now forgotten, on this passage, arising out of a note in Gibbon, in which Dr Parr cut a principal figure. Some MSS. for *Scotos* read *Attacottos*.

raigh, Fermorians, and affirms to be genuine Autochthones.[1] Over these Hiberni, however, the invading Scots appear to have obtained, for the time, a complete superiority. In the very ancient work called *St Patrick's Confession*, they are uniformly distinguished as lords of the soil, while the old inhabitants figure as common people or vassals. It was evidently no single invasion which could give the strangers such an ascendence.

A restless, a wandering, and it would appear a conquering race, the Scots of Ireland soon extended themselves into the north-western extremity of Great Britain, where, after having occupied several of the western islands, they at length possessed themselves of Argyll,—the country, that is, of the Gael or Gauls. The Irish Scots, who accomplished this settlement, are usually termed Dalriads, or Dalreudini. This first descent of the Scots on the land to which they were afterwards to give a *permanent* name, was made, it is said, under the command of Cairbar Riadah, who had been forced to fly from Ulster by the arms of Fin M'Coul, the Fingal of Macpherson. The plausible date assigned to this event is about the year 258. The Scots no doubt found Argyll and Cantire thinly peopled, as well as abounding with strong defiles; the one circumstance enabling them easily to obtain possession of the country, and the other assisting them in maintaining it. This Dalriadic colony, however, seems at length to have drawn on themselves the

[1] See Father Innes's Essay, p. 517. Tillemont, Historia Ecclesiæ, p. 453.

enmity of the Picts—a much more numerous and powerful nation—by whom they were expelled from Scotland, about the middle of the fifth century. They appear, however, to have remained united; at least, the Irish authorities give one catalogue, and the Scottish a similar, though not an exactly corresponding list, of the chiefs succeeding to Cairbar Riadah, by whom the Dalriads were governed, from their first entrance to Argyll to the expulsion from thence—and continuing the genealogy, during their exile, down to Fergus the son of Erch or Eric. This Fergus, according to our later and more sound antiquaries, is the founder of the Scottish line. He led back the Dalreudini to the shores of Argyll, established them in the settlement from which their fathers had been driven by the Picts, and was the first king of the Scots in North Britain, though his kingdom was limited to little more than one county of what is now termed Scotland. This second arrival of the Scoto-Irish seems to have been about 503.

After having thus achieved their final settlement in Britain, the Scots or Scoto-Irish invaders are very frequently named in history—often as combining their forces with those of the Picts in making the furious inroads by which the Roman province of South Britain was long infested and at length totally overrun; and, perhaps, more frequently as engaged in contests with each other. These last became more incessant and deadly after the arrival of the Saxons: these two nations were now compelled to exhaust on each other the war-

like spirit which no longer found a vent at the expense of their southern neighbours. At length, the Scots becoming decidedly superior in the struggle, the Picts, A.D. 840, were defeated by Kenneth M'Alpine, the twenty-fourth prince in descent from Fergus, the son of Eric; and the Scots, improving their victory, it is said, with exterminating cruelty, the Picts sustained such loss, that their name is afterwards scarce mentioned in history—where, amid the darkness of a barbarous age, they had hitherto made a rather conspicuous figure. This phenomenon, the vanishing of a whole people from the page of history, reminds us of those accidents in natural scenery, where, upon tracing some fine stream with the degree of pleasure which such occupation usually excites, we arrive at the spot where it is swallowed up by

——— "Caverns measureless to man,
And sinks in silence to a sunless ocean."

But we shall be called upon to consider this remarkable fact ere we finish our article.

Father Innes, it must be observed, was an antiquary, not an historian. His Essay was of a negative nature, merely showing what parts of the apocryphal history of Scotland could not possibly be true. He conjured down at once almost one-half of the sceptred shadows, which had kept their fantastic stand in the misty porch of Scottish history. He had ventured into the *mare incognitum*, and ascertained one-half of the islands of former navigators, to be, in sailor's language, Cape Flyaways; but he had not pretended to survey the

shores and islets of which the dim region actually afforded traces.

The more important part, though not the whole of this research, was left to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., a Scottish judge, by the title of Lord Hailes. There was never, perhaps, an author better qualified, from habits and qualities, to become the father of national history, in a country where the real springs had been in a great measure choked up and destroyed, and where fanciful authors had hewn out to themselves broken cisterns which could hold no water. In his profession as a barrister, Dalrymple had been intimate beyond others with that branch of jurisprudence which connects itself with the history and antiquities of Scotland; and his Memorial or Legal Statement, in the great case respecting the succession to the earldom of Sutherland, is still accounted, both in a legal and literary point of view, one of the most able pleadings on the rules of construction which ought to be applied to ancient grants of hereditary nobility that ever enlightened a court of justice. Of a distinguished Whig family, he was, by education and early instruction, freed from certain prejudices, not unamiable in their origin, but highly calculated to blind historical judgment, which were, in his day, almost unalienably attached to the character of the opposite party; while his calm and candid temper secured him from embracing in extravagance the tenets of his own Whig friends. The leisure—for a Scottish judge of the Court of Session was not then oppressed with a degree of

labour under which the stoutest constitutions have been in later times known to sink, and the strongest minds to give way — the leisure which his office permitted him was sufficient: a noble library of his own, and the full command of the inestimable collection belonging to the Faculty of Advocates, afforded him an ample mine of materials; and habits of accuracy, pushed almost to the verge of prudery, were the warrant at the same time for laborious research and for scrupulous fidelity.

In communicating truths, of which he had to tell many unpleasing to preconceived opinions or prejudices, Lord Hailes's independent and dignified situation obtained for him a credence which might have been refused to a mere literary adventurer. Above all, and far superior in this to future labourers in the same vineyard, Lord Hailes's principles, moral and religious, rendered him incapable of making differences upon abstract questions of history a reason for triumphing over those who might entertain less sound opinions than his own. He at no time rendered a painful truth yet more unacceptable by stating it with bitterness. His aim was to make converts to his opinions by force of argument and persuasion, not by reproach, ridicule, and sarcasm.

The Annals of Scotland, by this excellent person, of which the first volume was published in 1776, do not embrace those darker periods of which we have hitherto been treating, and to which we must again return. They commence A. D. 1034, at the well-chosen epoch of the gracious Duncan's

ascent to the throne, from which he was precipitated by the treason of his kinsman, Macbeth,—a point of Scottish history which, illuminated by the fire of genius, like some solitary peak in a distant range of mountains touched with the beams of the rising sun, shines with a brilliancy not its own, and seems clear and distinct to the eye, while all around is dark and uncertain. This secures to the first pages of our annalist an attention to which those that follow cannot aspire; for who is not attracted by the well-known sounds of Macbeth, Banquo, Macduff, and Malcolm, and would not willingly listen to the real history of the actors in that immortal drama? As the annals are, in a great measure, a collection of detached facts, recorded under their respective dates, they are, of course, brief, dry notices of insulated occurrences, and possess little interest to the general reader, except that which we have already noticed, till they reach the great events which followed the accession of David I. Lord Hailes here employs language severely conforming to that of the authorities—who afforded him, indeed, information of the events, but no means of arguing on them. As the story advances, the style becomes more animated and interesting, and the author not only details his facts in a clear, precise, and manly manner, but illustrates them by a selection of the most striking details and characteristic expressions collected from old authorities, and also by the shrewd and terse remarks which the progress of the tale suggested to one well acquainted both with books and men. These an-

nals reach from 1034 down to the death of David II., in 1370–1. A better and surer guide through a history which, till his time, was almost totally unknown, will never be supplied, though unquestionably much remains to be discovered, and some things to be corrected. As was the historian's office and duty, Lord Hailes, in the course of his narrative, overthrew or dispersed the various inventions, traditions, and legends with which the adulation of bards, the superstition of monks, and last, not least, the vanity of Boethius and his kindred, had encumbered the fabric of Scottish history. These popular idols were not to be pulled down—these Dalilahs of the public imagination were not to be destroyed, however, without opposition. Scotland was generally surprised and offended at the great innovation upon her antiquities. From occupying a huge portion of the imagination of the natives, that remainder of the favourite legends, which stood the test of Lord Hailes's refining crucible, dwindled into comparatively a matter not worth even thinking on. The feelings of the nation resembled those of the wizard, whose treasure, derived from the father of falsehood, is turned suddenly into trash—or of an over-trading banker, who awakes, and behold! his paper—is paper. No precise answer was made to Lord Hailes. Lord Elibank, who was remarkable for exercising in paradoxes his very acute understanding, attempted, indeed, a defence of the tradition concerning the supposed league between Charlemagne and the Scottish King Achaius; but

this contest of wit and ingenuity with research and learning soon ended; and that precious figment has since slept with its fathers.

With such an impression of Lord Hailes's merits, we are far from asserting his infallibility. With all his talent and industry, he was only a single individual labouring in a difficult task, where the toil of others had hitherto done but little. He may and must have made mistakes and omissions: and, while distrusting the prejudices of others, occasionally was the victim of his own incredulity, and rejected facts which have since been proved to be true, because they seemed improbable. But we contend strenuously, that he who first gave a clue to the labyrinth of Scottish history is entitled to the most profound respect from those whose task he has rendered so easy; and that his errors, when such occur, should be handled with the same affectionate respect as those of a parent.

The emendations thus introduced by Lord Hailes were far from being readily or cordially adopted by his countrymen; but *magna est veritas et prævalebit* —they took not the less root that they were considered at first with rather unwilling minds, and only admitted because truth was irrefragable. Still it was only on the middle ages of Scottish history, that Dalrymple's labours had thrown actual light. He had blown, like a destined knight, the trumpet of truth before the enchanted castles which Boethius and Buchanan had established on the debateable ground: but when their portals, towers, and barbicans had dissolved before his summons, the space

hitherto filled by these delusive monuments remained—mere space. It was to be expected that others would arise to attempt at least carrying into the dim era of the Caledonians, Picts, Scots, and Dalriads, something of the spirit of Sir David's research. And here, accordingly, there began, erelong, a controversy in which the most violent opinions have been maintained on the slightest authorities, and which may be termed to Scottish antiquaries the very slough of despond, whereon much learning has been thrown without mending the path: or, rather, a Serbonian bog, capable of swamping whole armies of commentators.

The first who sounded its depths was the pugnacious John Pinkerton. He was a man of an eager, acute, tenacious temper: a devourer of learning—a very *helluo librorum*, who, relinquishing the profession of the law, to which he was bred, resolved to force himself into notice by dint of a display of profound learning, inferring an acquaintance with the most uncommon and abstruse authors, and a great degree of contempt for those whose researches had not matched his own. He entertained or affected great respect for, and acquaintance with, the works of foreign literati; and, assuming an enthusiasm for their learning, indulged his own arrogance by employing their uncivil language, and translating the classical vituperation of *mentiris impudentissime* into the St Giles's dialect of "you lie, scoundrel."

It may puzzle some of our readers who are not familiarly acquainted with the study of antiquities,

to guess what opportunities that very abstract pursuit can possibly afford for the use of violent language or party spleen. Indeed, a plain man would imagine, *à priori*, that no more passionless investigation could well be discovered than one touching the language, manners, and fortunes of a nation whose memory is now only preserved by a few brief indications in hoary chronicles, more than a thousand years old, and a dubious chain of popular tradition. Pinkerton, however, contrived to introduce into his argument a deep and peculiar strain of offence. His *Essay on the History of Scotland preceding the Reign of Malcolm III.*, is founded on one wide and sweeping assertion. It pleased Mr John to divide modern Europe into four classes:—Two of these—and the only two with which we are at present concerned—being first, the *Celts*, the most ancient inhabitants of Europe, "and who were to the others what the savages of America are to the European settlers there;" and, second, the *Goths*, a mighty and preponderating people, originally Scythians, who coming westward from the wilds of their native country, occupied, conquered, and colonized all the northern parts of Europe. Mr Pinkerton debates at great length, and with much display of learning, on the history of the Goths, and the conquests which he states them to have obtained over the Celts, in their progress through all Europe. It is not with this general statement that we are called upon to struggle; but he proceeds to lay down the law, that—"The Celts of Ireland, Wales, and

the Highlands of Scotland, are savages, have been savages since the world began, while a separate people, that is, while themselves and of unmixed blood;" and affirms that "the contempt borne by these Celts for the England-Lowland-Scottish and later Irish (who are Irish and Scots), is extreme, and knows no bounds." Elsewhere the same strain is pursued—"The Celts of Scotland always are, and continue to be, a dishonoured, timid, filthy, ignorant, and degraded race."

"It is to the lies of our Celtic neighbours that we are indebted for the fables of English history down to within these thirty years, and the almost total perdition of the history of Scotland and Ireland. Geoffrey of Monmouth, most of the Irish historians, and the Highland bards and seannachies in Scotland, show that falsehood is the natural growth of the Celtic mind; and the case is the same to this day. No reprobation can be too strong for such frontless impudence; and to say that a writer is a Celt, is to say that he is a stranger to truth, modesty, and morality. Diodorus Siculus (lib. v. p. 354) remarks the cloudy speech and intellect, synecdochic phrase, and hyperbolical pride of the old Celts. Their idiotic credulity was derided by the Roman poets—'*Et tumidus Gallus credulitate fruar*'—'Vaniloquum Celtæ genus.'—Characters of nations change—Characters of savage RACES never."—*Dissertation on the Goths.*

Such extravagant abuse puts a sober-minded reader in remembrance of a case of supposed possession, and induces him to exclaim with the clown, in *Twelfth Night*, "O hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man!"

The Highlanders of Scotland, Celts or not, for many of them are of Scandinavian or Gothic origin, had long inherited a large share of the kindness and respect of their countrymen. Three centuries

had passed away since they were considered as the enemies of the Lowlanders. Their primitive manners, and mode of life—their ready and constant use of arms—the unquestionable courage which they had displayed on many occasions, and particularly during the wars of Montrose and Dundee, and in the later insurrections of 1715 and 1745—even the severities inflicted on them—had rendered them interesting to their countrymen; in a word, the whole nation was disposed—we think justly—to consider them the representatives of the ancient Scots, from whom the royal line was unquestionably descended, and who, by the admission of Mr Pinkerton himself, had given name to the whole nation. It cannot be denied that they were a very poor people, indifferent to comforts which they had not the means of obtaining, ignorant because they had not the means of instruction; contented with the most wretched accommodation; indifferent to cleanliness, which was no especial attribute of their Lowland neighbours—Goths, as Mr Pinkerton would insist upon terming them;—in short, it must be admitted that these Highland Celts shared all the miseries and privations incident to a people driven by preponderating force out of a country comparatively fertile, and forced to defend their independence among barren rocks and wildernesses. We must also allow that their character comprehends a considerable portion of what they themselves call *spag-linhn*, or assumption of consequence; nor do we see much cause for wonder here, it being the common nature of human beings to seek in such feelings internal solace for the pressure of external

circumstances. But when all this is admitted, there must remain with the Highlanders, as a people, the virtues of unshaken faith, hospitality, and a general high-toned feeling of thought and expression approaching more nearly to the enthusiasm of chivalry than any thing to be found among their Lowland neighbours; though these also may claim their peculiar merits. The slur of want of courage will hardly stick upon the Welsh, who so long defended their *paupera regna* against the overbearing force of the whole kingdom of England, and yielded at last less to open force than fraud, and the consequences of their own civil dissensions; and such charges brought against the Irish nation are too ludicrous to admit serious consideration. We presume that a regiment of either of these three races would desire nothing better than to rest the character of their country on the issue of a contest with an equal or superior number, either of Swedes, Danes, or Saxons, whichever might be reckoned the most genuine representatives of the mighty Goths, or of the trans-Tiverini themselves, the unquestionable descendants of the far more mighty Romans, by whom the world was conquered.

The Highland antiquaries justly incurred Pinkerton's severe censure for the readiness with which they had reposed unlimited confidence in the sophisticated poems of Ossian, and endeavoured to pass them as historical authorities upon their neighbours. But, although this castigation was merited, it came with indifferent grace from the author who had, in his first literary work, attempted to palm on the

public a whole sheaf of modern antique ballads, which he (John Pinkerton) only confessed to be imitations, when he perceived that no one was disposed to receive them as genuine.

We well remember how angry and mortified the Highlanders were at Pinkerton's impeachment of their national consequence, and how a club of young men of that time, more in playful malice than in serious conviction, enjoyed their vexation, and embroiled the dispute, by assuming the title of The Mighty *Goths*. The humour, however, had its day, and the Highlanders were, in due time, restored to the post of being, after their cognates of Wales, the most ancient and unmingled race of the inhabitants of Britain. When we would describe the genius of Scotland, he still appears as he was seen of yore by an inspired Lowland bard,

> "Great daring darted from his eye,
> A broadsword schogled at his thigh,
> On his right arm a targe."

Having bestowed an immense profusion of many-languaged lore on the Goths in general, it was Mr Pinkerton's next business to conduct to Scotland a band of this noble people, and place them in the capacity of conquerors over the detested Celts. For this purpose, he selected a tribe residing near Colchis, called Peuki, transported them from the Euxine sea to the mouth of the Danube, and finally to the shores of the Baltic, at the expense of a display of erudition which rather tends to embarrass the reader than to illustrate the argument. You find yourself, while quotations of Greek and Latin

are resounding around you, in the situation of the boy whose holiday stock of fireworks has exploded in his pocket, very much alarmed and very little hurt. One good authority of an ancient author, stating these Peuki to have come to Scandinavia from the Euxine sea, and to have gone from thence to Scotland, and occupied the Lowlands of that country, would have been worth a thousand vague insinuations and fanciful deductions, but we are furnished with none such. The conclusion to which Mr Pinkerton arrives is, that these Peuki of the Euxine, after using the varied names of Peuke, Peukini, Pichtar, Peuchtar, or Pehten, at length settled in the eastern Lowlands of Scotland, under the name of Piks or *Piki*. The Romans, however, found fault, it seems, with this last denomination. The word Piki implied in Latin, *wood-peckers*, and a victory over such an enemy would have sounded oddly in their annals; and for this reason, we are assured, the Romans changed the name of their noble antagonists to Picts. The last step in the real derivation, however, was more probably Vik-Viriar—the Picts being the genuine Vikingr, or sea-kings of the north. Great questions for argument were thus launched forth to the world. If the Picts were Peuki, they were Goths; if they were sea-kings, then they were Scandinavians; in either case, they spoke a Gothic dialect, and must have bequeathed it to their descendants. Hence the question became infinitely more curious than as it related merely to the twilight history of a people, little but whose name survived; in a word, it came

to touch on the history and composition of the Scottish language. The Gothic champions boldly advocated the theory that, as the Picts, supposing them Goths, must have spoken a Teutonic dialect, therefore the materials of the existing English tongue must have been possessed in Scotland long before the Angles had given either name or language to old England itself.

The hypothesis of Pinkerton had, in truth, been struck out before his day by Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, though with the modest hesitation of a scholar, and the civilized manners of a gentleman. After publication of the Enquiry, its author obtained many followers, although some of them relapsed to the Celtic faith. Amongst those who remained were Dr John Jamieson, author of the Dictionary, the late John Sibbald, editor of a selection of ancient Scottish poems, and other distinguished archæologists.

George Chalmers raised a banner against Pinkerton on the other side, and long previous to the publication of his great work of *Caledonia*—a work unequalled, if we consider it as a mass of materials assembled by the labour of a single man —Joseph Ritson, an antiquary of the first order, had embraced the same side with much vehemence. Of this last writer we may say with justice, that, allowing for a certain portion of irritability (a constitutional *disease*), he possessed, in a degree surpassing his contemporaries, the patience, the candour, and the industry necessary for antiquarian researches. He was firm, and somewhat obstinate

in his opinions, as was natural in one who had adopted them after much thought. But he piqued himself on the most perfect honesty in research and quotation, and, if you brought him sufficient evidence to convince him of his error, he was the first to avow his conviction to the world. His violence, though often to be regretted, was always sincere and unaffected; while that of Pinkerton was suspected by some of his friends to be in a great measure assumed, for the sake of attracting attention. Certain it is that the latter antiquary laid aside much of the virulence displayed in his earlier publications, as he fell into the vale of years. The sun set heavily on both—for Joseph Ritson's whimsicalities terminated in mental alienation; and the career of Pinkerton, which in its commencement attracted the notice of Gibbon, who desired to adopt him as an associate in the proposed task of editing the British historians, ended in exile, in obscurity, and we fear in indigence. His studious and laborious disposition deserves praise; and the defects we have had to notice with pain, arose in youth from the arrogance of inexperience, and in his latter years from mortification at the failure of a long series of literary attempts—some of which merited another fate.

Ritson's posthumous publication now before us is entitled *Annals of the Caledonians, Picts, and Scots, and of Strathclyde, Cumberland, and Galloway.* These *annals* consist of separate lists of *all* the passages concerning each of these people and districts,—with the name of the author marked

beneath each little extract. Every set of annals, therefore, contains all that one could learn by laboriously wading through the whole long catalogue of authorities. It is evident that such a summary of authorities, so collected, and given without fear or favour, must contain the whole of the genuine materials of judgment. It is not every antiquarian disputant whom we would permit to arrange the evidence for us; many of the tribe might wish to bring into court those witnesses only whose testimony made for their own side of the question. But the accuracy and fidelity of Ritson are beyond suspicion.

In the Gothic system, adopted and advocated by Pinkerton, he was met by a singular dilemma, the consequences of which affect, more than he was willing to allow, the train of his whole reasoning. In supposing the *Picts* to have been a Gothic people, he encountered a choice of difficulties; either they were the same with the ancient *Caledonians*, continually spoken of by the Roman historians, from Tacitus to Procopius; or, they must have been a separate people, who invaded and conquered those original natives about the year 296,—when the *Picts* are first mentioned in history,—and who, in the course of the next century, must have totally rooted out and destroyed these Caledonians, since the latter are, after the beginning of the third century, rarely mentioned in history.

It is clear that if Mr Pinkerton could have made any choice betwixt these alternatives, with the least countenance from history, the latter would have

best suited his system. Accordingly he frankly tells us, that before he had fully examined the subject, "he was of opinion that the Picts were a new race, who had come in upon the Caledonians in the third century, and expelled them." But finding that this theory, "although, perhaps, many an acute and wise argument might be employed in it," was totally in opposition to every existing authority, he assumes credit for renouncing it, and acquiescing in the conclusion that the Caledonians and the Picts were one and the same people.

This, indeed, is the one point on which most who have considered the question seem to agree; but in acceding to it, Mr Pinkerton has raised serious objections to many parts of his own theory. In the first place, this invasion from the north of Europe (totally unauthorized by history) puts an end to the whole position about Sea-Kings, or *Vic-Viriar*,—for who ever heard of Scandinavian invasions two centuries before the Christian era? In the second place, we are required to believe that the Piker, Pichter, Piochtar, or Peuchtar, had, for three centuries and upwards, laid aside all the glories of their name, derived, as it was, from the euphonious sound of Peuké, by which their native home on the banks of the Euxine had been distinguished, and which they had bestowed upon a mountainous tract on the shores of the Baltic. We are required, we say, to believe that all these appellations were laid aside and suffered to merge in the general term Caledonians, which is supposed to signify foresters, or the inhabitants of a wooded

region,—a term indisputably of Celtic origin. It is even more startling to require our further assent to the proposition that, after a space of three centuries, during which they had been contented to veil their Gothic glories under the Celtic appellation of Caledonians, the nation suddenly reassumed, and stuck exclusively to, their original name of Picts, or Piks, which they had all along known as their only proper name. If Pinkerton had found such a position in the writings of an unfortunate Celt, what quarter would have been granted?

Pinkerton stands, however, on the authority of Tacitus; and indeed no other authority worthy of much notice has ever been pressed into the service. The Roman historian affords, indeed, no countenance to the idea that the Peukini, or any other people, conquered and took possession of North Britain; but he argues distinctly, that the Caledonians must have been of German origin, *since* they resembled the Germans in their large limbs and red hair. He speaks, however, with much less certainty on the subject than those who have written upon it so many centuries after the people themselves have ceased to exist. His words are —"Ceterum Britanniam qui mortales initio coluerunt, indigenæ an advecti—ut inter barbaros, parum compertum. Habitus corporum varii: atque ex eo argumenta; namque rutilæ Caledoniam habitantium comæ, magni artus, Germanicam originem asseverant. Silurum colorati vultus et torti plerumque crines, et positio contra Hispaniam, Iberos veteres trajecisse, easque sedes occupasse, fidem faciunt.

Proximi Gallis et similes sunt, seu durante originis vi; seu, procurrentibus in diversa terris, positio cœli corporibus habitum dedit. In universum tamen æstimanti, Gallos vicinum solum occupasse credibile est."[1] This passage, in our view, seems to exclude the existence of any collateral evidence which might add force to the supposition afforded by corporeal resemblance. If, for example, there had been any rumour among the inhabitants of Caledonia that their ancestors emigrated from Germany, and settled, either forcibly or by permission, upon the coasts which they had since inhabited, Tacitus would not have failed to notice a report corroborative of his opinions. Again, if there had been any feature of national customs, national manners, or national worship, which assimilated the Caledonians to the Germans,—and created a difference betwixt them and the other races of Britain, —Tacitus was neither so bad a reasoner nor so indifferent an observer as to suffer so strong a circumstance to escape his notice. Much more are we entitled to say, that the Caledonians must have spoken the same language with the other nations of Britain, since the fact of their having spoken German, or any thing allied to it, could not, for an instant, have escaped the remark of Agricola and his army, and must, of course, when reported to Tacitus, have been considered by him as more decisive proof of their German descent than their large limbs and red hair, since such external simi-

[1] Tacitus in Agricolam.

litude might be the work of chance, or, perhaps, of resemblance of climate, while correspondence of language is an infallible mark of common descent.

Under any theory, much cannot be founded *here* on the differences of complexion; since Pinkerton well knew that the Scoto-Irish, undeniably *Celts*, are addressed by a bard of their own as "the sons of Alba, the men of the yellow tresses," and that in the very song which details the names of their kings.

To return to Tacitus,—"Proximi Gallis et similes sunt, seu durante originis vi; seu, procurrentibus in diversa terris, positio cœli corporibus habitum dedit." So far the proofs are alike in all the three cases; but mark what follows in that which is applicable only to the descent of the *Britons*, so far as they spring from the *Gauls*:—"In universum tamen æstimanti, Gallos vicinum solum occupasse credibile est. Eorum sacra deprehendas, superstitionum persuasione. Sermo haud multum diversus; in deposcendis periculis eadem audacia, et ubi advenere, in detractandis eadem formido;—plus tamen ferociæ Britanni præferunt, ut quos nondum longa pax emollierit; nam Gallos quoque in bellis floruisse accepimus; amissa virtute pariter ac libertate; quod Brittanorum olim victis evenit—cæteri manent quales Galli fuerunt."

Here is a proof that Tacitus knew the importance of bringing forward the similarity of manners and language. There may be a dispute *how far* the similarity is asserted by the historian, to have

existed betwixt the Britons and Gauls,—whether through the race generally, or only as applicable to those tribes which lay nearest to France. This depends on the interpretation of *vicinum solum.* It may aid us in our interpretation if we consider that the only Britons who could, in the time of Tacitus, be termed *unconquered,* were not such as resided on the sea-coast opposite to Gaul,—for these tribes were first of all invaded and broken,—but the Caledonians, who still maintained stout resistance.

We are not interested in disputing that the Caledonians carried on any such commerce as they possessed by means of the ports of the Low Countries; and it is probable enough that in the fast following changes of such a period, they might augment their population by emigrations from those Belgic shores; in other words, that a stream of German blood thus infused into their Celtic veins, might have made them approach more nearly in appearance to the deep-blooming, large-bodied, strong-limbed, yellow-haired, and blue-eyed Teuton. But by the negative evidence of Tacitus, they had neither his rites, his laws, his altar, nor his language; and we think this positive evidence will bear us out in asserting, that their religion, temper, habits, and speech were decidedly Celtic, being those of old Gaul.

The *Caledonians,* however, maintained an obstinate struggle against the Romans, from the latter part of the first to the beginning of the third

century; during which time all the unconquered tribes beyond the Northern wall were designed by this generic appellation, though doubtless consisting, according to the unhappy custom of the Gauls, of small independent states or clans, whom a strong and immediate sense of public and general danger could alone bring to act in concert. The expedition of Severus, as it was the last, so it was the most formidable invasion which the conquerors of the world directed against the barbarians of Britain. This emperor himself, a prince of great military skill, marched from York, at the head of an immense army destined to carry fire and sword to the northern extremity of the island, with the avowed determination not only completely to crush the barbarians, but to cut down their woods, make roads over their mountains and through their marshes, and render the whole country accessible to the Roman legions. Through fatigue, privation, and constant skirmishes, Severus is said, by Dion, to have lost fifty thousand men—a statement which will illustrate the original numbers of his host. He penetrated as far as the Firth of Moray; but, exhausted by losses, and himself broken in health, and afflicted by family dissensions, he was finally compelled to make a treaty with the Caledonians, leaving them in possession of the inaccessible country, the attempt to conquer which had cost him such loss. Having made a peace, which he meant should be perpetual, he showed the imperfect nature of his success by again repairing

the wall betwixt the friths of Clyde and Forth, and assigning it as the frontier of the Roman province.

This was accomplished in 210, and in 212 the Britons were again in arms; and now, not only the Caledonians, who advanced southward from the barren mountains, in which the arms of the emperor had cooped them up for a short season, but also the Meatæ, or half-subdued people, who resided between the two walls, were united against the Romans. This incensed Severus so much, that he reassembled his forces with the declared purpose of sparing neither sex nor age in his next campaign; and by slaying even mothers with their unborn infants, to exterminate, if possible, these obstinate barbarians. He died while at York, and was saved the actual guilt of the atrocious campaign which he meditated. After the death of this emperor, we hear little more of the Caledonians under that title; though the name continues to occur occasionally in history. And this brings us back to Pinkerton and his antagonists.

Amidst their confusion of statements, we see, or think we see—for critics are not exempt from the illusions proper to this fairy ground, of which it may he said, "the isle is full of noises"—we think, then, we see fair reasons for holding to the opinion of George Chalmers. It has the advantage of agreeing substantially with those of Camden, Selden, and Father Innes. In a word, Chalmers has argued the case of the Pictish origin with much attention, and seems to us to prove

clearly that the Picts are no other than the Caledonian Britons, driven to the extremity of Scotland, beyond the Moray frith, by the overbearing force of the Romans, but who, returning when the decay of the empire, felt through all its frontiers, gave the barbarians, in their turn, the power of becoming the assailants, confined the Romans to a defensive war, which, for the sake of the unhappy colonists, they maintained and renewed from time to time, until at length they left them to their own resources, and fairly evacuated the island. The very same people, in short, or confederacy of tribes, who retreated as Caledonians, advanced again, if our theory be the true one, under their new name of Picts.

Nor does there seem any necessity for searching for the etymology of the name further than the obvious meaning of the Latin word *Picti*, very naturally applied to them by the Romans and the Roman colonists. Cæsar had found the Britons of his time in the habit of tatooing their bodies, and staining them with various colours, either from that love of ornament which seems to precede even the invention of decent dress—or from the desire, by thus distinguishing themselves in the field of battle, of inspiring confidence amidst their followers and terror in the enemy. The free Britons retained this custom, while those who were subdued by the Romans laid that, with other warlike habits, aside; and, in the words of Tacitus, lost at once their courage and their liberty. In the time of Agricola, the custom of painting the

body was still, probably, so general, that a name derived from its use would not have indicated distinctly any particular tribe or body of people; the term of Caledonians, or Woodsmen, was, therefore, bestowed on the barbarians who opposed the father-in-law of Tacitus. But the victory over Galgacus, followed by the successes of Lollius Urbicus and other Roman generals, repelled, from time to time, the attacks of the Britons, and prevented intercourse between the Roman colonists, unless so far as the wealth of the latter was temptation to the poverty of the last, and induced them to predatory incursions. The great effort of Severus must have contributed still further to the increase of this estrangement; and it became every day more natural that both the Roman soldiers and the colonial Britons should distinguish their northern neighbours by a name taken from a practice entirely disused in the peaceful and subjugated province of South Britain. They called, then, those wild foresters the *painted men;* exactly such a title as the English settlers might have bestowed upon the native savages of America, had they not chosen to confuse topography by giving them the name of Indians. Many an epithet, given originally as a nickname to a nation or to a faction, has the luck to be adopted and used by themselves in serious earnest; and we see no reason for hesitating to conclude that the unconquered mountaineers took up the name thus bestowed on them by the Romans, varying the accent by a guttural, as was common among the Celts, and

pronouncing the word, as, indeed, it is to this day pronounced in Scotland by the vulgar, *Peght.* We can discover little need for seeking further. Claudian's evidence establishes the fact that these people were really addicted to the habit from which we presume their name to have been assigned to them. In one passage we find—

— "nec falso nomine Pictos."

And in one yet more striking, he represents the victorious legionary as perusing the decaying characters marked on the body of the dying barbarian—

——— "ferroque notatas
Perlegit exangues Picto moriente figuras."

Ritson raises an objection to our system, which we should hardly have expected from so acute an antiquary.

"Another reason (says he), which will render the pretence of the Picts being Caledonians, or indigenous Britons, still more absurd, is the authentic epistle of Gildas, who, being himself a Briton, and having likewise resided for some time in Ireland, could not possibly have been mistaken in the account he has given of these hostile, savage, and pagan strangers (viz. the *Picts*), without the slightest intimation that they had degenerated from their parent stock."—Vol. i. p. 88.

Surely, in answer to this, it is enough to say that propinquity of blood no more binds individuals or nations in amity, as a matter of necessity, than propinquity of tenets establishes good-will among sects. A rude and fierce people, like the free Britons, whether we call them Caledonians or Picts, must have entertained, against the effeminate and timid colonist and bondsman of Rome,

even such a spiteful mixture of anger and contempt as that with which a flock of jackdaws may be seen to welcome a tamed individual of the same breed, who has escaped from his wicker cage in full uniform of cap and bells. Besides the abstract feeling of contempt and hatred nourished by the free savage against the degenerate tyro of civilisation, there was, moreover, in this case, every passion afloat which could stimulate the stronger party. It was a war, in which every circumstance tempted to the indulgence of every species of oppression. The free Briton was powerful, the colonist weak; the former accustomed to war, proud, haughty, domineering; the latter effeminate, feeble, and accustomed to constant submission. The one was covetous of the wealth which he could only gain by cruelty and rapine, the other wanted heart to defend it. What could a distant recollection of common descent have availed to restrain such powerful motives for rapacity? or what wonder that Gildas, however querimonious, should not have thought it worth while to record as an exaggeration of the many injuries he and his neighbours received from the Picts, that they were inflicted by their cousins only ten times removed? for, in truth, there had been no intercourse between the southern and northern Britons for at least three centuries, a time long enough to puzzle pedigrees, even in the memory of a Welshman. Lastly, and *ex super abundanti*, it is to be considered that the ravages and atrocities, of which the British Jeremiah complains, were not inflicted by the Picts

alone, but by the Scots also, against whom the charge of unkind cousinship could not be objected.

So much for Ritson and Gildas. It is, moreover, clear that the Picts were, one division of them at least, actually in possession of the old name of Caledonians, very slightly altered—for Ammianus Marcellinus expressly tells us that the Picts are divided into Vecturiones and Deucaledonii; the former of which names distinguished those who achieved settlements beyond the wall of Severus; the latter applied to such of the nation as remained in the more northern provinces possessed by the Caledonians of old. When there is such a penury of evidence, every circumstance becomes of importance.

The next subject of bitter argument is the Pictish language:—and this, indeed, is the only point of their history at all interesting to the present generation. Their manners and customs cannot now be traced; their religion, or rather the superstitions which they received before they were converted to Christianity, are scarcely to be seen; their battles and conquests were like the battles of kites and crows; but if the Picts were really the nation who transmitted to us the first germ of the noble language which has gained immortality from having been so often employed in the service of genius, and in defence of religion and liberty, we ought to collect and cherish the least fact in their history, as we would the ashes of our forefathers.

There was never a question of philological importance pressed within a narrower compass. We

are left almost entirely to conjecture. The Picts, during the time the nation flourished, were, like other barbarians, too ardent upon acting to think of recording their feats; and, *de facto*, there are no remains of their language excepting a single word or two. That they had, however, a separate language of their own is marked and witnessed by Bede, who expressly says that the gospel is preached in this island in as many tongues as there are Books of Moses,—"*quinque gentium linguis, Anglorum scilicet, Brittonum, Scottorum*, Pictorum, *et Latinorum*." But *in what degree* the Pictish tongue differed from any of the others named,—whether it was of kin to the Celtic dialects of the Britons and Scots, or to the Gothic one of the Angles, Bede does not say. As little can we gather on this head from Adoman, the biographer of Saint Columba, who tells that in the country of the Picts that zealous missionary was obliged to employ an interpreter. The Welsh and the Scottish Highlanders do not at this day understand each other, though we all know that they speak cognate dialects of the Celtic. We are, therefore, free, in the absence of proof, to believe that the Picts spoke a third dialect of the Celtic, formed during their long exile into the remote regions beyond the Moray frith, and unintelligible in the end to either of the other Celtic tribes of these islands.

Now comes the single intelligible word of this once celebrated people, which has been accidentally preserved. Bede, in describing the northern wall

of the Romans, says that it began at Abercnyh, the well-known Abercorn of later history, and extended to a place called, *sermone Pictorum*, in the Pictish language, *Penfahel*, but in the Saxon language, *Peneltun*. Nennius, a Briton, terms the same place *Pengual*, and says it was denominated in Scottish, *Cenail*, but in English, *Peneltun*. A single word affords a very narrow ground for controversy, especially where it is fiercely and sternly maintained. It is like coming to slugs and a saw-pit. Let us for once have recourse to etymology, The prefix *Pen* signifies a head or point, whether used literally or analogically. Penmanmaur is the peak so called in Welsh; and all the *Bens* in the Highlands of Scotland are peaked mountains. Pendragon, or Dragon's point or head, was the British name for the chief of their confederacies, when they had the prudence to adopt one. *Fahel*, as pronounced by the Picts, was unquestionably the same with the *gual* of the Welsh; and *guahal*, the *gu* being pronounced like the modern *wh*, as often occurs in Celtic dialects, is simply *whaal* or *wall:* Penfahel, and Pengual, therefore, mean the same thing, *caput valli*, namely, the Head of the Wall.[1] The Picts, apparently used a pronunci-

[1] It is well known to all who have looked in a Scottish hook of antiquity, that the letters *gh*, absurdly printed *qu*, are almost uniformly placed for *wh*, of which it has the power and force. So *whom* is printed *quhom*, *which* is printed *quilh*, *what* is printed *quhat*, &c., to the very unnecessary cumbrance of the Southron. This mode of expressing the sound is not, however, peculiar to Scotland. In the English chronicles, Guildhall is often printed *Wheldehall*. In the Spanish, the same mode of writing is universally adopted, as *alguazil* is pronounced *alwhazil*, &c.

ation still practised in the northern counties, from whence they came, as in Aberdeenshire and Buchan, where the people *hodie* say *fat* instead of *what*, *fite* for *white*, and so forth.

On the other hand, the word Peneltun, by which the same place was distinguished in Saxon, is no more than a compound of the old Pictish and British name, with the addition of *ton* or *town*, usually applied to a dwelling or place of abode, and still used in that sense in modern Anglo-Scottish.[1] Peneltun is merely Pen-wal-ton, *i. e.* the town or dwelling at the head of the wall, a very natural name for any residence which might exist or be erected there. We do not, therefore, argue too much in saying that the slight difference between the British Pengual and the Pictish Penfahel consists merely in pronunciation, and that it argues, as far as the evidence goes, that both languages were Celtic. It remains to be noticed that the Scots used the word Cenail (Cean being equivalent in Irish to the British Pen) to denominate the same place. It is therefore probable (as, indeed, we should be inclined to conclude *à priori*), that the Celtic of Ireland, as spoken by the Dalriads, resembled the dialect of the Picts in a less degree than the British did. The prepositions of *Aber* and *Pit*, occurring frequently in the countries pos-

[1] In Scotland, the mansion, though only a farm-house, is always called the town, and the difference between a landward town (frequently a single farm-house) and a borough town, makes the distinction between a solitary residence and what is in English called a town, or assembly of houses.

sessed by the Picts, are also said to be genuine remains of their language. Aber, signifying the opposite side of a river, is used commonly in Gaelic or Celtic; but then it exists in a similar sense in several Gothic dialects, so that this word affords no evidence on either side. *Pit* is used as a *hollow* in the Celtic, and the Anglo-Saxon use of the word, in the second and limited sense of a hole in the ground, seems secondary and derivative. The numerous proper names compounded with this prefix, in Fife and elsewhere, show that the Picts, who imposed them, use the word in its more general or Celtic acceptation.

Another piece of evidence on the subject of the Pictish language occurs in the names of their kings, preserved in a certain brief chronicle, written about the tenth century, retrieved from oblivion by the care of Father Innes, and the authenticity of which stands unimpeached. Unhappily the few words with which the chronicle is introduced are in Latin, and its contents are but a beadroll of harsh and very unchristian sounding names,—Drust, Drest, Necton, Morbot-filius, Drest, Gurthinthin-moch. The ingenious George Chalmers takes this unbaptized jargon in hand, and endeavours to prove that they are most of them of Celtic derivation: but to say the truth, etymological pursuits are so easily favoured by a *tour de force*, a little liberality of construction, that unless where derivations are obvious and manifest, they are very apt to remind us of Swift. Indeed, Mr Chalmers was addicted to the dean's method. In various instances he sent

down to clergymen or others, five or six interpretations of the name of the parish or place which occupied his attention, and left it to his correspondents to select among them that derivation which best suited the localities. Even this equitable freedom of choice did not content some unreasonable persons. The clergyman whom he invited to assist him in selecting the most applicable interpretation of the proper name of his own parish, Stobo, sent him back the whole cargo, with an additional etymology, which he preferred to them all, the component parts being, according to his view, a Latin and a French word, *Sto-beau*, I stand fair, *i. e.* I command a beautiful prospect.

As we do not call into court the derivations of Mr Chalmers, though making in favour of the side of the question which we have chiefly advocated in this article, so we must omit the evidence of Dr Jamieson, the learned Scottish lexicographer, whose testimony would otherwise have weight on the opposite side. The doctor, who has done so much for the Lowland Scottish brogue, is naturally jealous of its honour and antiquity, and favourable to the system of Pinkerton and other antiquaries, who, disdaining to account the dialect of Dunbar and Burns merely a slight variation of the Anglo-Saxon, first imported from England, and borrowed from the Northumbrians, and other barbarous people, contend, on the contrary, that it is the lineal legitimate offspring of a noble antique Gothic dialect spoken by the Picts, and that it was generally adopted in Scotland, at least as soon as any Gothic

roots had been planted on the southern soil of Great Britain by the Hengists and the Horsas. To verify this ambition of establishing a claim of high antiquity and originality for his Lowland Scottish, we can occasionally see in Dr Jamieson's excellent book a desire to derive words and synonymes from the Islandic, the Suio-Gothic, and other more remote sources, which, if system had not been in the way, the venerable lexicographer might have found at his own door in the Anglo-Saxon.

The truth is, that we have of late years become more and more persuaded that it is not the mere circumstance of similar words with similar meanings being found in different dialects, all flowing from a common source, which is sufficient to prove that one tribe or people have borrowed their language from another. King James's observation, that *like* is a bad mark, has force here as well as elsewhere. The only feasible method of coming to any conclusion is to enquire carefully in which tongue any given vocable retains its most simple and primitive meaning. But the task of tracing the oblique uses of words to the direct and primitive sense has been much neglected by lexicographers; and by few more than Dr Jamieson, —of these few one being Dr Samuel Johnson.

But really—conclusions, formerly adopted as axioms, concerning the existence of four distinct mother languages in Europe, to which all European dialects were to be referred, and which mother languages, belonging to different generic races of mankind, had no resemblance with or

derivation from each other, have of late years become extremely doubtful. The more extensively and accurately that the study of language is pursued, the more are men becoming convinced that all human tongues proceed from one and the same root; and even what Pinkerton considered as the impassable gulf between Goth and Celt is every day losing something of its importance. Let us pass, then, from the region of etymology, and return to historical facts, which, few and doubtful, are still the best we can find.

The Picts, advancing from the north against the Roman provinces, were seconded by the Scots or Dalriads a tribe who, emigrating from Ireland, had twice attempted, and the second time succeeded in colonizing Argyllshire. They of course lay on the western side of the wall, and were seconded by the tribes called Attacotti, of whom we know little more than that they were Britons, uncommonly savage, and occupied (probably) the shires of Ayr, Lanark, Stirling, and Dumfries. The joint force of these barbarians was repeatedly driven back by the Romans,—for it was not one effort that could overthrow the colossal power which had been built to endure for ages. In 368 the armies of the free natives on the west frontier, joined with the Picts on the eastern side of the island, who, if not allied, were working to a joint purpose, not only passed the walls, as on former occasions, but followed their success into the very midst of South Britain, inspired terror and confusion into the capital, and were only driven back by

Theodosius, who led to Britain, in person, the Jovian and Herculean legions. He thus again compelled to peace the insurgent tribes who, if the description of Gildas may be relied on, differed somewhat in manners (*moribus ex parte dissidentes*), but agreed in their thirst of human blood, in hiding their faces with shaggy hair, and in wearing clothes wrapped loosely around their middle. This passage (Gildas, cap. xv.) seems to intimate that the Picts, as well as the Scots, used the glibh or coolin, and wore the Irish mantle or Highland plaid.

Of other particulars concerning the Picts we learn little. They received the Christian religion, in a nominal manner at least, from the instructions of Saint Columba and Saint Palladius; but it does not appear to have mitigated their ferocity. Palladius died in the country of the Picts about 481.

It is here impossible to avoid remarking, that at Abernethy and at Brechin there are still in existence two of the round towers, of which so many occur in Ireland. Abernethy is said, by uniform tradition, to have been the capital of the Picts, and Brechin in the same district (now the county of Angus) was certainly a place of early importance. In Ireland there exist nearly thirty of these very peculiar buildings, which have been the very *cruces antiquariorum.* They could not have been beacons, for they are often (at Abernethy in particular) placed in low and obscure situations, though there are sites adjacent well calculated for watch-towers. They could not be hermitages, unless we suppose

that some caste of anchorites had improved on the idea of Simon Stylites, and taken up their abode in the hollow of such a pillar as that of which the Syrian holy man was contented to occupy the top. They could hardly be belfries, for though always placed close or near to a church, there is no aperture at the top for suffering the sound of the bells to be heard. Minarets they might have been accounted, if we had authority for believing that the ancient Christians were summoned to prayers like the Mahometans by the voice of criers. It is, however, all but impossible to doubt that they were ecclesiastical buildings; and the most distinct idea we are able to form of them is, from the circumstance that the inestimably singular scene of Irish antiquities, called the Seven Churches in the county of Wicklow, includes one of those round towers, detached in the usual manner, and another erected on the gable-end of the ruinous chapel of St Kevin, as if some architect of genius had discovered the means of uniting the steeple and the church. These towers might, possibly, have been contrived for the temporary retreat of the priest, and the means of protecting the "holy things" from desecration on the occasion of alarm, which in those uncertain times suddenly happened, and as suddenly passed away. These edifices at Brechin and Abernethy, however, were certainly constructed after the introduction of Christianity, and were, in all probability, built in imitation of the same round towers in Ireland, under the direction of the Irish monks who brought Christianity into Scotland. We may notice,

however, that the masonry of these towers is excellent, and may be held, in some sort, to bear witness to the popular tradition, that the Picts were skilful in architecture.

The only further particular worth notice is, that the Picts, at least their principal leaders, used chariots, which seems to countenance their identity with the Caledonians, a considerable part of whose force consisted in the *covinarii* noticed by Tacitus. There may still be seen, in the churchyard of Meigle (also in Angusshire), an ancient monument representing a chief in his chariot, perhaps the only representation of the kind now extant in these kingdoms.

The rich plunder of the British province, and the feeble opposition of the Romanized Britons, tempted fresh incursions of the barbarous tribes. The Scots, when the Romans had left the island, pressed more and more heavily upon the provincialists on the western frontier. There had all along remained on the exterior of the more southern wall a considerable nation of Britons, who occupied the kingdom, as it is called, of Strath Clywd, running from near Melrose on the east, to the Irish sea, and having their metropolis at Dun-Britton, now Dumbarton. This nation, which appears to have consisted of the remnants of the Meatæ, or midland Britons, the dwellers between the walls, are generally called the Cumbrians of Strath Clyde. They appeared to have comprehended the very savage race of Attacotti; and there can be no doubt that they agreed in manners and in purposes with

the Irish Scots, who now, emerging from their native county of Argyll, inflicted great misfortunes on the western side of Roman Britain.

Mean time the Picts laid the eastern frontier waste with the like ferocity. There seems little room to doubt that they passed over the frith and took possession of Lothian, where that part of them which were called Vecturiones (quære Phecturiones, or Picturiones) established settlements, while those which remained in their seats in the north were described as Deucaledonians. This was the high and palmy state of the power of the Picts. Although it may be doubted whether they ever had any permanent residence in what is now called England, yet they harassed it with daily incursions so far southward, that the Britons complained, according to Gildas' figure of speech, that the barbarians drove them on the sea, and the sea repelled them on the sword of the barbarians, an extravagant mode of expressing the progress which the invaders, on either side of the island, had made into the very centre of South Britain. The Romanized Britons, divided into an immense variety of petty states, of which Mr Turner enumerates thirty-three, were distracted by civil discord, and incapable of any combined or effectual resistance against the northern invaders. On the remedy resorted to by Vortigern, king of the South Britons, to wit, the calling in of Hengist and the Saxons, and its consequences, we need not dwell. Their first arrival took place A.D. 449. Soon after their landing, the Saxons repelled the Scots.

and the Picts with such slaughter as seems to have put an effectual stop to their incursions.

The fate of war was now changed. The Saxons and Danes retaliated heavily on the barbarians of the north the injuries which they had inflicted upon the Romish Britons, and the southern division of the Pictish nation, termed Vecturiones, seems, at the formation of the Heptarchy, to have been swallowed up in the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland. This conquest, as far as the frith of Forth, was completed by Oswald about A.D. 365. The northern Picts, or Deucaledonians, partially secured by the frith of Forth, to which their realm still extended, from the retaliations of the Saxons, had found new antagonists in their old allies the Scots of Argyll. These two nations, no longer possessing the means or opportunity of pressing southwards, fell hotly on each other; and we can see, through these dim ages, indistinct marks of their mutual fury. They were like fierce dogs of the chase, who, when their proper prey has escaped them, turn their rage on each other.

There exists, as already noticed, an ancient and genuine list of Scottish kings, from the arrival of the Dalriads under Fergus, the son of Erick, down to Kenneth, called MacAlpine; and there is a corresponding catalogue of kings of the northern Picts, published by Innes. Various allusions are made to the battles and successes of the two lines against each other. In A. D. 837, the Scots appear to have obtained a

final and decisive victory over the Picts. This is affirmed by all the elder chroniclers, who give no circumstances at all; by Boece and Buchanan the same catastrophe is garnished with particulars which are highly improbable; and by popular tradition, which is fresh upon the subject till this hour, it has been adorned by circumstances altogether impossible. The ancient chronicler of the Scottish and Pictish kings mentions that Drust, the last King of the Picts, "was slain at Forteviot, or, as others say, at Scone." Of Kenneth M'Alpine, the victorious monarch of the Scots, it states "super Scotos regnavit, destructis Pictis—Hic mira calliditate duxit Scotos de Argadia in terram Pictorum." A great revolution is thus rather indicated than described, and were it not that Drust, *ultimus Pictorum*, is said to have died in battle, we should scarcely be enabled to judge whether the revolution was of a civil or military kind. If the monkish chronicler understood Latin, there seems to have been as much prudence as valour in the exploit by which Kenneth, the son of Alpine, united North Britain beyond the new wall into one kingdom. The ancient catalogue, called the Pictish Chronicle, refers to the same fact as certain, and as recorded by the author, although the passage which contained it is unhappily lost. "Pictavia autem a Pictis nominata, quos (ut diximus) *Kinadius delevit.*" The chronicle adds, that their destruction was a punishment from Heaven. A third meagre chronicle, or list of the names of Scottish kings, is given from a duan, or poem,

recited by a Celtic bard at the coronation of Malcolm IV., in which, according to what seems to have been an established custom of the nation, he recited the royal genealogy. This poem is considered as authentic, and in the main confirms the Pictish chronicle so called, and the chronicle of Saint Andrew's, containing another list of Scottish monarchs. All these authorities confirm each other by placing Kenneth M'Alpine in the same rank.

A more modern authority, the prior of Lochleven, thus mentions the conquests of Kenneth :—

> "Dowghty man he was and stowte,
> All the Peychtes he put owte,
> Gret bataylys than dyde he
> To put in fredume hys cuntre.
> Fra the Peychtes left the land,
> Sextene yeare he was lyvand
> Owt of Ergyle the Scottes
> He browcht, and thar the Peychtes
> Han before them theire dwellyng
> He gart them [*the Scots*] dwell, and was thair king," &c.

Buchanan knows a great deal more of the matter. He tells us how Kenneth, finding his nobles a little backward during a council of war, treated them to a handsome entertainment, at which the whole party got drunk, and fell asleep in the dining parlour,—whereon the King introduced a young fellow clad in the skins of stockfish, and none of the newest, who hallooed out to the magnates that they must obey the voice of Heaven, and go presently to war—and how this acute stratagem prevailed—the fearful sound of the voice and the phosphoric flashing of the skin-dress being received by the tipsy chieftains as an intimation from above.

They rushed against the Picts, totally vanquished them, and subjected them to tribute. Buchanan adds, that the subjected Picts rebelled, and, in consequence, were driven out of their possessions, and annihilated as a nation, the few who were left alive flying into England in indigence and misery.

This account is abridged from Boece, who gives many additions, the more improbable as they are the more circumstantial. He gives us the speech of Kenneth to his lords, declaring that the Picts, as mortal enemies of the Scots, must be totally extirpated, and he tells the manner by which this was accomplished; in the language of his translator, Bellenden, not only the warriors of the nation, but priests, matrons, virgins, and children, were "without miseration totally slain, and the walls, houses, castles, and kirks, were burned and brought to the ground."[1] In another part of his work, Hector adds, that the Picts possessed the secret of brewing a certain delicious drink out of the heather-tops, a valuable secret where barley must have been a rare article, which perished along with them, under circumstances which, by whomever invented, have always continued to form a part of the common people's belief. Two alone, out of all Kenneth's numerous prisoners (says the tradition), a father and a son, had been preserved, in hopes of obtaining from them the discovery of this inestimable secret. The father agreed to make the dis-

[1] Boece's Chronicles, translated by Bellenden, republished Edinburgh, 1821, vol. ii. p. 121.

closure, if a previous boon should be granted him. This was promised and sworn to. "My demand," said the old man, "is that you strike off presently the head of my son." The Scots were somewhat surprised by the request, but it was persisted in, and they complied. "And now," said the stern captive, "you may put me to death also. My son was young and timorous, and the promise of life might have availed with him. I am old and resolved; and by no tortures which you can inflict, shall you ever extort from me the secret of compounding that delicious liquor." He was put to death accordingly; and thus, in the words of an excellent old ballad,

> "The Picts were undone, cut off mother's son,
> For not teaching the Scots to brew heather-ale."[1]

Thus all ancient and modern authorities, historical or traditionary, coincide more or less in the fact that the Picts were defeated, and if not totally extirpated, yet destroyed as an independent and existing nation, by the victorious Scots; who, led from the narrow bounds of Argyll by the *mira calliditas* of Kenneth MacAlpine, extended their sway over the shores of Angus and Fifeshire, so

[1] See the Ex-aletation of Ale, in Ritson's Ancient Songs This genial secret is not, however, entirely lost. Old moor-fowl shooters, amongst whom *we* (to speak *selon les règles*) once *were* numbered, may remember remote sheelings and shepherd-huts, in which they have been regaled with a light, lively, and pleasant liquor, brewed chiefly from heath-flowers. But honey, sugar, or spirit, was always added, in these degenerate days, to assist the fermentation, and the genuine heath-ale of the Picts was supposed to have been independent of such auxiliaries.

long the native seats of the Pictish race. Every authority yet discovered attests the same fact, however it may be defaced by improbabilities and traditional exaggerations.

But this general belief, however encumbered with difficulties, is a death-blow to the hypothesis of Pinkerton, called the Gothic system. Let us grant to the upholders of that belief that the Picts had come into this country from Scandinavia—let us pass over the improbability that, though possessed of the various aliases of Peukini, Peohtar, Peuchtar, and Pechtar, they veiled themselves for two centuries under the British epithet of Caledonians, or woodmen—that, in or about the year 296, they reassumed their proper denomination of Picts, and were distinguished, as Pinkerton insists a Gothic people must have been, by conduct and courage, over the inferior Celtic tribes—granting, we say, these improbable circumstances, how is it possible that, possessing an infinite superiority in arts and arms over the Scots, admitted to have been genuine Celts from Ireland, they should have yet succumbed so absolutely under the latter people, that the Pictish dynasty was destroyed, their name and language abolished, and their country seized upon by a people unworthy, according to the leading principle of this system, to loose the very latchets of their brogues, if they happened to wear such integuments? That the Celts inhabiting a much more limited country, should have been victorious, and so completely victorious, over the mighty Goths, must remain an insoluble diffi-

culty to the supporters of a system which assumes the superiority of the latter over the former, as its very ground-stone.

Mr Pinkerton accordingly feels the difficulty of his position, and has recourse to measures of defence which he would have reprobated in his opponents. He avails himself of a few scattered notices, in which the succession of Kenneth MacAlpine to the Pictish throne is noticed, without its being intimated upon what species of revolution that event took place. The Gothic champion argues that, such authorities being silent, we ought to believe in any supposable case whatever, rather than in the conquest of a noble Gothic nation by a horde of contemptible Celts. The suppositions commence with an attempt to take, in common phrase, the bull by the horns. Mr Pinkerton turns the tables on his opponents gallantly, averring that Kenneth was a Pictish, not a Scottish, king, and that under his leading the Picts had defeated the Scots or Dalriads, and annexed their dominion to that of the triumphant Goths. "As it is to Highland sennachies and Irish churchmen that we owe the conquest of the Picts by the Dalriads, there is every reason to suppose that the usual perversion of Celtic understanding has taken place, and that the truth is the direct reverse."[1] So that because the fact is affirmed by ancient authorities, and corresponds with the catalogues of kings of both nations which the Enquirer has himself recognised, the

[1] Enquiry, vol. ii. p. 171.

chronicles and genealogies must be thrown aside so soon as this evidence becomes inconsistent with Mr Pinkerton's *system*. It is, no doubt, one way of defending a hypothesis, to proclaim, *ex cathedra*, that it is inconsistent with reason to doubt it.

But although the Enquirer has ascended the very pinnacle of defiance, and proclaimed from thence an event the positive reverse of which all the world had hitherto believed, upon the evidence of all extant authorities, he seems in his secret soul to have considered his position there as too precarious to be defended, and he speedily offers to capitulate upon much more moderate terms. He admits that it is hard to impeach all those ancient authorities, Celtic though they be, which unite in the person of Kenneth, the son of Alpine, the two kingdoms of the Picts and Scots. "Spare me the mortification of owning that the Picts were conquered by the Scots—I will surrender, on the contrary, my unanswerable argument, drawn from the nature of the different races, and will be contented to suppose that Kenneth had some claim to the Pictish kingdom by the mother's side, favoured by a strong party in the kingdom; and that the revolution which united the two nations was of a bloodless character, or at least effected in a great measure by a faction amongst the Picts themselves. This," says our acute author, "is a medial opinion betwixt two extremes, one of which avers that Kenneth was merely King of the Picts, and the contrary assertion that he was of the old Dalriadic race. Now though it be true," he further says, "that

truth is one extreme, and falsehood another, and a medial opinion may, abstractedly considered, be thought to be neither true nor false, yet in human testimony there is generally such a mixture of falsehood in truth, and of truth in falsehood, that the medial point has always been considered as that of truth, wisdom, and virtue. *Medio tutissimus ibis* is a maxim applicable to history as well as to life, and has been followed in doubtful points by most writers of wisdom and moderation."[1] To this strain of affected moderation, which seems to throw the mode of writing history into the arbitrary hands of the author, we must decidedly demur. The author who writes the history of the past merely upon his own ideas of probability, had as well commence prophet at once. He will then be quite as likely to hit reality; and if he refers his predictions to a distant date, he will be less in danger of confutation. In fact, it seems to us that Mr Pinkerton rests too much upon his prejudiced and unjust system; ascribing, without distinction, good and bad qualities to two races of men, loading one with abuse, and claiming exclusively for the other the most noble qualities. We can only bestow a passing word on this subject.

That there is such a thing as a national character, as well as an individual one, no one can doubt, any more than that there is such a thing as family resemblance. But though this may in part be owing to qualities derived from parents, yet the

[1] Enquiry, vol. ii. p. 162.

national character, and the family face too, are perpetually subjected to the most extraordinary changes. Why else are the modern Italians less warlike than the conquerors of the world?—they share the blood of heroes, but it no longer warms heroic hearts. In the same manner it is absurd to suppose any necessary and permanent superiority in the Gothic over the Celtic tribes. Time was that the former showed predominating points of character. They were ambitious, restless, practised in war, and overran many nations. In every thing except numbers, an invading tribe has superiority over that which is invaded. The aggressors have meditated the attempt, calculated the means, are spurred on by desire of spoil, and rendered confident by the very fact of being the assailants,—unencumbered—in most cases—by the aged, the infirm, the females, and children of their tribe, they bring to the conquest few besides those whose arms are to win it. The invaded people, on the other hand, had every reason to incline to submission. Safety for their families, protection for their substance, recommended humiliating treaties with a rapacious foe. When we consider that such were in early times the advantages of the invading Goths, such the circumstances unfavourable to the invaded Celts, we need not resort to any theory of a supposed innate superiority to account for the former having, in many or most cases, effected settlements in the country of the latter, or wonder that they often compelled the natives to retreat to the mountains. It was

amongst these recesses that we find them making a stand; and even if we deny the praise of national valour to the existing race who retreated thither, it would be outrageous, and against all historical testimony, to refuse it to their descendants—the Celtiberians of Spain, the indigenous Irish, the Cambro-Britons of Wales, or the Scottish Gael, or Highlanders, who with hardy hearts and active hands defended their native hills, and have so often and so undeniably rendered themselves dreaded by the successors of those conquering Goths, who had compelled their fathers to seek refuge in the wilderness.

Neither will the analogy of the animal creation bear out Mr Pinkerton in imputing such extravagant consequences to the mere circumstance of descent. All persons who deal in breeding horses, cattle, dogs, or the like, remark that to perpetuate peculiar habits, structure of body, and intellectual qualities, if we may so say, in the same line, it is necessary to continue the race from the same stock. But if, on the other hand, the breeder is less desirous to preserve any particular qualification, than to attain general excellence, he endeavours, by crossing various races, to obtain an animal which shall combine the highest properties of each. Thus the greyhound, valued only for one quality, speed, is reared from the best specimens of that peculiar quality; but if it is desired that the creature shall also have tenacity of jaw, we mix the race with that of the bull-dog. If we apply this to mankind, we shall find certain pecu-

liar qualities proper to nations living pure and unmixed, and transmitting to their descendants the type which they have received from their own fathers. But if we seek patterns of general excellence, we shall be more likely to find such amongst nations whose original race has been repeatedly crossed. We will not, however, insist upon a subject which may lead into disquisitions as fanciful as those which we are now endeavouring to expose. It is enough to say, that to lay such excessive weight upon the innate or inherited qualities of any peculiar race of Adam seems to us equally unauthorized by moral theory or by physical experience.

But, moreover, to return to our chronicles, the hypothesis of Mr Pinkerton is contradicted by facts too conclusive to bear dispute. If the Picts had, as he is perversely disposed to contend, defeated the Scots, and subjugated those by whom, according to the ordinary account, they were themselves vanquished, their language, manners, and name must have predominated. The same must have been the case, more or less, if the states and people had been united by any species of friendly alliance. It could only be the general dispersion and desolation of the Pictish nation, which could wellnigh destroy the very name of the Picts,—which could totally annihilate their language, and, with some slight exceptions, destroy so completely the memory of their race, that scarce an instance occurs of the proper names familiar to their royal dynasty being again mentioned in history.

The most clear testimony on this subject, in addition to what is found in the brief commentaries already noticed, is that of Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote about the year 1154. He observes, as Bede had done before him, that Britannia originally used five languages,—that of the native British, that of the Angles or Saxons, that of the Scots, that of the Picts, and that of the Romans. "But," he proceeds, "the Picts in his time seemed so far extinct, and their language so utterly destroyed, that all which was recorded of them in ancient history appeared a mere fable." He goes on to moralize upon the instability of human affairs; dwelling on the strange fact that not only kings, princes, and a whole people had perished, but even the very language, which he holds to be the more remarkable, "as the language must have been one of those which Heaven instituted at the origin of separate tongues." Thus, an early and impartial authority relates the destruction of the Picts, their name, and their very language—while he accounts for it by Grangousier's solution—the will of Providence.

This stubborn fact, of the total or almost total perishing of the Picts, joined to the certainty that they are very little mentioned in history after Kenneth MacAlpine's reign (858), is poorly accounted for by Pinkerton, who supposes that, however inferior the Scots were to the Picts in valour, they were superior in learning, possessed a clergy of better information, and attentive to recording the events of the time; in consequence of which they (the learned Scots) gradually palmed upon the

Picts a language and a history which were not their own. This assertion, which there is no attempt to prove, is so totally devoid of verisimilitude, that it will afford no passage over the gulf which the destruction of the Pictish people opens in the history of Scotland.

Here, therefore, we have arrived at the successive points of conclusion:—1. That the Picts, being the ancient Caledonians, must have spoken a dialect of the Celtic, common to all the original inhabitants of the island. 2. That they and their language, having been dispersed and denationalized by the success of the Scots, and the severity with which it was improved, neither could have been in future influential upon the manners or speech of their country; in other words, what is now called the *Scottish* language—(a language, *ex facie*, very little removed from the ancient English, and called expressly, by the oldest Scotch writers themselves, *Inglis*)—must have had some other than a Pictish origin.

We are, nevertheless, far from driving these propositions to extremity. We feel that we owe it to the memory of a man of talents and labour, as well as to the numerous and respectable authors who have followed his sentiments, to endeavour to show how far we are influenced by his and their arguments, though far short of the point of absolute conviction.

To return to our two propositions, therefore, we must concede that neither of them is to be understood absolutely and unlimitedly.

I. Although we conceive the Picts, being *ex concessis* the same people with the Caledonians, must have spoken a dialect in the main Celtic, yet we think it highly probable that, by the time they came to be known under the name of Picts, their language had received and retained a strong infusion of the northern Gothic. The Caledonians, we must remember, when driven beyond the wall of Severus, chiefly directed their retreat to the eastern coast of the island, and the shores of the *Pent*land frith, to which they are said to have bequeathed their name. Here they must necessarily have had frequent intercourse with the Scandinavians, who were commencing their piratical incursions, and had already possessed themselves of the Orkney and Zetland isles. Intercourse between barbarians, whether of a hostile or amicable nature, leads directly to the poorer language becoming indebted to the more copious for all the words that can express new ideas, or improved arts of war or peace. This tendency to the union of two rude tongues, derives additional force from the general custom of converting captives of war into domestic servants. It may be therefore supposed that, during the times they were pent up beyond the Moray frith, the Picts, coming into contact with the Norsemen on many points, may have transferred to their own language a considerable portion of that of the worshippers of Odin. When, upon the retreat of the Romans, the Vecturiones, or southern Picts, broke into Lothian and Northumberland, they were not long ere they encountered with

Saxons and Danes, and from them their language might receive another stock of Saxon and Danish phraseology; and, already prepared to borrow from that source, they might again assimilate their original Celtic more nearly to a Gothic dialect. We verily believe that, esteeming the language of the Picts to be radically Celtic, these repeated collisions and communications between them and tribes of Gothic descent, was sufficient to give it such a tinge of the Teutonic as will fully account for the Scottish words which appear to have been directly derived from the Mæso-Gothic, Suio-Gothic, Islandic, or other dialects of the Gothic tongue, without passing through the Anglo-Saxon medium. Of this we shall say a few words more hereafter.

II. When we hold that the dissolution of the Pictish nation took place upon their being defeated by the Scots, we only adopt what the authorities of the period intimate, and not the absurd additions with which either the learned historians of a later age, or the unlearned vulgar, have overloaded a simple tale. We are as far from believing that a great nation was at once and entirely dissolved and annihilated, as we are from swallowing the tradition of the heather-ale.

It must be considered that the people of whom we speak had, neither under their former name of Caledonians, nor under the later adopted name of Picts, much the aspect of a separate or independent nation. They were, in all probability, rather a collection of clans or tribes, which, although originally independent of each other, were formed into a sort

of federal republic by community of language, manners, and interests, and finally by being placed, for the most part, under command of the same chief or king. Such confederations, like those of the Five Nations and Six Nations of North America, are common among all savage peoples, and many such were adopted by the Britons, for a longer or a shorter time, as exigencies required or permitted. But these associations only resemble the union of detached branches, which, fastened together with a twig, form a fagot, and as such have a distinct and combined existence; although a single stroke of a hedgebill divides the fagot-band, and the boughs separated from each are dispersed and no longer to be recognised as forming a single and individual object. The sword of Kenneth did not, probably, exterminate the Picts, but it cut asunder their band of union, and deprived them, for whatever reason, of their existence as an independent people and nation.

Some would, no doubt, feel shame at the idea of fixing themselves among the ranks of the Scots, their ancient enemies. But besides these, there were two countries in which the Picts formed a part of the inhabitants, where they were not so much affected by the calamity which had fallen upon the great body of the nation which dwelt beyond the Forth.

These countries were—1st. Lothian, into which the southern Picts had penetrated, and which they occupied under the name of Vecturiones, as previously noticed. Since the arrival of the Saxons,

however, the ascertainment of their superiority in war, and the subsequent invasion of the Danes or Norsemen, these Lothian Picts had lost their character of an individual and conquering people in the southern regions, by superior force, as their northern brethren had lost their original possessions in Angus and Fife shires, by the conquest achieved by the Scots. It is, however, highly probable, that, possessed already of a dialect greatly blended with that of the Gothic tribes, these southern Picts or Vecturiones might contribute a good deal towards the predominance of a language allied, from the circumstances we have mentioned, with the Norse and Anglo-Saxon, and so may have contributed a share to the formation of the Lowland Scottish dialect, which, there is no doubt, was first used in these provinces. Secondly, another point of refuge was open to such of the Picts as refused to submit to the stern rule of Kenneth Mac Alpine: to wit, Galwegia, or the modern Galloway, the history of which district, if fit materials existed to compose it, would be of singular interest to the antiquary. Such materials have not been discovered. But that the country nearest to Ireland had been originally occupied by the Gael or Celts from that island, is clear, both from the name Gaelwegia, and from the epithet of the *Wild Scots of Galloway*, handed down from immemorial tradition, adopted in chronicles and in statutes, and hardly yet abolished from popular use. The Picts had, however, broken in upon these colonists, and, if they had not conquered the district, had at least

occupied many parts of it. These Galwegian Picts had been severely warred upon by Alpine, the father of the fortunate Kenneth the Second. His brief history bears that he had made great conquests over the Galwegian Picts, but was finally slain in that country. In Galloway, therefore, there *might* have remained a considerable body of the Pictish nation, and after-events assure us that such was the fact.

The Picts, after their dispersion, are once mentioned by the English Chronicles—viz. as fighting under the command of Constantine—called indifferently King of Scots or *King of Picts*—at the great battle of Brunnanburgh, in 938, when a mighty confederacy of the Northern tribes joined with Anluf or Oluf, a Danish monarch, to subvert the throne of King Athelstane.[1] The Picts are also named, in an ancient and spirited poem on this conflict, as forming part of the forces of Constantine, King of Scotland. The epithet probably comprehended such of Lothian as still retained distinctive manners, together with the Picts of Galloway, who had mingled with the *Wild Scots* of that district, and had given their national name to them.

These Picts of Galloway are mentioned for the last time in the reign of David the First of Scotland, and composed a principal division of his army during the war of the Standard. They are described as ferocious savages, half clad and half arm-

[1] See Sharon Turner's excellent History of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. ii. p. 330.

ed, but of great courage, and advancing haughty pretensions to superiority over the Norman knights who had joined the Scottish host. The cruelties which they practised in ravaging the country, sparing neither sex nor age, and tossing infants upon their bloody lances, seem to be exaggerated by the English historians. They won a great battle at Clitherow, near the sources of the river Ribble. William, son of Duncan, base-born brother of King David, was their commander. But the want of discipline of the Galwegians occasioned misfortunes which counterbalanced the victories gained by their ferocious courage. These wild soldiers mutinied in the Scottish camp, and would have slain the King, if not prevented by a well-judged, though false, alarm, stating the English to be close at hand. Their chiefs brawled and bullied in the council; and, on the night before the battle of Northallerton, A. D. 1138, asserted, as their right, the privilege of leading the van on the ensuing day. It was conceded to them, though reluctantly, as the best way of preserving peace. We may here remark that different English historians call the vanguard, thus composed, by the various names of Picts, Scots, Galwegians, and Men of Lothian. Lord Hailes observes that "this strange contrariety ought to teach us that the English historians are no certain guides for ascertaining the denominations of the different tribes which inhabited Scotland in ancient times." This proposition, in the abstract, is as judicious as those of the venerable historian usually are. But, in this particular in-

stance, the body which led the van was so strangely mingled, that any of these four epithets, though apparently contradictory of each other, might without impropriety be applied to them. 1. They were Picts, as sprung from the remains of that people who fled to their kinsmen in Galloway. 2. But they might, in one point of view, be termed Scots, since the Picts possessed the province in common with a colony from Ireland, called the Wild Scots of Galloway, and remembered to this day by that name. 3. They were termed Gallovidians, or Galwenses, or Galwegians, as inhabiting the province of Galloway. 4. If there mixed with them any considerable number of the Vecturiones, or Southland Picts, which is a thing highly probable, they might, in consequence of such admixture, be without impropriety termed Lothian men by a foreign historian, who was not greatly interested in knowing himself, or transmitting to posterity, of what precise tribes this "nefanda exercitus" consisted.

The following curious circumstance illustrates the doubt which race predominated amongst the Galwegians, during the action. Leading the van, which their presumption had demanded, they rushed on with terrible shouts of "Albanigh, Albanigh!" *We are the men of Albany*, or Albyn. This war-cry, of course, asserted that the assailants were *the* ancient inhabitants of Scotland—a boast agreeing with their descent from the Picts or ancient Caledonians. They charged with courage worthy of the vaunt; but when, after a se-

vere struggle, they were driven back by the English, these last shouted in derision, "Erygh, Erygh—standard!" that is—"Ye are but Irish—ye are but Irish—the standard for ever!" The standard alluded to, is the holy banner sent into the field by Thurstan, Bishop of York, which formed naturally the war-cry of the English, and indeed gave name to the war. In shouting out the epithet of *Irish* as a reproach, the English alluded to that part of the Galwegians who, though ranked among the Picts, were yet Wild Scots of Irish extraction. To conclude—the people of Galloway spoke a Celtic dialect till within a very late period;—a circumstance unfavourable to those who hold that the Picts spoke a Gothic one—since, in that case, strong Gothic traces must have lingered where the remains of the Pictish people had found their final refuge.

After the battle of the Standard, although the Galwegians are often mentioned, we hear no more of their Pictish descent; and it is probable that, during the time when the district enjoyed a period of stormy independence under its native lords, down to 1234 (when Roland, the last of these, left his lordship to heirs-female), there was no distinction made between the people of Galloway, whether of Pictish or Hiberno-Scottish descent.

We have now gone hastily through a curious enquiry—Ritson having courteously afforded us the light of his Chronicles, illustrating the Latin motto, *vivit post funera virtus*, and speaking as with a voice from the tomb. If by means of the

weapons furnished by this industrious antiquary, we have been enabled to point out some flaws in the Gothic system of his celebrated opponent, it is without the least desire to awaken the warmth of the late controversy. We would wish to be considered as only desirous to know the truth in so far as the truth can be discovered, and with the due respect to the ashes of learned and able scholars; for we must not forget that, quoting Chalmers or Ritson against Pinkerton,

"We breathe these dead words in as dead an ear."

There is, however, a living scholar of great merit, who has written more lately on this interesting subject, and who justly claims our recommendation to such of our readers as are interested in the early history of Britain. Mr Lowe had distinguished himself by a prize essay, entitled (quaintly enough) "On the Ancient History of the Kingdom of the Gaelic, the extent of the Country, its Laws, Population, Poetry, and Learned." To this essay the Highland Society of London awarded the premium—and deservedly, since we know of few single volumes of recent date offering such a display of research. Mr Lowe is, we have been told, one of that laborious and ill-requited class of men who have done so much essential service, as well as honour, to their country—the parochial schoolmasters of Scotland. In such a situation, command of leisure is rare; access to authorities peculiarly difficult; and the student works at an expense of time, labour, and too often

health, not easily to be appreciated by those more fortunate scholars, whose hours of study are hours of relaxation. It is to be hoped that Mr Lowe's talents and zeal will raise him from the respectable but hard-working and ill-remunerated class to which he belongs, and place him in a pulpit of The Kirk.

The defect of the book is an aptitude to lean on slender authorities—a slight mixture, in short, of the old sin of the race. Perhaps the author may not have seen the more recent compositions, in which such forgeries as the laws of Kenneth MacAlpine, for example, have been unanimously rejected by lawyers and historians. The history of the old book termed the *Regiam Majestatem*, again, is pretty well understood to have been a *ruse-de-guerre* on the part of Edward I. of England, used for the purpose of riveting the feudal code upon the Scottish nation, as more favourable to his views, and abolishing the consuetudinary laws and customs of the Scots and Bretts; of the Dalriadic Scots, that is, and the Britons of Strath Clyde. Mr Lowe also swallows, by wholesale, the belief in Ossian—history, poetry, chronology, and all. These things savour a little of the ancient credulity of the Scottish historians, who could find it in their hearts to deny nothing with which they conceived the honour of their *Antiqua Mater* to be concerned. The Essay was originally composed for the Highland Society of London, amongst whom some lingering worshippers of the neglected idol are probably to be found; and this

is a circumstance which the candid reader will keep in view. We are extremely sorry that our limits permit us to say nothing further upon the labours of this modest and meritorious young man, and in such a case it would be truly unjust to enlarge on deficiencies.

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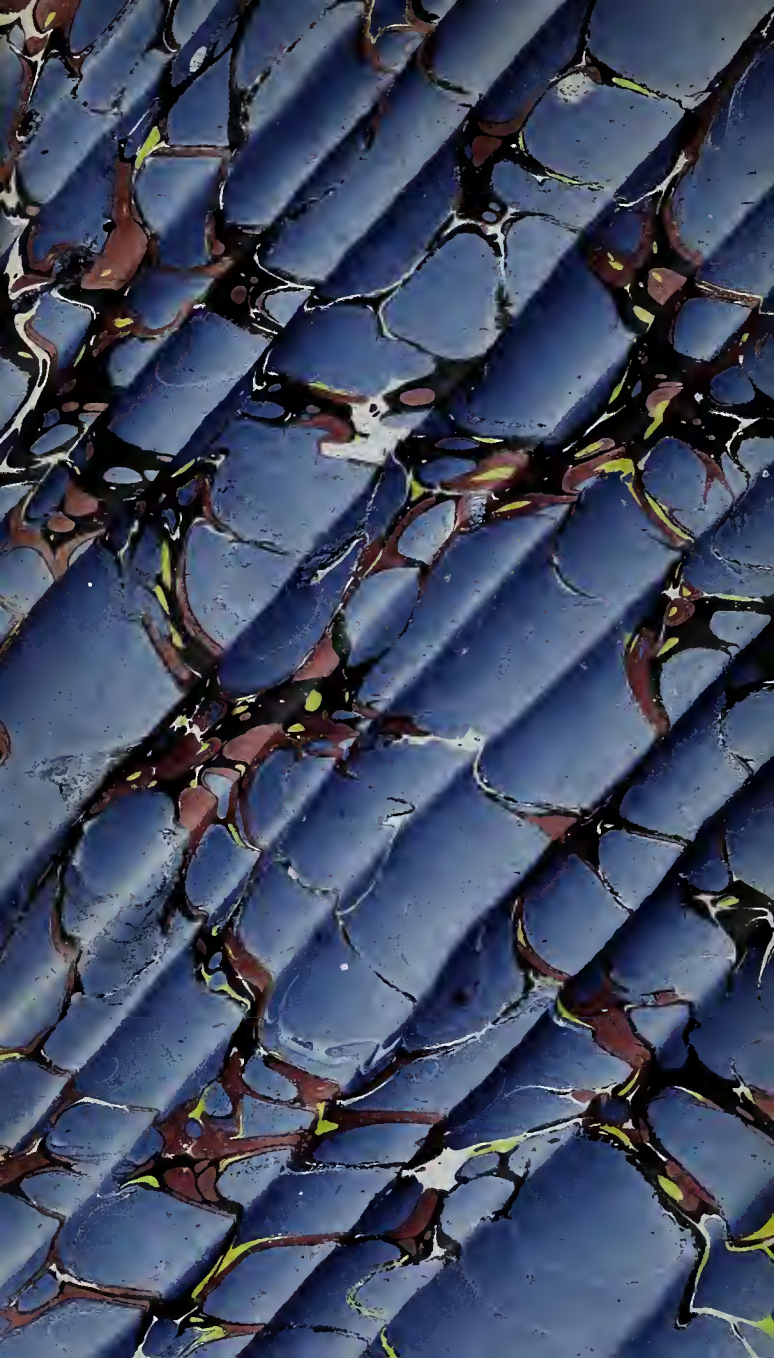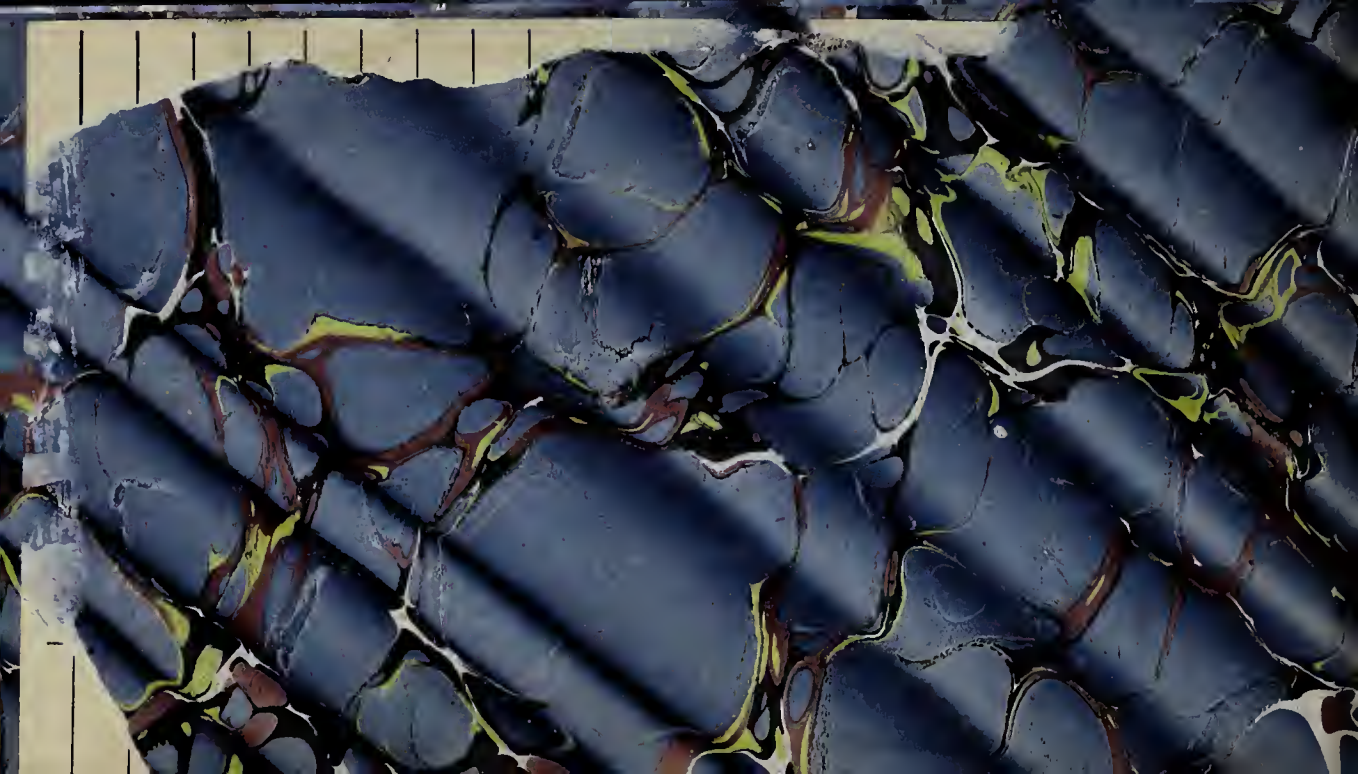
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